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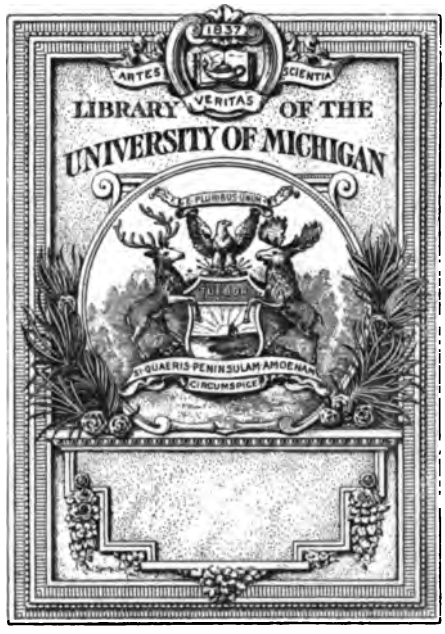
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# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME XVI

JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1903

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
146 FRANKLIN STREET
1903

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# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1903. No. 1.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## STUDY THE MAGAZINES.

By studying the requirements of the different periodicals the writer may gain valuable information on the subject of the general preparation of his manuscripts.

Some of the much-dreaded rejection slips prove to be veritable stepping-stones to future success with the editors from whom they come. They contain valuable information as to the exact needs of the magazines and the character of manuscripts likely to be found acceptable; and they specify also what features are regarded as unfavorable by those publications. The literary aspirant would do well to study these and to endeavor to meet the requirements when submitting further contributions.

One syndicate publishing company states as its reasons for returning stories that they are either too long or too short; they lack sufficient human interest; they are careless in language or hackneyed in plot, or the subject is handled in a morbid or tragic manner. How much information is obtained from these terse statements!

In a late short-story contest conducted by one of the leading periodicals, the editor stated that the first requisite of a good short story was "Plot sufficient to justify the writing." Stories to obtain favor with him should be "strong, bright, cheerful, and optimistic in tone." They must begin in an interesting manner and should end when the story is told. The statement continued that there is "nothing worse than a long-drawn out anti-climax at the end of a story, unless it is a detailed exposition of the hero's family tree at the beginning." While these suggestions had reference merely to that particular prize competition, they contain valuable hints for the story-writer in general.

Another magazine in stating its requirements gives some good advice to young writers as to the handling of plots, the preservation of the proper relation between dialogue and description, and the naturalness of the characters and environment. The stories desired must have a "dash and go about them," so that the person who picks them up carelessly will become immediately interested and remain so until the end. They must possess "force, vigor, interest, conclusiveness, and completeness" to such a degree that the impression on the reader will be "immediate and lasting."

The *Brandur Magazine* — alas! it died young — gave some excellent advice to young writers in an article directed to its contributors. It said: —

"The short story should capture the reader's interest in the opening and hold it to the end. The reader of fiction, being often disappointed, is coy and suspicious. The writer must offer alluring bait to catch his reader, and play his

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lines with much art and knowingness to hold him."

Then followed the encouraging statement that there are more story-tellers of merit at the present time than ever before, and also that "there are writers coming who will surpass the favorites of the present."

The article continued: "To the new writer we will advise that he express himself with simplicity and sincerity, choosing the plainest word that will convey his meaning, avoiding exaggeration, affectation, phrases in foreign tongues, and vague and puzzling forms of expression. If he uses language to dazzle and mystify his reader, he uses it unworthily. He should portray his own kind, the life and scenes with which he is most familiar, and express the thoughts which are truest and clearest to himself. He may study expression in the masters, but he should remain himself — be no imitator."

These suggestions come from a most practical source — the magazines themselves — and the young writer will do well to study the general information contained in them, and also the special needs of periodicals generally before submitting to them his work.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN. *Anne Guilbert Mahon.*

## HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

Not every one is gifted with the imaginative and creative power necessary for writing fiction — that is, fiction that is really literature. Yet many people possess knowledge and ideas which, if embodied in proper and effective form, would be of undoubted value as literature, but which they are unable to utilize with success, simply because they do not understand fully the art of writing an essay. Such people will find profit in a study, or a perusal, of the book, "How to Write an Essay,"* although the veteran, as well as the unskilled writer, may find much that is helpful in its pages.

In his introductory chapter, "What Is an Essay?" the author tells us Montaigne was the first writer to popularize the essay as a form of literature. "Bacon followed in his steps. But in the hands of Addison and Steele the essay began to lose its first characteristic as a medley of rough notes put together without a special attempt at order: it became more studied both in form and contents, and instead of being a series of jottings it was transformed into the systematic treatment of subjects, expressed in carefully chosen language. . . . . We may therefore define an essay as a short disquisition on a subject of taste, science, philosophy, or common life. . . . . The difference between an essay and a treatise is kept in view by using the word 'short' — fullness of detail is not possible in the essay, but is expected in the treatise."

Turning to the more mental aspects of essay writing, first and foremost we place *the point of view.* "It is evident that the painter must leave out of his picture, and the poet out of his description, everything that he cannot see from a definite position. Objects of thought as well as objects of sight may be contemplated from a variety of positions; great questions in politics and sociology are discussed from the standpoint of the reformer, the statist, the commercial expert, and the statesman; and life itself is regarded from the changing positions of poet, theologian, and philosopher. Thus, if you are about to write an essay on a given subject and the point of view is not contained in the title, it is your first duty to fix a point of view, and make it so decisive that it shall exclude all foreign matter — every thought and every fancy that has no legitimate place in your survey of the subject. An essay on 'The English Church' from a purely political standpoint would incorporate facts and arguments which an essay on the same subject by a sacerdotal specialist

* How to Write an Essay. By the Author of "How to Write a Novel." 108 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. London: Grant Richards. 1901.

would pass by altogether, simply because they do not come within range of his point of view. . . . . The points of view, when rightly apprehended, are like a pair of hands which pick out of large masses of material just the facts that are needed. . . . . Amid the infinity of subjects which a complex civilization presents to us, the man who can discover new points of view, new themes, and can embody his thoughts in forcible and attractive language, is always sure of a hearing."

There are three elements of an essay: —

1. The Materials: Facts and Ideas.

2. The Process of Building: How to make a Plan.

3. The Finished Work: Beauty and Strength.

"Information — facts — these come first. But where are they to be found? A curious question, surely! and yet the novice unacquainted with books and hardly knowing what to ask for when he enters a public library, often puts the question to himself. We will say for his edification that his subject is recondite indeed if he can find nothing about it in the Encyclopædia Britannica or Chambers's Encyclopædia. In most cases these mines of information will furnish him with an outline history of his subject, as well as a list of the best books to consult. Every public library has its collection of reference books — historical, literary, scientific, social, and political.

"These are quite sufficient to put the essay writer on the best lines. Sonnenschein's 'Best Books,' in two or more volumes, is a good book to look into; it is much more than a dull catalogue.

"See that you get all the facts available. Do not be content with an isolated group; look everywhere. . . . . Use only the highest sources of information. Avoid newspaper scraps and chance quotations.

"'Facts are easily found,' some one says, 'but how can we get ideas?' This is an easy question to answer in one sense, very difficult in another. The presence or absence of ideas depends, of course, on the nature and capacity of a man's brain. . . . . It is therefore practically impossible to tell a man how he may get ideas, that is, to *originate* them in his own mind; all that can be done is to throw out hints as to methods, habits, and mental laws. Thus we might say that much could be learned by careful observation, deep reflection, wise reading, and discreet conversation; as if we had said: 'Every mind is a law unto itself, and must obtain ideas in its own way, but these are general methods pursued by every body.' So in the case of writing an essay. Your note-book is crammed with facts, and as you copied them from books, or wrote them down from the lips of witnesses, some few ideas came into your mind, and you made a note of them. What you want now is a way of looking at these facts which will produce the greatest number of ideas, and the best. Each mind has an individuality of its own, more or less pronounced; but there are certain general ways of developing a subject that are common to all minds.

"1. Surround the subject with questions. 'A faculty of wise interrogating,' says Lord Bacon, 'is half a knowledge; for, as Plato saith, "Whosoever seeketh knoweth that which he seeketh for in a general notion: else how shall he know it when he hath found it?" And therefore the larger your anticipation is, the more direct and compendious is your search.' Let the subject be 'Modern Militarism.' The papers before you contain your researches into figures: France, so many soldiers; Germany, so many; Russia, so many more, etc. The cost of standing armies and the up-keep of navies is accurately stated. Now is the time to 'pepper' the subject with questions. What is the essence of modern militarism? How does it differ from ancient militarism? What is its meaning as a national phenomenon? . . . . And so you might continue at great length. . . . . Of course, the ability to ask a good question is a factor to be remembered; in other words, a dull mind will question a subject for hours and get no further. Here, as everywhere, there is a premium on the best brains. Nevertheless, mediocre talent is better with a method than without one, and as a beginning we unhesitatingly prescribe the interrogation to which Bacon refers in so high terms.

"2. Most subjects have a history, therefore

make it your duty to know the matter historically Only then can you hope to see it in true perspective.

"3. It is good to regard a subject in the light of its *associations*. Here again we would drop a word of caution. Not every subject will develop new ideas by the application of this rule; all that is necessary is to make the experiment, and if it be fruitless, to pass on to something else.

"4. The introduction of *contrast* in developing topics that are suitable for its operation is worthy of a trial. If you are to write about 'The Relation between Eloquence and Statesmanship,' the use of contrast will be of the highest service. A statesman of great ability, but with poor powers of speech, is to be set over against one of similar ability, but eloquent tongue; another of poor ability, but with greater oratorical gifts, may be set over against a man of vast mental power, but with no gift of speech at all.

"5. Be on the alert to find a cause for every effect, or, in other words, a reason for the existence of everything.

"6. What others have said on the subject of your essay comes last of all — that is its proper place. Gibbon never read what had been written on any particular theme without first formulating his own thoughts. The habit is an excellent one and should be followed whenever possible.

"It is difficult, if not impossible, to write a successful essay without first making a plan. But how go about the matter? In general, it may be said that the plan of a subject requires an introduction, a development and a conclusion, and the best writers in handling a certain class of material arrange it in this way. But if you have a subject that suggests an abolition of the introduction by going at once to the heart of the matter, or if you have reasons for stating your conclusion first and proving it afterward, do not hesitate to take such a step.

"The introduction is to furnish such preliminary information as is needed to put the reader in possession of the subject, the point of view, and the manner of treatment."

Take for example, the expository essay.

"The two problems of making a plan of your subject are these: —

"1. How to group the ideas so as to make them follow each other in logical sequence and cohere in the reader's mind and memory, and

"2. How to give them such *movement* as shall make them work a desired effect.

"These questions are answered by referring to the laws of association They are: —

"(a) The Law of Contiguity,

"(b) The Law of Similarity, and Contrast,

"(c) The Law of Cause and Effect.

"Contiguity refers to 'the coherence of ideas that lie naturally next to each other in space, or time, or in a continuous system of thought.'"

The object in an outline of a narrative essay is "to know and observe the true order of events and give the most prominent of them a chief place.

"The successful conversational essay depends to a large extent on (1) securing a striking point of view, and (2) sustaining it by language equally striking. Very often the theme is a mere fancy, a whim, or an absurdity; and to make such themes readable and attractive demands no mean ability.

"The critical essay, like the conversational essay, is one of the most difficult to write, demanding on the part of the writer not only 'personality,' but genius for literary valuation, as well as great knowledge of the subject dealt with. . . . A paper on an historical subject should consider: —

"1. Sources of the work.

"2. Cause, occasion, purpose.

"3. Circumstances under which the work was produced.

"4. Relation of the work to its author.

"5. Relation to the time in which it was written.

"6. Effect of the work upon the public."

If the work be a novel, we should consider: —

"1. Brief sketch of subject matter, plot.

"2. Characters: Their qualities as persons; relative importance; relation to one another; contrasting characters; what each is intended to bring out."

Having satisfied yourself as to the plan of

your essay, you must now turn your attention to the finished work. "If you have an essay to write, you should not only invest it with truth of facts and ideas, but also with beauty and strength of formation.

"Let there be no quarrel in your mind as to whether you shall use short sentences or long sentences. Remember that language is your instrument, and by means of it you convey your thoughts to others. Remember also that it is a supple instrument; so much so, that you can infuse it with your own personality. Follow your own instinct and feeling in the choice of sentences. Generally speaking, a short one lends itself to emphasis, a long one to rhythm and cadence; a short one states the fact, a long one supplies the details. Hence you require an intelligent use of both kinds.

"The two main problems in sentence structure are: How to preserve the unity of the sentence, and how to arrange all its parts according to their intrinsic emphasis and importance. (Of course, you never have these rules in mind when you are writing your essay, you make a great mistake if you do. These remarks are intended as critical tests to be applied after you have written your compositions, not before.) Bear in mind, therefore, that in a single sentence, every part should be subservient to one principal affirmation. If you introduce irrelevant ideas, you spoil the unity of the sentence and confuse the mind of the reader. For example, read this paragraph, quoted in Abbott's 'How to Write Clearly':—

"'This great and good man died on the 17th September, 1683, leaving behind him the memory of many noble actions and a numerous family, of whom three were sons; one of them, George, the eldest, heir to his father's virtues, as well as to his principal estates in Cumberland, where most of his father's property was situated, and shortly afterward elected member for the county, which had for several generations returned this family to serve in Parliament.'

"At the same time, it should not be thought that two ideas or assertions cannot properly be embodied in one sentence. The rule is to determine first what is to be the central thought of the sentence; then, if other ideas are to be introduced, to place them in such a manner that they aid the comprehension of the central thought, and thus facilitate the exposition of the subject. Avoid introducing unrelated ideas into one sentence, thus: 'The new Congressman comes of good old New England stock, is in favor of tariff reform, and at present resides at Washington Court House, the town which gained an unenviable notoriety last year on account of the mob attack on the jail.' The last eighteen words should be omitted; they have nothing to do with the pen portrait of the Congressman. Not only may the unity of the sentence be broken by having too many ideas, or unrelated ideas — a change in style of language may break the unity of tone, thus: 'The sight oppressed me with sorrow, my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears; *I couldn't stand it* any longer, and *I left*.' The words in italics show a distinct fall in tone from the rest of the words in the sentence; they are too colloquial to be permissible.

"With reference to emphasis, the endeavor should be to place words so that they emphasize themselves. Never allow the meaning of a sentence to depend on the way it is read. The two places where one naturally looks for emphasis are the beginning and end of a sentence; e. g., 'Flashed all their sabres bare'; or, 'Whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is *his wonderful invention*.'"

The next step in the development of the essay is a consideration of the paragraph. "A paragraph has been defined as 'a connected series of sentences constituting the development of a single topic.' There is no rule deciding the length of a paragraph; but it is subject to all the rules which govern sentence structure, together with an additional number that are peculiar to itself. It should have unity; that is, there must be a close relationship in thought and purpose between all the sentences constituting the paragraph; only those ideas which are strictly necessary are allowed a place; proportion should be observed by giving prominent positions to the chief ideas, the secondary ones being more indicated than expounded; there should be a due regard for that order which will best bring out the main conception, and enough variety to make the whole pleasant reading.

"Each paragraph, like each essay, has a

theme — or, shall we say, a sub-theme? — and it can be developed in the following manner: —

"1. Repeating the theme in other words.

"2. Defining or limiting the theme.

"3. Presenting its contrary.

"4. Explaining or amplifying its meaning by examples, illustrations, or quotations.

"5. Particularizing by means of specific instances or details.

"6. Presenting proofs.

"7. Applying or enforcing the theme.

"8. Introduction and transition."

Lastly, we come to that intangible something called "style" — the crowning glory of the essay. "Whole volumes have been written on style, but the sum of the matter is this: there are two elements in literature, the technical and the non-technical. The technical are those which deal with words, sentences, paragraphs, and the canons of art — such as unity, sequence, proportion, suspense, movement, and climax. These may be studied and mastered in so complete a manner that you can analyze the best prose and write a passable quality of your own. The non-technical element in literature is the personality of the writer himself — 'the style is the man.' Here we leave the rules, regulations, and canons of art behind us, and enter the sphere of soul. Consequently your style, in its ultimate essence, is the literary expression of your tastes, your philosophy, your outlook on life.

"Instead of mimicking the best models, read them, and live with them. Cultivate your own views on like subjects, and express them modestly, but fearlessly. Seek to make that expression a combination of beauty and strength; revise once and again, and still again; then at last, although your ideal may yet be far off, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the work is conscientiously your own; not great work, perhaps, but nevertheless the work of your individual self. Whether you ever become a 'stylist' or not, there are two very necessary attainments that are open to every one — clearness and forcefulness. Never leave your meaning in doubt, and always seek the expression that is most vigorous."

A question that is often asked by the novice in writing is: What books should I read in order to get a command of language? . . . "There are no books which alone can give the student a good command of language; reading is only one of the means to accomplish that end. Practice in writing is the other means, and the book of reference most often used should be Roget's 'Thesaurus.' It is quite true, however, that some books are more helpful than others, and probably the best to commence with is Macaulay's Essays. Macaulay's style has well-known defects, but in extent of vocabulary, clearness and power of expression, and wealth of knowledge, he is not easily surpassed. Next comes Thomas De Quincey's 'Confessions of an Opium Eater.' The style is very different from that of Macaulay — it has a tendency to be prolix and occasionally wearisome, but it is full of feeling and imagination. Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne should receive close attention; and of the more modern writers, Matthew Arnold and Robert Louis Stevenson have the greatest claims. Perhaps one ought not to omit Cardinal Newman. Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism,' Stevenson's 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and Newman's 'Idea of a University' are excellent works for the purpose in hand; but the mere reading of these books is, as previously stated, not enough. When you have read a section of Newman, or an essay by Macaulay, put all books away, and either reproduce what you have read, or describe your impressions of it in your own language. Stick to one author for a period; live with him, so to speak, until you know him thoroughly, but do not slavishly imitate him. Macaulay's antitheses are very clever, but avoid his trick of multiplying them whenever the opportunity presents itself."

The practical worker in literature, of course, wishes to know something about the essay in newspapers and magazines. "What is it that distinguishes the magazine essay, or the newspaper article, from the rank and file of such productions in schools, colleges, and debating societies? The answer is simple enough — they are better in structure, better in composition, sounder in knowledge, and possessed of greater authority. . . . Specialized knowledge is one of the first requisites of the magazine essay. A man who lived in Pretoria

during the Boer War would be allowed an expression of opinion on the attitude of Kruger in preference to a man who was a politician, even though his literary powers might greatly surpass those of the individual who knew his Transvaal by personal experience. Of course, it is quite possible for an enterprising man to write an interesting article on a given subject, especially one that will lend itself to illustration, and find an easy market for it; and he may start work knowing next to nothing of the matter in hand. But for questions relating to politics, science, ethics, religion, and other branches of knowledge, as well as those matters where authority can come only from experience, a thorough acquaintance with all details is absolutely necessary.

"Essays, however, as a form of literature, do not depend on the knowledge they convey to the reader, or the skill with which the writer marshals his argument. An essay of the highest order depends on the beauty and originality of its ideas, the vigor and chastity of its style, and the infusion of the personality of the author throughout the whole. For this reason an essay by Andrew Lang on some literary topic is of greater significance — as literature — than one by Professor Thomson on a new aspect of electricity. The 'Essays of Elia' are not remarkable for the discovery of new facts, or for accuracy in reasoning; they are remarkable for style in the revelation of a striking personality. And it follows as a matter of course that the only method of writing essays of this quality, either for publication in a monthly journal or in book form, is to cultivate a personality — the very idea of which is too absurd to be entertained. Patience and intelligent study may enable you to write the essay of knowledge; only genius will give you the power to produce the essay that is literature.

"With the newspaper press things are very different. Not that here good work is never looked for, and therefore never produced, but that a newspaper's daily requirements necessitate a different style of writing and a narrower scope of treatment. There is, for instance, the article describing such a thing as Queen Victoria's funeral. Writing of this kind demands quickness of perception, ability to seize the graphic points of an event, and readiness in committing them to paper in forcible and vivid language. Descriptive reporting often rises to the elevation of literature, and one might say at this point that it is almost regrettable to see such good work so short-lived.

"For several reasons there is no better preparation for the novice than the careful study of such essays as those he wishes in his turn to produce. 'The beginner in the art of writing ought to have before him models resembling as closely as may be the work which he seeks to produce — models suitable in style, of a compass such that they may be grasped, not merely in detail, but in organic wholes. And it is not enough that he should have the finished product before him: his attention must be directed to the way in which that product is put together. He must learn inductively the methods which he is himself to employ.'

"'It may be objected that conscious analysis and conscious synthesis have had no place in the works of masters of the art of writing, nor in the actual production of literature of any order. Such an assertion is probably a great overstatement of the facts. But accepting it as true, it simply means that imitation has been carried on in a roundabout and clumsy fashion, for whose defects innate aptitude has made amends. One may learn a complicated figure in skating by vague attempts at imitating the whole, but a speedier method is to analyze that whole into a series of movements, and then to attempt to combine these. In the matter of writing such a procedure is the only one for the ordinary beginner who has no inborn genius for the art. To the skilled author devices and methods are second nature; he is not conscious of them. When we learn penmanship we consider every stroke, and painfully join strokes into letters and words; but in process of time we think merely of the word to be set down, and the hand that writes it, not from a series of efforts, as at first, but from one conscious impulse. The highest skill is always largely unconscious, but the readiest way of acquiring that skill is by conscious application of method.'" *Agnes G. Golden.*

BOSTON, Mass.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1903. NO. 1.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Emancipation from the slavery of conformance to irregular English word forms would be a boon, perhaps, but it has not occurred to most of us, probably, that a great novel might be written to advance the cause of simplified spelling among English-speaking people. G. W. Wishard of Irvington, N. Y., advances the idea in a contribution to the *Herald* of Toronto, a bright little paper devoted to pronunciation and amended spelling. It reads as follows: —

WANTED, A HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Most intelligent peopl ar alredy convinced that speling ref' m is a worthy cause. Public education in this has been of the hed, not the hart: it shud be of both.

To set the machinery in motion what is needed? A great story wil both teach the hed and tuch the hart. Ther is plenty of material for such. Milions of children hav their tender minds confused and stupefied by the hard, dry, useles, sensles stuf of silent leters or complicated substitutes. Many ar drivn by utter repulsivnes in sp. *from* study *to* truancy. Thru this, some, otherwise the making of good citizens, fall into evil company, go from bad to worse, landing in prison.

With welth of material, ther is no Harriet Beecher Stowe to rite the story. May God raise up some humbl scool girl or teacher with power to stir all humanity's hart.

* * *

The first requisite for success in short-story writing is indicated in Marshall Steele's appreciation of E. Nesbit in *Harper's Bazar* for January: "She has an artist's conception of the short story; she never overloads it, she rigidly excludes from it all that is unnecessary, and she chooses for its theme one episode, not a series of episodes which would provide material for a novel of the old three-decker dimensions."

* * *

The *Church Standard* ventures to speak irreverently of Mr. Howells as a poet. Commenting on the December *Harper's*, it says: "Among the poets of the number William Dean Howells puts in an appearance, not a very brilliant appearance at that. Mr. Howells's prosody, not to mention anything else, might easily be improved. Whether 'Heaven' is a monosyllable or a dissyllable we shall not pretend to decide: but certain we are that it is not both, and that a *pome* which makes it both within the compass of four lines is rather defective in technique. This is how Mr. Howells does it. (A father speaks): —

If she has "newly come from Heaven, our home,"
As Wordsworth says, then she knows everything
We have forgotten, but shall know again,
When we go back to Heaven with her.
*The Mother:* Yes.

"Again, Mr. Howells forgets that the ugliest way to deface a blank verse is to make it rhyme, and so he gives us this remarkable specimen of his own peculiar taste: —

How much do you suppose she really knows?

"From first to last of this queer composition Mr. Howells has provided for the rising

of our generation a conspicuous exam-
the innumerable ways in which blank
ought not to be written."

* * *

[r. F. J. Stimson had followed the advice
drawing a map given in "How to
a Novel" and quoted in the December
ER, he would not have called forth the
ing criticism in the *Boston Tran-*
:—

lom denizen of Cape Cod who has been reading F. J.
's latest story, "Jethro Bacon," finds so much therein
st him and to raise his righteous wrath that he has
he following communication. We take pleasure in giv-
ice in these columns, and earnestly hope that it may
Ir. Stimson at least one interested reader: "As a for-
en of Sandwich, I have read with great pleasure the
'Jethro Bacon,' in the November *Scribner's Maga-*
only on account of its charming (?) description of
ife, but also for the picture it gives of the physical
sness of its characters. The fair Nora first challenges
tion on account of that little stroll to the village of
to mail the box of mayflowers. The town of Bourne
hen in existence, but let that pass. It is true that it
little matter of seven miles by the highway, but the
/es us in doubt concerning the return route, for since
:e of Bourne is actually situated on an inlet of the sea
:ards Bay it naturally follows that in taking the shore
: she must have skirted the whole of Cape Cod, a
ne hundred and twenty miles or so. Or in case she
ve miles through the woods to the north shore, how
ıanage to cross Scusset harbor, which implies either
nming abilities or the use of a boat where none is to
ed? Her eyesight also excites my admiration when,
nce of one hundred yards, at dusk, she makes so close
l study of the unknown woman that she instantly rec-
er twenty-odd years afterward. After that the pro-
her vision over a range of hills and fifteen miles of
discern Manomet Point does not count for much.
ıt is not mentioned, but it is only fair to suppose that
s able to take note of the furnishings of the office in
company plant on the second floor she must have
ast ten feet tall, or have had a neck of pure gum."
ıese little accomplishments," continues our corres-
'are nothing to those of the gifted Jethro. His first
hich I believe is heretofore unequalled, was to make
om Sandwich to South Dennis and back, a distance
ıan forty miles, during an ordinary church service, say
hour in extent I am wrong; the horse delivered
destination, then ran away and returned to church in
ıe benediction. It must have been a wonderful horse,
ld not mind having a colt from the same stock. One
:les me a little. How could Jethro sail eastward
wichport and pass the mouth of Bass River, which
les to the westward, without changing his course?
s of minor importance, when we consider what I may
respect regard as his crowning feat of endurance.
ily walk of his to South Dennis, involving as it did a
over eighty miles, is almost a staggerer. The writer
:he was healthy. Great Scott!! He HAD to be.
:o reconcile with this record another statement in the
story to the effect that 'Cape people are no great travelers
If my arithmetic is not at fault, the noble Jethro in thirty year'
reeled off something like eight hundred and seventy-six thou-
sand miles to keep his lady love supplied with wood and water.
Surely that is an average performance, even for good walkers,
and to the lay mind the labors of Hercules and the toil so
Sisyphus pale into insignificance."

* * *

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") in a recent lecture on Balzac, said of the great novelist's methods: "It was his habit to write three or four books at a time. This method, which has been and is followed by all great painters, is beyond question the right one." Authors who are struggling with one book and finding even that simple task frequently too much for them are likely to feel discouraged when they read this bold assertion. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the so called "co-operative plan" of publishing? Has it found general favor among authors and literary workers, generally? What are its specific merits and demerits? What attitude does THE WRITER maintain toward the "plan"? Does it advise authors to adopt it for their wares? D. M.

[By the "co-operative plan" of publishing, "D. M." presumably means the arrangement by which author and publisher share the expense of bringing out a book. It means, generally, that publishers who have seen the manuscript do not feel confidence enough in its financial success to risk the whole cost of its publication. In such a case a publisher may make one of several propositions. He may propose that the author pay the whole cost of bringing out the first edition; or that the author pay the cost of making the plates; or that the cost of publication shall be divided between him and the author, equally or unequally, as the case may be. Whatever the proposition may be, the author stakes more or less money on the success of the book, and the risk of the publisher is reduced accordingly.

Sir Walter Besant used to advise authors never to pay part or the whole of the cost of bringing out their books, his idea being that publishers generally are men of good business

judgment, and that if they are unwilling to invest in a book the cost of bringing it out, the chances are that it will not be financially successful. In most cases this probably is true, but there are always exceptions enough to make publishing at the cost of the author a pleasant speculation, with some small chance of gratifying profit. When the author pays part or the whole of the cost of publishing, his royalty on sales, of course, is correspondingly large, so that if his book turns out to be a great success, his return from it is much greater than if it is brought out at the publisher's risk. If an author has supreme confidence in his manuscript, this prospect of larger royalties looks most alluring to him.

As regards the attitude of THE WRITER toward "co-operative" publishing, the general advice of the editor would be against it, if the author's chief object is to make money from his book. If his chief object is to get a book into print, regardless of the financial question, the co-operative plan may be a boon to him, since it will enable him to accomplish what he cannot bring about in any other way. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if an author cannot find a publisher who will risk the cost of bringing out his book, the book, if published, will be a financial failure. There are firms that make a business of "co-operative" publishing on terms that are seldom profitable to the authors whom they draw into their nets. They advertise continually for manuscripts, offering the facilities of a high-grade publishing house. Send in a manuscript and you will get an enthusiastic letter, praising its manifold merits, and declaring that if it is published it will be the sensation of the day. It needs, however, more or less revision. The firm does not do this work itself, but it takes the liberty of referring you to Mr. So-and-So, a competent critic and manuscript Reader, who will do whatever may be necessary, at reasonable cost. After the manuscript is revised, the publishing firm will be pleased to make arrangements for its publication.

You communicate with Mr. So-and-So. He examines your manuscript, and his report is quite as enthusiastic as that of the firm that has referred you to him. (It does not occur to you, perhaps, that he is a partner in the ingenious enterprise.) Your book is a masterpiece, but it does need a good deal of technical revision. His estimate of the cost of the work that he needs to do upon it may vary from $25 to $200 — possibly according to his opinion of your circumstances. This, of course, must be remitted in advance. He congratulates you upon the offer you have received from the advertising firm of publishers looking to the publication of the book.

You remit the $25, or the $200, as the case may be, and in due time you receive word from the publishers that Mr. So-and-So has done his work, and that the manuscript is now in their hands, ready for publication. Seeing it in its revised form, they are even more enthusiastic than before about the masterpiece. It is bound to be the sensation of the year. They esteem themselves fortunate to have a chance to publish it, and the profit is certain to be very large. They have so many enterprises on hand just now, however, that it is not practicable for them to advance the whole cost of publishing the book, and they ask you, therefore, to pay the cost of making the plates — a mere bagatelle, say $400 or $500. All the other expenses of bringing out the book — printing, paper, binding, illustration, advertising, etc. — they will pay themselves, and it will really be to your advantage to pay for making the plates, since as a result your royalty will be increased, not the usual ten per cent. but twenty-five per cent., possibly even fifty per cent., on all copies sold above 5,000.

You do not know, perhaps, that the real cost of publishing the book, making plates and all, will be less than $300, so that the money you send them will give them a profit, if not a single copy of the book is sold. You are dazzled by the suggestion that your book will be the sensation of the century, and you easily figure that a fifty per cent. royalty on all copies sold above 5,000, if the book has a sale of 150,000 or even 100,000 copies, will bring you quite a comfortable sum. You send on the $400, or the $500, as desired, and then you plan how you will spend your fortune when it comes.

It never comes. Your book is "published," in the course of time — often after harassing

delays — and if you know anything about good book-making, you are disappointed when you see it, because it looks so cheap. You watch for press notices. They are few and brief. Book reviewers know how your firm of pub lishers conducts its business, and they give scant attention to its books. You wait for checks to pay your royalty. You keep on waiting. You wait some more. Finally you write a timid letter of inquiry to the firm. If you get an answer at all, it is most discouraging. They are keenly disappointed in the outcome of the venture. Your book, quite unaccountably, has failed. Its sales are small — far short of the 5,000 limit beyond which your financial interest in sales begins. They have lost a great deal of money on it, in fact. They are as pessimistic now as they were enthusiastic before they got your check, and, while they politely refrain from saying so, you can see that the one wish of their hearts is that they had never heard of you. Perhaps by that time you reciprocate the sentiment. Well, you have at least bought wisdom by your experience. You probably realize then that "high-grade publishers," "reputable publishing houses," do not keep advertisements standing in the newspapers begging folks to send them manuscripts. Your disappointed friends have pocketed maybe $100, maybe $200 or $300, of your remittances. They have got in addition the whole benefit of whatever sale your book has had. Perhaps before long they will fail again, as some such firms have failed in the past, and so avoid the payment of their printing bills. At all events you may be sure that you will never get a cent of profit from your book.

To all such "co-operative" publishing THE WRITER is inalterably opposed. It has always declined to print the advertisements of such publishers, and it regrets to see them published in papers the publishers of which ought to be unwilling to encourage fraud. It must not be understood that all publishers who advertise for manuscripts are untrustworthy. Not infrequently legitimate publishers want manuscripts of certain kinds, and advertise for them. The publishers to avoid are the ones who advertise for manuscripts all the time, using the daily newspapers, as well as trade journals. Publishers of the highest grade generally get, without advertising, all the manuscripts they want, and even second-grade publishers in good standing advertise for book manuscripts only occasionally.

As regards legitimate "co-operative" publishing, the first-class houses do very little of it. What they do is mostly with books — particularly books of poems — by authors of reputation, which will be creditable to them, but which are not likely to be financially profitable. A Boston publisher said not long ago that it would surprise the public to know how many of the poems of certain well-known authors issued by first-class houses were published in book form at the authors' own expense. The second-grade houses publish a good many books wholly or partly at the expense of the author, and the lower-grade houses seldom publish at their own risk. Before an author makes an arrangement to publish on the co-operative plan, he will do well to investigate thoroughly the standing of the firm that makes a proposition to him, and then govern himself accordingly. — W. H. H.]

## WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

In a recent number of the magazine called the *Theatre*, and in an article entitled "The Evolution of a Play," I read: —

"The dramatist's first work . . . . is to evolve the action of the piece, act by act, beginning with the last act first. This is the French manner, and undoubtedly the best."

"The French manner" — why so? Dumas *fils* tells us, in one of his famous prefaces, that he wrote his plays, *pour ainsi dire*, in his mind before he actually wrote a single word. His "manner" was this — to ask: First, is the theme a logical one? Second, what characters best suit the theme? Third, what must be the natural conclusion? Fourth, what lesson shall be taught?

If Harry B. Mawson, the writer of the article referred to above, means that a playwright must first know what will be the end of his play — "the lesson taught" — he is right in saying that the dramatist begins with the last

act first, but that does not necessarily mean that a play should be built backward. The old saying, "Look before you leap," has some meaning, even for a playwright.

Dumas *fils* believes in "themes" as much, or more so, as a minister does in a "text." "The theme is the play"; and this he emphasizes in all his dramatic writings. The rest is simply "*métier*"; that is, how to startle an audience how to make an audience laugh or weep — mere tricks of the trade.

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Mawson had in mind "play-building," and not dramatic authorship, when he called "the best (French) manner" writing a play backward. That "manner" I should call the American manner, or, if it need be French, Scribe's or Sardou's manner.

"All I need to make a good play," once said Dion Boucicault, "is a good situation," and he added: "All the rest, story, plot, characters, I can, in half an hour, dig them out, if need be, of a dozen different French dramas." And he often did it, "the good situation" included. He certainly did not write backward: he wrote around — around, not an idea, but around stage tableaux — something catchy, dramatic, emotional, or what not? Scribe never did otherwise, nor has Sardou, whether we study the "Verre d'eau," or "La Haine." And the same can be said of Octave Feuillet. All their plays are the same; none of their characters are capable of feeling the rush of true passion. Everything is subservient to "the situation."

Certainly such plays are not written "beginthe last act first"; they are not written at all, they are "constructed," having for aim, yea, for basis, a "situation" which, in all obability, will be the grand climax, and, consequently, in a four-act drama, toward the end of act third.

But all this is not to the point: If by a play we mean a story with a plot, rewarding virtue, d killing the villain at the end, all well and good. We may first decide how we shall kill the villain, or simply get rid of him, and then go on, crablike. But what will the play prove? That all villains, like good little boys, die? which would not be true: some good boys do not die, and there are a few villains still alive, much to the joy of fond mothers, and to the sorrow of some of us who may have lent money to a villain.

A play need not be a story, nor need it have a plot. A good story and a rational plot will not necessarily injure a play, but what a play needs is a theme and characters. A Shylock needs no plot, nor does a Tartuffe. Hamlet is melancholia, Othello is jealousy, King Lear is ingratitude, Tartuffe is hypocrisy, Juliet is love. These themes, embodied into immortal characters, are whole plays of themselves. We need but to hear any of the characters speak to build, in our minds, dozens of stories and plots. Let Shylock be approached by you or me who may be in need of money, and a whole drama looms up. Let Hamlet recite his famous monologue, and we foresee lots of foolish things he will do sooner or later. Give all your wealth to your children while you are alive, and before long you will be going over the hill to the poorhouse, or put on a crown of thorns — not of straw — as did old King Lear. Let your best friend confess to you that he has a great sin on his conscience, that of having "killed a flea while saying his prayers," and you can be sure that your friend will, à la Tartuffe, try to kill you, if it can serve an end of his. Whether a Capulet, or not, seek a Juliet's love. No plots, or stories, are needed for such plays. There is no "building," "constructing," "making" of plays with such themes; and note that Shakspeare and Molière used very silly stories and impossible plots which mar their wondrous works — ust to please audiences.

Why not write for the stage rationally? If the heroine is to get married at the end, give one a good reason for it — whatever the reason, provided it be good. Let her have love, if it is love she wants; let her get money, if it is money she wishes; but let her go about it as one does who seeks love, or has money for her goal. Do not ask that she be buried alive à la Juliet; Romeo knew Juliet loved him, and that drug business adds nothing to the play. Give me the balcony scene, and you may have all the rest. I have heard it said, more than once, that it was a pity Armand did not marry Camille at the close of the fifth act. The theme

calls for Camille's death just as logically as the theme calls for Desdemona's death. If either lived — let us suppose they did not die — would the story be ended? Armand might have some trouble — some recollections, and Othello might have a few more jealous fits. What a lot of stories and plots could, however, be "constructed"; first, with Armand and Camille as husband and wife; and secondly, with Desdemona's forcible recollections of Othello's way of proving his love? Ah, but where would be the themes? The rehabilitation of women through love would be lost, gone forever; and the green-eyed monster would have to become as Daudin. Imagine Othello *un bon bourgeois*, and Armand introducing his wife to your wife! Good material for stories and plots, but would the "New Othello" and the "New Camille" be good plays?

Need I say, now, that all I have said above on "play making," on "theme," on "story," and on "plot," has for aim to appeal to our men of brains writing for the stage, to put aside such models as Scribe and Sardou, and if it needs be they have models, let them look to real masters. It would certainly not hurt them to study, for society plays, Augier, and for comedies, Labiche; and for a safe understanding of human nature, Shakspeare and Molière; and not wonder whether a play is written backward or forward.

*Alfred Hennequin.*

*The Boston Transcript.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Clara E. Laughlin, author of "Stories of Authors' Loves," is literary editor of the *Interior*, of Chicago. She has held this position for more than ten years, and during that time has been a contributor to nearly all the leading magazines. She has, too, been for many years connected with various publishing houses as manuscript Reader and literary adviser. Miss Laughlin was born in New York City in 1873, of Scotch-Irish parentage; she has lived in Chicago for twenty years, but is a frequent visitor to the East. Her schooling was in the public schools of Chicago; she graduated from the high school in Chicago in June, 1890, and had no college education. She never expected to write a book, but suddenly, by the cumulative process, finds herself author of one, thanks to the encouragement given by the editor of the *Delineator*, and the "Stories of Authors' Loves," which, begun as a short series, lengthened out over a period of three years' serial publication.

Philip Verril Mighels, author of "The Inevitable," has had a varied experience. His people were journalists throughout his boyhood, his father having founded a California newspaper in the pioneer days. Mr. Mighels, while he knew the newspaper business from setting the type to the final delivery of the printed sheet, was educated in the law. He subsequently returned to journalism in San Francisco and in New York City, where much of his leisure time was spent in the study of art. It was there that the author of "The Inevitable" published an essay in the *New York Herald*, purporting to prove, through a cipher contained in the old-time nursery jingles themselves, that Francis Bacon wrote the nonsense so widely attributed to Mother Goose. In 1897 Mr. Mighels went to London, where he lived for four years. He published a novel in London, dealing with the English working-classes. Since resuming his residence in his own country, Mr. Mighels has contributed half a dozen short stories to magazines.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Lowell.**—Two new stories about Lowell have recently been told by General James Grant Wilson: A lady asked him why he had not sent her a copy of his latest book. "I could not afford to," answered the poet. "If my friends do not buy my books, who, pray tell me, will buy them?" The other story concerns an autograph collector, who wrote a short note to Lowell describing his collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read, "Pray do not say hereafter, 'I would be obliged.' If you would

be obliged, be obliged, and be done with it. Say, 'I should be obliged,' and oblige yours truly, James Russell Lowell."

**Zola.**— His first success came on a New Year's day, when he was about twenty-five years of age. He had sent a little *Chronique* to the *Petit Journal*. It was accepted, and a few sous paid for it. The sketch is of profound interest as the first literary work of Zola. It describes the conditions of a family living in extreme poverty in the slums of Paris, sending out the children upon the street to beg for bread on New Year's Day. It was a plea for mercy. "Rich and fortunate ones, remember us," says this voice, speaking for the great disinherited classes. He married, but his income was very uncertain; and often what little he had must be sold to secure the necessaries. One day in 1868, he went to George Charpentier, the publisher. He said, "I have a great plan. It will take me twenty years to accomplish it, but I must have an assured living. Will you give me 500 francs a month that I may live in decency with my family? And I promise that I will give you two novels every year." The offer was accepted. Three years afterward a novel of his sold in thousands of copies. Charpentier sent for Zola, and said, "I cannot keep the contract," and he tore it up. "I earn too much. You shall have a larger share."— *Nathaniel Schmidt, in the Ethical Record for January.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WANTED: AN ATELIER OF FICTION. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. *Bookman* (28 c.) for January.

THE NOVEL AND CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH SOCIETY. Mary Moss. *Bookman* (28 c) for January.

SOME REAL PERSONS IN FICTION. Will M. Clemens. *Bookman* (28 c.) for January.

HENRY JAMES'S LATER WORK. William Dean Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for January.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

THE DECAY OF THE NOVEL. Benjamin Swift. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. John Nilson Laurvik. *Critic* (28 c.) for January.

NUMBER 4 PARK STREET. (From the *Atlantic* to its readers.) Bliss Perry. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

MY OWN STORY — I. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A MAN OF LETTERS. Alice Meynell. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE LATEST NOVELS OF HOWELLS AND JAMES. Harriet Waters Preston. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

FRANKLIN IN GERMANY. J. L. Rosengarten. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for January.

QUALITIES OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S HUMOR. Joseph H. Twichell. *Century* (38 c.) for January

THE POE-CHIVERS PAPERS. — I. With portraits. Edited by George E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

HUGH MILLER AND HIS CENTENARY. Illustrated. John M. Clarke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

REMINISCENCES OF TWO ABOLITIONISTS. (Stephen S. and Abby Kelly Foster.) Lillie B. Chace Wyman. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

BOBBY'S NEWSPAPER STORY. John Bennett. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for January.

ZOLA'S CLAIM TO REMEMBRANCE. Nathaniel Schmidt. *Ethical Record* for January.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS, WITH PORTRAITS — II. George W. Smalley. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for January.

A BURNS PILGRIMAGE. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for January.

CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING. Elizabeth A. Withey. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for January.

E. NESBIT. An appreciation. With portrait. Marshall Steele. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for January.

EMILE ZOLA. His Literary and Social Position. Gustave Geffroy. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for December — March.

THE WASHINGTON IRVING COUNTRY. Illustrated. H. W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 6.

ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN. With portrait. William Frederic Dix. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 6.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. With portrait. Talcott Williams. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 6.

BOOTH TARKINGTON. With portrait. Charles Hall Garrett. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 6.

ABOUT EDMUND BURKE. Elbert Hubbard. *St. Louis Mirror* (13 c.) for December 18.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Björnstjerne Björnson's seventieth birthday was widely celebrated December 8.

The Authors' Club of Minneapolis has changed its name to the Writers' League. It has now more than 100 members.

Margaret Waldo Higginson, who had an article in the *New England Magazine* for December, is a daughter of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Charles K. Lush, author of "The Federal Judge," has sold his newspaper, the *La Crosse* (Wis.) *Morning Chronicle.*

Grace Rhys, author of the story, "Judith in Mackford's Entry," in the January *Lippincott's*, is the wife of the English novelist, Ernest Rhys.

Knowing Tolstoy's later life it is difficult to believe that his novel, "The Cossacks," was sold to pay gambling debts, but he tells us so himself in a hitherto unpublished letter printed in the *Independent* for December 4.

H. G. Wells is a slow worker. For instance, his "Love and Mr. Lewisham" was begun in 1898. Another story, begun in 1901, dealing with what he terms the most momentous discovery in the world, is not likely to appear in serial form till 1904.

William A. Linn's "Life of Horace Greeley" wi l be published by the Appletons before long. Mr. Linn, when employed by Horace Greeley on the *Tribune*, prepared an index for the "Recollections of a Busy Life."

Charles Reade's long-time friend, John Coleman, is writing a memoir which he intends to call "The Romance of Charles Reade."

The autobiography of J. T. Trowbridge begins in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title, "My Own Story." Mr. Trowbridge shares with one other writer the honor of being the only surviving contributor to the first issue of the *Atlantic.*

Miss Grace Hodgdon Boutelle, daughter of the late Congressman Boutelle of Maine, has taken an editorial position on the *Boston Transcript.*

Carolyn Shipman has succeeded the late Paul Leicester Ford as editor of Dodd, Mead, & Company's magazine, the *Bibliographer.*

James Jeffrey Roche is now the proprietor as well as the editor of the *Boston Pilot.*

*Men and Women* is a new magazine, published by the Men and Women Publishing Company, Cincinnati.

A new monthly illustrated magazine, to be issued early in 1903 under the title of the *Printing Art*, is announced by the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

Colonel George Harvey, president of Harper & Brothers, and owner of the *North American Review*, has bought the *Metropolitan Magazine* (New York). He says: "In buying the *Metropolitan* I bought simply a name. I have had it in mind for some time that there has developed in this country a field for a popular magazine whose chief mission should be to tell about New York. I am so firmly convinced of the soundness of the idea that I am going to make the experiment. The name '*Metropolitan*' exactly fits the purpose, hence the purchase. The editor of the new *Metropolitan* will be John Kendrick Bangs."

Chicago is to have a new religious nonsectarian weekly newspaper to be called *Christendom.* Its editor is to be Shailer Matthews, dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School, and he will be assisted by Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, Dr. William Douglas Mackenzie, Prof. Charles M. Stuart, Prof. H. L. Willett, and others. The first number is promised for April.

The *Presbyterian and Reformed Review*, which has been edited for thirteen years by Prof. B. B. Warfield of the Princeton Seminary, has passed into the hands of the seminary and will be known as the *Princeton Theological Review.*

The *Olympian Magazine* will make its appearance in Nashville this month. It will be illustrated, and will be "devoted to literature, education, and amateur sports."

Beginning with Vol. VI., No. 1, the *Literary Review* (Boston) will be published by an entirely new management, and several changes in policy will be inaugurated. The Book Review section will be under the joint direction of Aimee Evelyn Churchill and George Hembert Westley. The Book Plate Collector will be a new department under the management of Winfred Porter Truesdell. The new publishers are the Charles E. Peabody Company.

The *Philharmonic* (Chicago) will hereafter be issued monthly instead of quarterly.

*Modern Women* (Boston) begins its third volume with the January number, coming out in new and enlarged form. W. H. Roystone, Jr., is the publisher.

With the January number the *Pilgrim* opens a new volume, Volume VI., and issues for the first time a complete magazine wholly manufactured in its own plant. What will be interesting reading to the many admirers of this progressive publication is the illustrated description of its new home and the answers given to the questions often asked: "Why do you publish in Battle Creek?" "Why do you discuss politics?" and "Is the *Pilgrim* partisan?'

John M. Clarke, who was the United States representative to the celebration recently held in Cromarty, Scotland, in honor of the centenary of Hugh Miller, writes entertainingly in the *New England Magazine* for January of the life and work of that famous geologist. The article has a curious portrait of Miller, characteristic pictures of his town, of the monument erected to his memory and unveiled at this celebration, and other illustrations.

"The Ambassadors," Henry James's new story, will be the first work of fiction to be published in the *North American Review*. It will appear serially, beginning with the January number, which will therefore be enlarged to 160 pages. Mr. Howells contributes to the same number an article on Mr. James's later work. It is stated that the story is suitable for publication in the *Review* purely on account of its literary value.

The *Review of Reviews*, like the *North American Review*, has made a new departure. Mr. Stead has refused for twelve years to admit fiction into the *Review*, but with the January number begins "an endless romance." Each chapter is to treat of some current event, but in just what proportion fiction and fact are to mingle the editor does not explain.

The *Outlook* (New York) for December 6 is a Book Number, and in it ten authors answer the question: "What are the books most characteristic of American genius and life?" The number also has an illustrated article by Mr. Mabie on "The Washington Irving Country," and portraits and sketches of Miss Hegan, Mrs. Lillian W. Betts, H. H. Furness, Booth Tarkington, and Helen Keller — the last sketch by Edward Everett Hale.

The *Century* has made a "find" in covery of "The Poe-Chivers Papers erous instalment of which appears i uary number. They consist of unpr ters of Poe, with a personal sketch c his friend, Dr. Chivers of Georgia, b teresting conversations in which Poe opinions of Shelley, Tennyson, K others. These papers, which are, among the last material of the sort t lished concerning Poe, are edited by I Woodberry and are accompanied by of Poe and Chivers. Another paper ary personalia in the same number is Joseph H. Twichell's brief article or ities of Warner's Humor."

Albert Ritchie has been appointec nent receiver of the Metaphysical Pu Company, of No. 114 West Thirty street, New York, and an order ha granted dissolving the corporation. M. Davis was appointed temporary July 14. The liabilities were $24,( actual assets $14,705.

Mme. Marguerite Durand, the origin: of *La Fronde*, a Parisian journal condu tirely by women, has presented the pap members of her staff, and will here: merely a co-worker with them. Chicag to have an afternoon daily newspap ducted entirely by women.

Rt. Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson died tle Hill, Miss., November 18, aged seve

Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field died at Mass., December 1, aged fifty years.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer died i December 6, aged forty-seven.

Th. Nast died at Guayaquil, Ecuad cember 7, aged sixty-three.

Frederick Saunders died in New Yc December 12, aged ninety-five.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood d Chicago December 26, aged fifty-five.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont died Angeles, Calif., December 27, aged s eight.

Marshall T. Bigelow died at Can December 28, aged eighty years.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1903. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## ILL-HEALTH OF WRITERS DUE TO EYE-STRAIN.

Nothing else in life is so precious as health. This everybody has found out from personal, perhaps painful, experience. Brain-workers have discovered, to their sorrow, that if the body be not in good physical condition, the brain cannot perform its normal functions. The close connection between ideas and digestion is indisputable, and one does not have to be a materialist to see considerable truth in Feuerbach's rather shocking pun: "*Der Mensch ist was er isst.*" (Man is what he eats.)

Yet, though humanity may be a unit in its desire for health, how comparatively few, even in these days of advanced hygienic knowledge, know how to attain it! How many, for example, realize that the digestion is in any wise affected by the eye, that a slight and unsuspected defect of that wonderful organism may upset the entire physical system? Yet this is a recognized medical fact of comparatively recent discovery. The subject is discussed at length in "Biographic Clinics," a book which is a unique departure in literature, and which should appeal with especial force to literary workers.*

Five great men of England, De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning, suffered from youth until well into middle age from some inexplicable malady that baffled the efforts of the wisest physicians. Dr. Gould, the editor of *American Medicine*, has studied the medical history of these men as far as he could gather it from biographies and letters, and he seems by this study to have solved the mystery.

In the introduction to his book he says: "The forelying study of the clinical biographies of five of the greatest geniuses of England concerns but one class of symptoms and one disease-producing factor. Of other diseases and other patients I am not competent to speak. The field will be found untilled and productive by specialists in other departments in medicine. But to the historian and psychologist the role of eye-strain will be especially interesting because of its subtle and astonishing influence upon character, upon literature, and even upon history. None could pretend to a fraction of the insight which could see the profound differences in our literature and civilization consequent upon the injection of the eye strain factor. What could these men not have done, what would they not have done, if this morbidizing horror had not clutched their hearts with its palsying and despoiling hand? Certainly also every tenth person of the slaves of civilization — all those who are compelled to work with their eyes at the reading, writing, and handiwork distance, are today having havoc played with their minds, dis-

* Biographic Clinics. The Origin of the Ill Health of De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, and Browning. By George M. Gould, M. D. Cloth, $1.00. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 1903.

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positions, and workaday lives, by this unrecognized disease factor.

"Whether physiologic or pathologic, the eye is necessarily actively functional during every instant of the waking life. It is bound up with every emotion, and guides every concept. Our thinking is by photographic images; even the letters of the alphabet are conventionalized pictures. When vision is morbid there is therefore no limit to the kind and extent of resultant harm both to the organism and to life."

Taking up the lives of his five distinguished subjects, Dr. Gould presents, in each case, the clinical data on which he grounds his argument. We view these five great men in a new light, that of wretched and suffering mortals. Deeply interesting as the study is to all students of literature, it is also unspeakably pathetic.

Of De Quincey, we are told: "At fourteen years of age, he was probably the best Greek scholar in Europe, conversing in that language fluently. His Latin verses were paraded as models by his teachers before the older boys. His passion for books was so great that he went heavily in debt for them beyond his allowance. He had to be removed from school at the age of fourteen or fifteen, 'in consequence of a very alarming illness threatening his head,' which lasted more than a year."

At the age of seventeen, De Quincey ran away to Wales, where he lived as a wanderer, sleeping in the open air. His health improved, but his money failed and he came to London.

"Much against his will young De Quincey consented to try to study once more, this time in Oxford. In his second year (1804) his severe neuralgic affection led him to try opium for the first time. With a less well-balanced mind than that of De Quincey, and especially if we remember his intense suffering, this method of treatment would at once have been equivalent to 'throwing the baby away with the bath,' but with De Quincey, although it at once gave a heavenly relief, he became only an occasional rather than a constant devotee of the drug for nine years. His love of roaming over the hills and valleys was kept up at Oxford, but despite this, and also notwithstanding the opium, which indeed masked and relieved but could not cure the symptoms, least of all their cause, he again could not endure systematic and continuous study — he, *par excellence*, a born student and lover of books and study! He soon left Oxford and spent several years in objectless travel or wandering about, settling at last in 1809, aged twenty-four, at Grasmere. Here were kept up the constant exercise, the long walks, the interest in sports, and the seemingly morbid solitary walks in the darkness of the night. Despite these things, in 1812 there was a suddenly appearing and as suddenly disappearing five-months' attack of 'nervous horror,' and in 1813 such an increased intensity of the 'irritation of the stomach' that for relief he increased the intermittent doses of opium he had been taking since 1804, until he was soon taking as much as 340 grains a day. He would not marry while taking so much, and by 1816 he had so far conquered the habit that he felt justified in marrying. This period of 1813-1816 was his first one of excess, but immediately after marriage his suffering became more unendurable and for a year he relapsed. His heroism in 1821 in again fighting and winning the battle was rewarded only by great suffering, dejection, 'derangement of the liver,' etc., and there followed another relapse into excess from 1824 to 1825. The last relapse was from 1841 to 1844. At other times and after this time there was moderate, not excessive use.

"This history of his splendid struggle and success in 1844, his absolute abstention for sixty-one days in 1848, and his wise choice thereafter of moderate use as the lesser of two evils, his last ten years of life in 'quiet and steady activity,' are also noteworthy.

"No one who has studied the life of De Quincey (or the lives of the other men whom we are to observe later) seems to have adequately pondered, at least not to have asked for the significance of, the irresistible necessity these men were under to walk or exercise. Ocular accommodative effort and reflexes cease in walking almost entirely, and absolutely so in walking at night. All his life De Quincey

walked many miles a day, walked in day and darkness, in sunshine or in rain, and in the worst time of trials he would walk round and round a ring, like a poor, dumb, driven animal, from 400 to 500 times a day. At the age of seventy he was still active and vigorous, outwalking younger men.

"Observant ophthalmologists know that in the life history of patients suffering from uncorrected eye-strain, or optical error, there tends to be three critical periods or crises. In girls and women these crises are of somewhat different ordering. Here I speak only of boys and men, and in them the first is at or within a few years of puberty. The second is in early adult life, the third comprises the period of the failure of accommodation extending normally from about forty-five to sixty, but varying according to the amount and kind of ametropia. In hyperopic or 'far-sighted' astigmatism it begins five or even ten years earlier. In De Quincey's case the first crisis came at the logical age of fourteen, when he had to be taken from school because of the 'very alarming illness threatening his head.' Every oculist knows well enough about these ocular or ametropic headaches. They more seldom occur in boys or men than in girls and women. The reflex of eye-strain in the latter is usually to the head, with more or less implication of the digestional organs. In boys the tendency is to the eyes (styes, blepharitis, conjunctivitis, etc.), while in men, especially in severe eye-workers, it is usually to the digestional organs alone. But there are many cases of modified or masked symptoms, depending upon the always varying conditions of the eyes, native vigor, external circumstances, etc. The noteworthy fact is the long-continued increased intensity of all reflexes during the failure of accommodation, and the sudden cessation of direct ocular reflexes at about sixty. If the long-continued functional diseases of the digestional and cerebral centres have at that time not been too badly injured, there is peace for the rest of life. But if irreparable harm has been done them, symptoms will be changed, but will persist. Of course, according to circumstances and conditions, one period may extend into another, and the habit of drug-taking or the hap-hazard catching up of a pair of spectacles may modify but not abrogate the symptons. In De Quincey's case the first critical period (head pains), plainly due to eye-strain, passed off in a year, but recurred in one form or another until he was compelled to run away from school and seek rest from eye-strain even by vagabondage if necessary, at all events by the walking or exercise which all such sufferers are unconsciously compelled to take. Of course, one so endowed as De Quincey could not escape the literary life, and his compromise with the unknown enemy that possessed him was opium and walking. The first hid and modified the results of eye-strain, the second gave the needed health to resist, and the eye-rest demanded for recuperation.

"In all severe eye-strain, insomnia, apparently due to a number of mysterious causes, is almost always a constant symptom. ('Kicks about at night and cries out in his sleep' is an almost invariable report of parents of astigmatic children.)

"Without a scrap of direct evidence as to the existence of eye-strain, a study of the clinical biography of De Quincey by a competent oculist should convince him that the mystery of De Quincey's life and disease, 'the key to the original cause,' as he puts it, of his suffering was reflex ocular neurosis. Why then did his eyes not pain him and suffer? It is one of the greatest of unutilized truths, long known, strangely ignored, that in the vast majority of cases of eye-strain the morbid results of the astigmatism, etc., are not felt in the eyes. It is perfectly explainable why this is so. The value of the eye so overtops that of almost any other organ that the reflex results of its unphysiologic function must be shunted anywhere except back to the eye itself. In women it goes to the head, and the world is full of those tortured nearly every day of their life with headache and sick-headache ('bilious' or 'nervous' headaches). In many, and especially in men working much with the eyes, the reflex is to the digestional organs, with 'indigestion' and 'liver derangements,' 'anorexia,' etc. The truth that eye-strain induces these functional gastric, intestinal, and biliary disorders cannot much longer

be ignored. When acted upon it will constitute one of the greatest advances in practical medicine that has ever been made.

In connection with the fact that even at seventy-four De Quincey never used spectacles for reading, the author says: "We now know that even with the best application no spectacles that any person could have obtained at that time would have completely relieved eye-strain. Spectacles of the crudest kind were discovered only about 500 years ago and science and some scientific men seem often inclined to ignore for another 500 years their use and improvement in correcting the optical defects of the eye that looks through their infinitely studied and perfected microscopes. But all the lenses of all the opticians of that country and time would not have helped poor De Quincey. Why? Because he had myopic astigmatism, and of some anomalous and anisometric variety. Had he not been afflicted with this optical fault of his eyes, he could not have read a line of any book at the age of seventy. . . . At any time of his life a proper pair of spectacle lenses would have relieved De Quincey of his sufferings, would have enabled him to quit opium-taking, and would have allowed him to pursue a far more wonderful literary career."

Carlyle's record is not unlike De Quincey's, except that his sufferings seem to have been far more intense.

At the age of twenty-three, says Froude, "he was attacked with dyspepsia, which never wholly left him."

"The physician," says Dr. Gould, "who has heard the same pitiful recitals of anguish from his patients recognizes the utter sincerity of Carlyle's utterance: 'Am getting weary of suffering, feel as if I could sit down in it and say, well then, I shall soon die, at any rate.' 'I am near heartbroken. Nobody on the whole *believes* my report.'

"As regards his irritableness, melancholia, and mental misery generally, Froude says in a hundred ways and 'insinuendos,' it was all in 'his nature,' that he could no more escape from these things than his body 'could leap off its shadow,' etc. But what more beautiful character ever showed itself than in the early essays? The man who, poor and self-denying as he was, secretly gave away to the poor at least half his income, and who honored his father and passionately loved his mother — he a genius, they peasants; the man who wrote and felt to Mrs. Carlyle as he did — such a man was to be honored rather than pitied.

"Carlyle himself knew better: 'I declare solemnly without exaggeration that I impute nine-tenths of my present wretchedness, and rather more than nine-tenths of all my faults, to this infernal disorder in the stomach.' 'On days when moderately well I feel as happy as others; happier, perhaps,' and a thousand lines could be quoted as lovely and true as, 'The world is God's world, and wide and fair.' Even poor Mrs. Carlyle, who 'married for ambition,' could but say: 'My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire.' That he was at times gloomy, irritable, morose, harsh, etc., no one would deny, least of all Carlyle himself. But that it was his essential nature to be so — every page of the letters gives the lie to this faithless indictment. Those things were simply the symptoms of his awful disease.

"Carlyle had throughout his life more or less of what American oculists call 'theater headaches' or 'panorama headaches.' A great many of our patients, until eye-strain has been stopped by glasses, cannot attend banquets, concerts, theaters, etc., without disastrous effects to head and 'nerves.' When Carlyle went much to the Museum he had what he called 'musæum headaches.' When he went to a 'party' he returned with 'headache and shattered nerves,' and vowing never to do such a foolish thing again.

"In some men, the untoward conditions of circumstances, the ill-health, the mental abnormalism, etc., may have little or no effect upon the quality of their literary labors. In others this may be subtly modified, and in others still the differences caused may be most profound. Carlyle, I think, is an example of the last class. Every work he brought forth is in almost every line modified by the direct result of the conditions of eye-strain while engaged upon it. The very choice of subjects is dictated by it. With the resistance and energy of youth over-

coming all disease we have the beautiful objectivity, the combined 'sweetness and light, the humor, and the charm of the early essays and of 'Sartor.' What could be more like his wrecked soul than the 'French Revolution,' both in subject and treatment? History written by lightning flashes it is, indeed, but the lightnings are those of his own mind in thunderstorm that brought in its fury brief peace, but that also brought destruction. Again how imperative of his mood and how logically responsive were 'Chartism,' 'Heroes,' 'Cromwell,' and 'Past and Present!' But, at last, at peace, 'Frederick' (taking twelve years to write) shows what the character of the life-work might have been if the thirty-eight previous years had not been lived upon the rack of atrocious suffering. The unauthorized pessimism, the pitiable anti-science, the foolish arrogance, the outrageous 'Ilias Americana in Nuce,' and all such things are excusable. They were the groans and deliriums of a nervous system in awful agony.

"When the storms of the life voyage were over, Carlyle had a splendid opportunity [in the inaugural address] to gather to a focus all the experience and wisdom he had gained. And splendidly he improved it! Among the noble truths there glowing with softened but exquisite light he urged that the function of universities was to create libraries and teach the student to read. Assiduity in reading is the great study of the intellectual man. There was not a word, of course, as to the mechanism of reading, and one is grieved to think of this and the fact that the labor of reading with an optically wretched instrument had been the cause of the speaker's life-tragedy. And that it would be the same with thousands of his pupils then and since?

"Lastly comes the lesson called 'a very humble one,' but which not even he could realize how and why it was far from humbly important: 'In the midst of your zeal and ardor. . . . remember the care of health. . . . It would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider that health is a thing to be attended to continually, that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? . . . I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy." Completely healthy; *mens sana in corpore sano.* A man all lucid, and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything so that he cannot see the truth of the matter, without endless groping and manipulation; healthy, clear, and free, and discerning truly all around him.'

"He (Carlyle) is compelled by the very nature and mathematics of the subject to use images of physical and physiologic optics. It is as necessary for the eye to be optically right as for the intellect. Moreover, he did not know, as even then he might have known, that the intellect whose function he could best describe in optical terms is psychologically most literally and absolutely the creation of the act of vision. It has the qualities of geometric and imaging perfection only because by the heredity of millions of years the optically correct, or approximately correct, eyes of innumerable ancestors have produced the optically correct intellect. The acme of physical and intellectual suffering is to supply a correct intellect, the product of eyes, with an optically morbid pair of eyes, and compel them to work for sixty years against the demands of the laws of all past time.

"Let us make one last quotation from the inaugural address. In the face of the fact that numberless thousands and even millions of hard eye-workers (literary and others) are clear-sighted physically and mentally, and have no considerable suffering therefrom — despite this which Carlyle should have thought of, he says: 'We can never attain that [the holy and healthy, the optically perfect intellect] at all. . . . You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation that will last a long while; if, for instance, you are going to write a book — you cannot manage it (at least I never could) without getting decidedly made

ill by it: and really one nevertheless must; if it is your business, you are obliged to follow out what you are at, and to do it, if even at the expense of health. Only remember at all times, to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard that as the real equilibrium and center of things.'

"How clearly the virtue and also the vice of the deductionist type of intellect is seen in these words. The subjective experience carried over as a general rule and demand! But how infinitely pathetic! And also how instructive to those who are now seeking to unite the two methods of intellectual activity, deduction and induction, in one fused flame of philosophic science. The earnest, woeful pleading to read books and to look above all things to the health, by one who had never committed a conscious hygienic sin in his life, and who had looked most carefully after his health every instant almost, of his whole life! And yet who had suffered as great physical and mental anguish from ill-health as ever mortal did! What every one of his hearers needed and what millions of others still need to be told is not to care for their health, but *how* to do it. That Carlyle had never once seriously considered; only an enlightened science, and enlightened medical science can teach that. Alas that Carlyle cared for neither! The more imperative is our own duty."

Of Charles Darwin, his son wrote: "For nearly forty years he never knew one day of health of ordinary men, and thus his life was one long struggle of the weariness and strain of sickness."

Dr. Gould has summed up the case of Darwin with an illuminating intelligence.

"In the article upon De Quincey, I spoke of the psychologic influence of errors of refraction, the powerful and subtle effect of eye-strain in the developing boy upon the character or disposition, the choice of a career, etc. I found reason to believe that this factor had been at work in De Quincey's case, as the unrecognized cause of the seven years' vagabondage of the unequalled scholar. It was the only way the wisdom of the organism could devise to rid itself of the profound injury which reading and writing was causing the nervous and digestive systems. It even made the evil of the opium habit preferable to the unbroken impact of the ocular irritation. To such a mind as that of De Quincey, the literary career could not be escaped, and so there was the life-long tragedy we have witnessed.

"In Carlyle's case the dour Scotch inheritance, body and mind, together with physical work, country life, and an absence of an enslaving literary ambition, made him miss the evil effects of eye-strain during youth; but from the age of twenty-three onward the conditions (reading and writing) of the chosen career made him a great sufferer so long as there was any ocular 'accommodation' left. As Mrs. Carlyle said, there would have been no 'tongues' if Irving had married her, so there would have been no vagabondage and no opium in De Quincey's case if he had chosen the career of a farmer; and if Carlyle had chosen his father's occupation there would have been an utter absence of the misery of his life and the peculiar qualities of 'history by lightning-flashes.'

"When we come to Darwin, we find the same causes producing the same results, but with the differences of detail which all biologic, and especially all psychologic, phenomena exhibit. For, be he oculist, general physician, or intelligent layman, when one reads the life and letters of Darwin, he must be struck with the astonishing fact of the strangeness and illogicality of the life of the great scientist's youth. Up to the age of twenty-two he had done nothing but waste, 'worse than waste,' time and opportunity in hunting, walking, riding, athletics, rat-catching, with dogs, etc., so that even his most kind and indulgent father said he would be a disgrace to himself and to his family. Medicine could not attract the attention of the 'idle sporting man,' and also the functions of the clergyman had no charm. Why? Because he was in excellent health and high spirits when he did not use his eyes at near range, but any reading made him 'have spirits for nothing,' made him 'so disgusted that he had not the heart to write anybody,'—made him 'quite desperate.' The degree at Cambridge caused him to become 'so miserable, both before and afterward,' and, 'what

makes it more ridiculous, I know not what about.' Once, at the age of twenty-two, he was for two months compelled by bad weather to keep indoors in a strange place, without friends, and without amusements other than reading, and he was 'inexpressibly gloomy and miserable,' and even troubled with pain and palpitation about the heart. The simple recital of facts compels one to recognize that the wasted years of Darwin's youth were not 'worse than wasted' by choice; it was not because of the compulsion of inherent moral tendencies, nor of fashion, nor because of his dislike of classic studies. There was nothing in his ancestry nor in his life-work of after years that would force him to such amusements and to the escape of all study; there were plenty of earnest men at Cambridge, there was opportunity for congenial study — if study of any kind had been possible, and health retained. There was no way to a serious and honorable life, was the unconscious command of the wisdom of the organism, except perhaps through some such plan as the *Beagle* voyage. Thus science gained its martyr, although he did not know, and indeed he never knew, the exact nature of the cause of his martyrdom."

Dr. Gould proves conclusively that the seasickness from which Darwin was supposed to have suffered on board the *Beagle* "was the same nausea and morbid nervous symptoms that thousands of patients have described to their oculists as following use of the eyes without the proper spectacles, and disappearing at once the moment all use of the eyes is stopped. Darwin had found great discomfort during his youth and up to twenty-two, upon the use of his eyes; it was more pronounced and intense now during the voyage (some slight sea-sickness co-operating); and in the productive years of his after life, from the ages of about forty to sixty, it was a daily tragedy and horror."

"It is strange," says Dr. Gould, "that Darwin himself and his physicians should have supposed that intellectual labor was the cause of his symptoms. It is true that Dr. Clark was accustomed to tell his literary patients to quit proof-reading, writing, etc., and take a holiday, but this was routine, and with the plain intent to break up mental work, and, of course, infinitely far from any consciousness that it was abnormal ocular function, instead of intellectual over-exertion that was at fault. Once Darwin recognized this when at the age of fifty he wrote: 'It is a very odd thing that I have no sensation that I overwork my brain.' This was when he was hardest at work on the 'Origin.' As if thought and laborious intellectual action could be stopped in De Quincey, Carlyle, Huxley, or Darwin by making them walk half their lives or more about rings, sand-walks, or moors, or ride 20,000 miles on one horse, etc.! In reality, such things made mental action the greater, adding also worry, introspection, the regret of lost time, etc. Indeed, Darwin says that when he could do nothing else from illness, he could collect his facts for the 'Origin of Species.' Correcting proofs is by no means such intellectual work as thinking out and composing the 'Origin of Species,' and yet Darwin himself wrote, 'and, also, there yet remains the worst part of all, correcting the press.' It was worse because it was more laborious to the eyes. Doubtless the splendid inductive quality of his mind, the patient and tireless gathering of facts which distinguishes his books and bottoms them upon an incontrovertible basis, was in great part due to this, that he was unconsciously compelled to spend his time so largely in some manner as did not induce the reflexes of eye-strain."

At the completion of the "Origin," we are told, he was in an awful state of stomach, strength, temper, and spirits. He says himself: "My confounded book half-killed me." And yet, how many people who have read his great work have realized at what cost it had been produced?

Dr. Gould finishes his interesting chapter on Darwin by saying: "There seems to be a childish popular error, shared even by those who should be accurate, that the solving of intellectual problems such as those which busied Darwin's mind is more wearing and disastrous to the health and mind than the mental exertion of the simplest intellects in the strenuous life which millions have to carry on. The fact is, that almost all great thinkers have lived to a ripe old age. As to the 'rest-treatment,'

it frequently happens that the rest-cure does not cure unless reading and writing are interdicted, or proper glasses ordered, and that many neurasthenics are cured by glasses without the rest-cure. In other words, 'neurasthenia' may be caused by eye-strain."

Of Thomas Huxley, we learn that as a boy he "read everything he could lay hands on in his father's library." "Not satisfied with the ordinary length of day, he used, when a boy of twelve, to light his candle before dawn, pin a blanket around his shoulders, and sit up in bed to read Hutton's 'Geology.' As to his health, we learn that from the age of fourteen he was a great sufferer, and in much the same manner as were the three men whom we have just considered. "His suffering for fifty years wrung from him the most bitter complaints, and forced him for the latter part of his life to renounce what he held dear in the world, and to renounce it more and more absolutely with every added year of life. The result of all his study of his own case, the result of all his consultation of physicians, was that neither he nor the physicians had the least idea what ailed him. . . . It shows how truly Huxley diagnosed his own unfitness for the work of a practical physician, when we reflect that his wretchedness of fifty years never made him catch any hint of the fact that whenever he began study, reading, or writing he suffered, and whenever he stopped these things he was at once well. During his whole life he was teaching and urging upon others the study of physiology. But he never suspected the significance of the physiology of the eye and of astigmatism, and of their relation to his bad health. What was his disease? It was functional, surely, and it was so terribly real that one can hardly imagine what tragedy it brought to him; great as were the study, work, and scientific results of his life, it prevented him from making far more of that life than we can know."

In his Johns Hopkins address, Huxley said: "To understand the nature of disease we must understand health, and the understanding of the healthy body means the having a knowledge of its structure and of the way in which its manifold actions are performed." "But," says Dr. Gould, "he had been, as we know, a profound sufferer all his life from some disease which baffled his best medical advisers, and of which he said, 'I wish I knew what is the matter with me.' One of the most fundamental and important of the senses, one of the greatest of physiological functions, the origin and creator of intellect, is vision. Of its physiology Huxley was incurious. Its malfunction in his case wrecked his life, and when he read made every day a day of wretchedness. Whenever he read or wrote he suffered, whenever he stopped reading or writing he was well. Notwithstanding this, Huxley wrote 'The Method of Zadig.'"

When, in 1845, Robert Browning fell in love with Elizabeth Barrett, he was thirty-two years old. From their correspondence, Dr. Gould has produced about five pages of excerpts relating solely to Robert Browning's headaches.

"I have had a constant pain in the head for these two months, which only very rough exercise gets rid of. I thought I could never be unwell."

"So much reading hurts me; . . . whether the reading be light or heavy, fiction or fact, and so much writing — whether my own — such as you have seen, or the merest compliments — returning to the weary tribe that exact it of one."

And so on.

"Browning," says the author, "was a man of refined and sensitive nature, self-controlled, careful of himself and of his health, a perfectly well-regulated man, living temperately in all things, well-to-do, and with no need, by inheritance, or conditions, ever to go to any extreme in life. He had been remarkably well, he informs us, up to the age of thirty-two. If we had accurate data prior to this time, we should doubtless find that the moderation and quietness of his nature and demeanor were in great part the lessons unconsciously derived from the forgotten experiences as regards health in youth. A boy with the astigmatism he had could never have been a hard student or immoderate in any way without ill-health resulting. After the time we know him (thirty-two) we find him always extremely sensitive to slight excesses of irritation, such as a late dinner, excitement, etc. It never needed but

a small thing to upset his delicate health. Even reading a few minutes would bring on the head trouble, and a few minutes of ocular rest would make it disappear. Each winter's work (with the eyes) brought him to the state of nervous prostration and physical apathy, and, as of old, it was charged automatically to 'liver, deranged liver,' although the evil was 'not serious,' and he had no organic disease whatever." Referring in this connection to what he calls the "ocular reflexes," the author remarks: "The more sensitive the nature, the more the reflex tends to be cerebral, the more resistant, the more it tends to be digestional. Carlyle and Huxley would, therefore, not have headache so much as dyspeptic or 'liver' symptoms. Browning had chiefly, though not solely, the cerebral type of reflex. The worst kind of organization is that in which there is a balance, or such a combination of the two that the reflexes affect both sets of organs. The result in these cases is 'biliousness,' 'bilious headache,' or 'sick-headache,' one of the most awful affections and most frequent which afflicts humanity. The case of Darwin is an illustration.

"Both Browning and his medical adviser find a perfect explanation of Browning's headache in heredity. 'Why has anybody to search for a cause? There sits your mother whom you so absolutely resemble! I can trace every feature, etc.' If this explains it, Adam, or rather, Eve, must have been afflicted in the same way, and all of her descendants to Browning's mother. One marvels how a headache can be inherited, and why family facial resemblances demonstrate the fact. Throwing the responsibility back upon the mother, or upon Eve, will no longer do, and I think we should give it up. Browning and his medical adviser may not be censured for such a naïve medical philosophy, but really we grown-ups must quit such hide-and-go-seek childish games. We must find what caused the headache in each case, separately, of son and mother, at least if we wish to cure the son. An anti-hereditive medicine has not so far been discovered effective after the patient's birth.

"For forty-two or forty-three years after this Browning lived, but I find few data of value or trustworthiness for further knowledge of his clinical biography. Like De Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, and Huxley, Browning never suspected the cause of his suffering, and learned only that it was in some mysterious way eluded by long walks and persistent exercise. Mrs. Bronson says he never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed, his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. He wrote: 'I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health,—that is, with their life,—like children playing with jewels over a bridge-side, jewels which, once in the water, how can we, the poor lookers-on, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking.'"

Thus end the "Biographic Clinics." The remaining chapters of Dr. Gould's book relate to the physiology of vision, the evil effects of eye-strain in general, and the indifference and neglect shown toward it by the medical profession. The author pays a deserved tribute to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who, he says, "must be recognized as one of the greatest medical discoverers and benefactors of the race. So far as I can learn he first taught the pathologic significance of astigmatism and eye-strain, and that the prescription of cylindric lenses is of vast importance in the care and prevention of systemic diseases. . . . Nothing that our distinguished colleague has ever contributed to medical progress can equal the value of the masterly articles which he wrote in 1874, 1875, and 1876 upon the subject of eye-strain."

In speaking of the famed Philadelphia School of Ophthalmology, the author says: "Learning their art directly or indirectly from the so-called Philadelphia school, hundreds of oculists are finding a noble lifework throughout the United States, and are giving a million patients the indubitable proof of personal experience that eye-strain is the cause of terrible and varied diseases, the cure of which by spectacles is one of the greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century."

Boston, Mass. *Agnes G. Golden.*

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. FEBRUARY, 1903. NO. 2.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Mr. Munsey has apparently learned the important truth that pictures alone will not satisfy the reading public. "Since I began the publication of *Munsey's Magazine*," he says, "my own theories have changed a good deal. In one respect formerly I regarded the picturesque side of the magazine as of the greatest importance. I still believe in the force and value of illustrations, and illustrations of the best grade, but I believe to a greater extent than formerly in the strength of the letterpress — the themes treated and the manner of treatment. Instead of suiting the text to the illustrations, as I did to some extent half a dozen years ago, I now suit the illustrations to the text, and use illustrations only where they will strengthen the text. The letterpress is, in fact, the backbone and sustaining quality of a properly conceived magazine."

* * *

The *St. Louis Star* makes the startling announcement that "Henry Loomis Nelson is now David A. Wells, professor of political science at Williams College." As a matter of fact, Mr. Nelson is David A. Wells Professor of Political Science at Williams. The importance of the comma and the capital is thus illustrated again.

* * *

"Beware of realism," wrote Stevenson to Mr. Trevor Haddon once. "It is the devil. It is one of the means of art, and now they make it the end."

* * *

An example of "newspaper English" that sorely needs to be edited is this "Personal Note to the Public," published as an advertisement in fac-simile of the handwriting of Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*:—

I firmly believe THAT if every man and woman of moderate means, young AND old, married or not, would read the series "How We Saved for a Home" in The *Ladies' Home Journal*, THAT thousands would date the beginning of their true living from that day.

Here are 100 young couples, AND MEN WITH FAMILIES, working girls and unmarried young men, who tell, STEP BY STEP and dollar by dollar, HOW EACH NOW OWN THEIR OWN home, — some on salaries of $4. PER WEEK: NONE HIGHER THAN $30. The average is $15.

The words printed in small caps need particular attention.

* * *

Preparations are being made for the observance May 25 of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the *Christian Register* Rev. J. W. Chadwick makes the suggestion that the supreme way to celebrate the anniversary is for each celebrant

"to read Emerson through, right straight through, in the course of this year." "I stump all who love Emerson to do it," he says. Those who really love Emerson ought not to find the task particularly arduous. It is to be feared that a great many people who talk of Emerson and even quote him seldom read him.

* * *

Bret Harte's estate has been valued at only $1,800 — but if Bret Harte died poor, it is only because he lived rich. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

How is the phenomenal success of the ten-cent magazines accounted for? Of course, reference is made to those in the larger cities, particularly New York. Is not the success which they enjoy due, mainly, to business tact and ability? And is it not also true that none of these magazines are particularly successful from the literary viewpoint, but the success is almost exclusively based on the financial returns, gained, principally, from advertising patrons? D. M.

[The ten-cent magazines are successful because they are popular. The price puts them within the reach of all, and their literary standard is not so high as to make them attractive only to an exclusive clientage. Thousands of people who will not pay twenty-five cents for a magazine will buy one for a dime, and so the ten-cent magazines get a large circulation. Having the circulation, they can get quantities of advertising, and the income from the advertisements is so large that the publishers can afford to make the magazines attractive with pictures, which ordinary people like. Their literary standard is not high, because they are published for the multitude, not for the cultivated few, and yet they have a distinct merit of their own. They have to be made interesting to the great majority of people, or they would fail. In a word, they must be popular, and no contribution is desired that will not suit the popular taste, no matter how much literary merit it may have. Financially they are successful because they carry so much advertising matter. No one of them could pay expenses with the income from circulation alone. — W. H. H.]

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Hegan.**— The Cabbage Patch! For years Miss Alice Hegan had been executing unobserved acts of charity in this forlorn and unbeautiful part of Louisville. Here, "where ramshackle cottages played hop-scotch over the railroad tracks," she had been a regular and welcome visitor. All doors were opened to her, and to her sympathetic ears the woes of the neighborhood were poured out. Winter after winter she had done much to relieve the stress of poverty, and the incident in her book of the letter to the newspaper, and the instant responses in money, clothes, and food it brought to a stricken family, was founded on an actual occurrence.

Curiously enough, that which probably made her such a welcome visitor among these people of the Cabbage Patch was what has been the chief element in her success — her strong love of humor. She has to a remarkable degree a quick and acute sense of humor — humor, that is, which is funny and humor which is pathetic; she sees the pathos in life as sensitively and appreciatively as she does the incongruous and the absurd. So she thoroughly understood the various phases of lowly human nature in this squalid part of Louisville, and established among its people a strongly human understanding with them.

And so, when the idea came to her of writing up her own experiences, she had but to add a thread of fiction, to change a few names and concentrate the innumerable episodes, and the book seemed actually to write itself! It seemed absolutely spontaneous! Yet, when it was written, she mistrusted it and worked over it with painstaking care, and even when she felt she could do no more with it, she had the gravest doubts over this little record of some of her own experiences. Of course the introduction of the love episode was the fiction

which strung the scenes in the story together, and it was with many misgivings that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was offered for publication.

About a year ago, Miss Hegan, while in New York, had the pleasure of calling upon her publishers and receiving in her hands the first copy of a modest little green-covered book of about one hundred and fifty pages. She turned the leaves with shy but intense interest, and wondered if it would ever be noticed among all the large and beautiful books that were coming out. This was her first real venture in the field of letters she had looked into from afar for so long. Almost at once the little tale began to be read and talked about; soon a thousand copies were sold, then five, ten, fifteen thousand! Her picture was sought after for publication; new editions were quickly exhausted; twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty thousand copies went, and still the new editions are quickly disposed of; and within the year this Louisville girl has emerged as the writer of one of the most popular, most wholesome and human books of recent years.

What is the secret of its success? It is full of human love and sympathy. It was written from the heart, without self-consciousness or false motives, but with simplicity and sincerity. It shows a subtle earnestness of purpose which shines behind all its mirth. It is deliciously humorous because the humor is perfectly natural, it is pathetic without being sentimental, and with all its pathos it is never sad because there is not a note of despondency in it. Its optimism is constant, and it is a perfectly true and convincing picture of life.— *William Frederic Dix, in the Outlook.*

**Tarkington.**— In vain for years he sought recognition, always rewriting his returned manuscripts, never being satisfied with the work of his pen, persevering, till the way opened and two novels were accepted at once.

While at Princeton he drew for one college publication and wrote for two others. In one can be found almost the entire circus scene of "The Gentleman from Indiana." Although, after graduating, he desired to become a writer, he began the study of art.

"But," said Mr. Tarkington, "I never advanced beyond technique. I sent a drawing and a joke to *Life*. The drawing was accepted and the joke rejected. A subsequent drawing and joke were reversed in the matter of acceptance. I followed them up with forty drawings, all of which were refused. It was the disproportionate return for my work in favor of the text that forever decided me to undertake journalism."

In his native town, Indianapolis, he had ta ken an active interest in an amateur dramatic club, and had written for it three plays. They were so well received that he rewrote them, with the idea of playing a part, and in 1895 came to New York in hopes of having one of them produced, only to be disappointed and to return home.

"I then wrote a story," continued Mr. Tarkington, "of fifty thousand words. It was refused by many publishers, but became the greater part of 'The Gentleman from Indiana,' so my pains were not thrown away. I submitted 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to *McClure's*, which they liked, and wrote to me asking me to call, and inquiring if I had written anything else. I spoke of 'The Gentleman from Indiana,' which was in an unfinished state. They asked to see it, advised me to complete it, and then to do a little pruning; and I might say I did not spare it, but slashed, condensed, and rewrote the book from beginning to end; always bearing in mind it was to be a serial, that each installment should in some way make reference to the past, and have an ending both satisfactory and carrying — which the publishers have excused me from doing in my last, 'The Two Vanrevels.' I think as a book it will appear better constructed."

"The Gentleman from Indiana" appeared serially before "Monsieur Beaucaire," which was dramatized for Mr. Mansfield and ran suc cessfully.

Up to the time of the acceptance of his first two books, Mr. Tarkington's total receipts for five years' work amounted to but $22.50, all of which he received from *Life*, although he had written under the nom de plume "John Cor-

burton" for the Indianapolis papers, and while in New York, in 1895, for a magazine called *John-a-Dreams*, signing himself "S. Cecil Woodford."

"The death of that little magazine," said Mr. Tarkington, "on the staff of which I was supposed to be, was the greatest blow I ever sustained.

"At an early age my mind revolved around bits of local Indiana history, and when too young to write easily, my sister acted as my amanuensis. To her I dictated my early impressions, and delighted in stories of daring and of adventurous life. Jesse James, the desperado, appealed to my youthful fancy, and, in consequence, my early attempts at composition invariably commenced: 'It was dusk, and four horsemen were seen riding over the top of the hill.' With my companions, I fashioned a stage in my father's barn, and there we enacted 'The Escapades of Jesse James,' from my pen, charging an admission of three cents. How distinctly I remember the bar-room scene, always too short to my way of thinking, with the crack of pistol-shots! And how pungent was my regret that I could not play both Jesse James and Bob Ford, his slayer!

"I wrote 'The Two Vanrevels' many years ago, as a short story of two thousand words, and put it away in hopes it would develop in my mind into a more pretentious work. Recently I wrote a play. Mr. John Drew and two managers declined it, the latter saying they would accept it if I would make certain changes, which I declined to do, being unwilling to sacrifice the artistic, as I did in 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to satisfy Mr. Mansfield." — *Charles Hall Garrett, in The Outlook.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**A Year's Book Reviewing.** — "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." The situation of Coleridge's sailor closely resembles that of the book reviewer of a daily paper. Books, books, on every side; new volumes, beautiful volumes; books with charming covers and delightful pages; books with illustrations that one would like to devour, they draw one so strongly; and not a book for real reading. If only one volume out of the numbers of them could be taken to some quiet corner and, sitting down at leisure and undisturbed, read to satisfaction!

One reads the reviewer's way for months and is yet hungry for real reading. These books have been sent by the publishers for notices and merit attention. A hasty glance is given here and there; a hurried reading of some pages to find out points to admire; or for careful blame where blame is apparently just. Hurry, hurry through, yet all the time with the sense that justice is due the book, and it must have it. So the volume is again gone over, and more carefully. The review is then made and the book is laid away. Both must be straightway forgotten, leaving the mind entirely clear for the next volume, which will in its turn absorb the complete attention of the reviewer.

Some large and important books, like one on finance, a large history, or a cyclopedia, cannot receive reading, but get examination only. One's reading is laid out for one and not from choice. Whether to one's personal taste or not, it must be honestly judged on merit according to the ability of the reviewer. There is no room for reading for one's own personal improvement. One has to forego so much of general reading, the news of the time, the delightful and valuable magazine reading, even taking only cursory glances at one's own newspaper, and read only for business. The brain must be made like a sieve, only retaining a few rust spots that show that it has been used.

In the rush of book business one must rise early and be glancing at a book while dressing; eat with a book held open on the table from which to catch some sentences while doing breakfast; read books by the uncertain light and in the crush of the street car; sit all of a long day at the desk, reading, driving a pencil or clacking the typewriter. At late night one creeps wearily to bed after having worked over some book all the evening, and falls asleep while wondering if justice has been done, if judgment has been correct, if any fine or good point has been overlooked, or if blame

has been unwarranted; and dreams yet of books. Yet one is expected to have bright, active brain, fresh enthusiasm, and a mind stored with wisdom, and an infallible judgment!

Yet the reviewer is not wholly without compensation. There is an interest in opening each new package that arrives. There is a pleasure in holding a fine volume in the hand. There is a pleasure in looking at the rows of books on the shelves and thinking how nice it would be to own some of them and read them at leisure. There is a cause for gratification that good books are written and that many read them. One wishes to know the authors. One feels a sympathy with the publishers in their wish for the success and appreciation of a book upon which they have spent much labor and thought. In spite of trying to forget, memories of some specially attractive volume, a mental picture of the scenes portrayed with such fervor that the impression is indelible, some good thought finely expressed, some noble sentiment pointed out, will remain in the mind and heart.

And then, once in a great while, some author writes a note of appreciation of the reviewer's work. These are few, but oh, how tenderly treasured! How dear and comforting to the tired and tried heart of the reviewer. —*Mary E. Stewart, in the Milwaukee Journal.*

## HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

**That Troublesome Fountain Pen.** — If your fountain pen flows too freely, it may be you have put too much ink in it. When filling a fountain pen, always leave a little room for air. If it will not flow at all, it may be that the ink is all used up, or the feed groove may be clogged. A fountain pen will not work well unless it is kept clean. J. F. S.

DENVER, Col.

**How to Open a New Book.** — Lay the book back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the centre of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently nor bend back the covers. It is liable not only to break the back, but to loosen the leaves. G. W.

CHICAGO, Ill.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE POE-CHIVERS PAPERS. — II. George E. Woodberry. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE LITERARY LOSS OF THE BIBLE. Rollo Ogden. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

THE ART OF THE DRAMATIST. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (53 c) for February.

LEO TOLSTOY: AN INTERPRETATION DONE IN LITTLE. Elbert Hubbard. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for February.

HERBERT SPENCER. George Iles. Illustrated. *World's Work* (28 c.) for February

NEW ENGLAND EDITORS IN THE SOUTH. George Frederick Mellen. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

AN HISTORIC MANSION (Longfellow House in Portland). Ella Matthews Bangs. Illustrated. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

MY OWN STORY. — II. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

REMINISCENCES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. Lillie B. Chace Wyman. Illustrated. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

LAFCADIO HEARN. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM AND THE LAW. George W. Alger. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE. Rollin Lynde Hartt. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

LIBIN, A NEW INTERPRETER OF EAST-SIDE LIFE. Charles Rice. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

REAL FORCES IN LITERATURE. Edward Fuller. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS. Willis J. Abbot. *Booklover's Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF EMERSON. Julian Hawthorne. Illustrated. *Booklover's Magazine* (28 c) for February.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: THE TRIBUTE OF A SON. Edward W Emerson. Illustrated. *Booklover's Magazine* (28 c.) for February.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Roland Phillips. Illustrated. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

MACAULAY'S FIRST ESSAY. Professor Wilbur L. Cross. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

MR. HENLEY AND ROMANTIC PAINTING. W. C. Brownell. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

MR. PAUL ON THE POETRY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edith Wharton. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

WEISMANN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

MR. BARRIE AS A DRAMATIST. J. M. Bullock. Illustrated. The *Lamp* (18 c.) for February.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Beverly Stark. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

G. K. CHESTERTON. C. F. G. Masterman. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

THE CENTENARY OF DOUGLAS JERROLD. Lewis Melville. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

MR. KIPLING: WHERE DOES HE STAND? Wilfred Whitten. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

VENICE IN RECENT FICTION. Louise Closser Hale. With illustrations by Walter Hale. *Bookman* (28 c.) for February.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.—VII. Charles Hemstreet. Illustrated. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. W. E. Simonds. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.—I. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

"THE DECAY OF THE NOVEL" ANSWERED. Numerous replies by prominent novelists. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS WHO ARE MEN OF LETTERS. I.—Harvard. Frank W. Noxon. Illustrated. *Critic* (28 c.) for February.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF "LES MISÉRABLES." Paul Chenay (Victor Hugo's brother-in-law). *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for February.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS. LXXVIII.—Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, Cartoonist. Rudolph de Cordova. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

MR. YEATS AND HIS MYSTICISM. Victor Brandon. *Harvard Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

NATURE IN THE ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. Lorian Way. *Harvard Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

FIELDING AND HOGARTH. Gerald Chittenden. *Yale Literary Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

BURNS AS AN ENGLISH POET. David Christie Murray. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for February.

GOOD BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. Elisabeth Robinson Scovil. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for February.

REPORTING AND CORRESPONDENCE. B. A. Heydrick. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for February.

THOMAS NAST. Ernest Knaufft. Illustrated. *Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF EMILE ZOLA. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illustrated. *Pall Mall Magazine* (28 c.) for January.

OWEN WISTER. With portrait. David Graham Phillips. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for January 3.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Rudyard Kipling has left Rottingdean, and his home is now an ancient stone manor called "Burwash," out in the country from Tunbridge Wells.

Henry Norman has obtained a divorce from his wife, who was Miss Menie Muriel Dowie. The wife of Elbert Hubbard, editor of the *Philistine*, has sued for a divorce.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is now at work on a biography of Henry Ward Beecher, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to publish next September.

An illustrated life of Robert Buchanan is in preparation by his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, who will, as far as possible, cast it into autobiographical form.

Lee & Shepard, the Boston publishers, are soon to bring out a volume giving an account of the life and works of Rev. Elijah Kellogg. It will embrace a life of Mr. Kellogg by Judge Grimes of Nashua, N. H., and other friends, each one of whom will tell of that period of Mr. Kellogg's life with which he was best acquainted, and it will be edited by Professor W. L. Mitchell of Bowdoin College.

William Henry Carson writes his books afoot. His "Tito" was the result of long tramps along Italian roads. Mr. Carson, besides being a busy lawyer, is fond of walking, and picks up his scenes and views of life as he goes.

Dr. E. A. Steiner, of Sandusky, O., has gone to Europe to begin work on the biography of Tolstoy. "I have been in close touch with Tolstoy for seventeen years," said Dr. Steiner, in explaining how he came to be chosen by Tolstoy's family as the count's biographer, "and during that time have visited him three times. I became intimately acquainted with the count and his family in those visits. The count himself wants no biography written, but his family and his admirers desire that it should be done."

Bliss Carman will be the editor of the *Literary World* (Boston), which L. C. Page & Co. have bought.

The *Book Buyer* (New York) has changed its name and is now the *Lamp*.

Philip Cowen, publisher of the *American Hebrew*, New York city, has bought the *Jewish Messenger*, which has been published in New York for more than fifty years.

*Sandow's Magazine* (Boston) is a new monthly devoted to the maintenance of health and strength through exercise, hygiene, and recreation in the home, gymnasium, forest and field.

The *Leader* (Providence, R. I.) is a new semi-monthly magazine of modern education.

*Mirth and Music* is the name of a new illustrated magazine announced by the Standard Music Company of New York. It will give new music in each issue, in addition to a budget of entertaining literature.

*Literature, Art, and Music* is a new monthly magazine published at Newark, N. J.

*Masters in Music* is a new monthly magazine published in Boston by the Bates & Guild Company. Daniel Gregory Mason is the editor. Each number will be devoted to some one great musician, giving an account of his life and works, a portrait, a bibliography, quotations from various critics, and thirty-two pages of piano music chosen from his compositions.

It is a common belief that Huckleberry Finn is Mark Twain himself. But Mr. Clemens says that this idea is wrong, and that his original in his books is Tom Sawyer, not Huck Finn.

Stopford Brooke is a rival of Henry James in the writing of long sentences. He has one in his recent Browning book which fills thirty-two lines of small print.

S. S. McClure & Co. have issued a "Complete Index to *McClure's Magazine*," covering Volumes I. to XVIII., inclusive, or from June, 1893, to April, 1902.

President Harlan, of Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill., announces a prize of $6,000 to be awarded to the author of the best book "on the connection, relation, and mutual bearing of any practical science or the history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with and upon the Christian religion." The competition is open to all scholars. Manuscripts must be submitted to President Harlan on or before June 1, 1905, the name and address of the author to be inclosed in a plain, sealed envelope. The prize has been made possible by the gift of the late William Bross, who bequeathed a fund for the purpose. The award is to be made by a committee of judges composed of distinguished men in divinity, science, and letters, hereafter to be chosen. To facilitate the work of the committee three copies of each manuscript must be submitted in typewriting.

Two prizes, of $1000 and $400, to be called the Loubat prizes, have been established at Columbia University, to be awarded every five years for the best original works dealing with North America at any period preceding the Declaration of Independence. The first award will be made this year, and original manuscripts, books, and pamphlets offered in competition must be submitted before June. The work submitted must treat of the history, geography or numismatics of North America prior to 1776, or of some topic comprised within these general subjects. If a printed work, it shall have been published for the first time not before 1898, and if in manuscript the author must agree to publish the work within one year from the date of award.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* offers each week prizes of $5, $3, and $2 for the best unpublished photographs of news events, or beautiful, historic, amusing, and interesting scenes. Pictures submitted become the property of the paper, and those that do not win prizes, if printed, will be paid for at one dollar each. The pictures must have address of contributor plainly written on the back, with a few lines of descriptive matter, and each one must be marked "Photo Contest."

The *Booklover's Magazine* (Philadelphia) for February is an Emerson number, in recognition of the Emerson centennial anniversary May 25, and contains some very interesting illustrated articles touching Emerson's distinctive personality, by Julian Hawthorne and by Emerson's son, Edward W. Emerson, of Concord.

The first publication in England deserving the name of a real newspaper, says Professor W. E. Simonds, in his "Student's History of English Literature," was the *Daily Courant*, which ran for thirty years from 1702.

Rev. P. C. Headley died at Lexington, Mass., January 5, aged eighty-three.

Henri Georges Stephen Adolphe Opper de Blowitz died in Paris, January 18.

Julian Ralph died in New York, January 20, aged forty-nine.

Augustus John Cuthbert Hare died at Holmhurst, England, January 22, aged sixty-nine.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, MARCH, 1903. No. 3.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## HOW TO MAKE MANUSCRIPT.

Probably the foremost printer in the United States is Theodore Low De Vinne. He has the right to affix the letters A.M. to his name, and if there were such a university degree as Doctor of Printing established, there is no question that he would be the first man to be entitled to it. He has rendered much notable service in the cause of beautiful and clear typography, but he has done nothing more useful than in writing — or as he modestly calls it "compiling" — the book on the practice of typography to which he has given the title, "Correct Composition." *

Mr. De Vinne's book is primarily intended for printers, written with a view to harmonizing the differences in "office style" in various printing shops and setting forth the generally accepted rules for model work; but as printing presupposes copy, it is also designed for writers, who will find in it the necessary instruction for preparing their copy in the proper way. "Amateurs in literary composition," says Mr. De Vinne, "soon acquire the bad habit of writing carelessly; they spell strange names in two or more different ways; they form capital letters, and even the small, lower-case letters, obscurely, so that one word may be mistaken for another; they have no clearly-defined system, or at least, observe none, for the proper placing of capitals, italic, and the marks of punctuation. There is a general belief that the correcting of these oversights is the duty of the printer, and the writer too often throws this duty on the compositor and the proof-reader."

Mr. De Vinne points out the importance of having copy correctly prepared in the first place, and at the outset he takes up the question of spelling. Noting the variations in spelling authorized by the seven large dictionaries in daily use, he says: "The order of an author to disregard all variable spellings in his copy and to spell according to a specified dictionary has to be obeyed in the first stage of the work by compositors who have small knowledge of, and often no access to, that authority, for not one printing house in a hundred has more than one dictionary as a book of reference. . . . Failing to find in the first proof the spelling he prefers, the author does last what he should have done first, and carefully writes out on the proof the spellings which should have been made in his copy. These alterations delay the work, and give dissatisfaction to the author because of added expense. . . . The right of an educated author to spell as he pleases is not to be questioned, but he should write distinctly. As an additional safeguard, he should note on the first page of his copy the name of the dictionary he desires

* CORRECT COMPOSITION. A treatise on spelling, abbreviations, the compounding and division of words, the proper use of figures and numerals, italic and capital letters, notes, etc., with observations on punctuation and proof-reading. By Theodore Low De Vinne, A.M. 476 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: The Century Company. 1901.

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to be accepted as authority. If he chooses to deviate from that dictionary in some words, he should prepare a list of his spellings of these words. . . . These precautions are observed in their work by all disciplined writers."

Taking up the subject of abbreviations, Mr. De Vinne says: "The author should not abbreviate any word in his copy which he intends shall be printed at full length. Even the abbreviations for foot — or for side — notes should also be written exactly as they are to appear in these notes. When the notes are extracts from, or citations of, authors who write in a foreign language, too much care cannot be given to distinctness of writing. . . . Doctor and Professor should always be spelled out, also General, Colonel, Captain, and Major. When the title is double and is connected with a hyphen, as in Major-general, or Lieutenant-colonel, the first word takes a capital letter. The same ruling should be applied to Ex-governor or Ex-senator. For ante meridiem and post meridiem it is now a common practice to make use of lower-case letters for a.m. and p.m., as is here shown. The abbreviations inst., prox., and ult. are entirely improper in the texts of books." Mr. De Vinne gives minute directions for the proper use of abbreviations of all kinds, laying stress on the instruction that an abbreviation should never be written in copy where the author intends to have the word spelled out in full. He might have added that to save labor in writing, it is permissible to write an abbreviation in copy and circle it, the circle being understood as an instruction to the compositor to spell out the word. "The careful writer who has to abbreviate in his foot-notes the names of books and periodicals, and scientific terms and foreign or little-used words, should prepare an alphabetical list of the abbreviations, that will prevent him and the compositor from spelling the same word in different ways."

Mr. De Vinne's next chapter takes up the puzzling subject of compound words, and discusses in detail the theory of compounding, preferred forms, and the use of prefixes and terminals. Next come chapters on figures and numerals, italic, capital letters, the division of words, and small capitals, giving similar detailed directions. In book printing, he says, figures should be avoided as much as possible for all numbers but those of dates. When the sentence begins with a numerical statement, words must be used for numbers, even if figures are used in other parts of that sentence. Dates should be stated with system in every book. It is a fault to have April 17, 1762, on one page and 23d August, 1764, on another. The use of 2nd and 3rd, common in England, is not to be commended; 2d or 3d is a more acceptable abbreviation. In formal writing, a statement of time should be made in words. Phrases like two o'clock, half-past three, or ten minutes to four, are more pleasingly expressed by words than by 2 o'clock, 3.30, or 3.50. Roman numerals are often used to specify parts and chapters. The numeral used in a chapter-heading generally has the word "Chapter" before it, as: —

Chapter I Chapter III

but the continued repetition of the word "Chapter" seems as unnecessary in this position as the word "Page" before paging figures. Some printers suppress the word "Chapter" (always understood) to give the required prominence to the numeral. It is customary in many printing houses to put a period after the numerical part of the name. The need of the period in this position has never been satisfactorily explained, for XIX is no more an abbreviation than 19.

"A too-frequent use of capital letters for titles spots the pages and makes the titles much more prominent than the names. The word 'devil' is sometimes written with a capital, when it is obviously intended for the Devil of the Bible, or of John Milton. When used in dialogue matter, or as an expletive in swearing, the capital is never allowed. The words hell, purgatory, and paradise are now seldom capitalized. In serious or standard books, capitals should not be used too lavishly for marking emphasis in the text. A projecting capital in the text is like a rock in the current, for it diverts the eye and interrupts an even stream of attention." It is interesting to note that Mr. De Vinne takes middle ground between the ordinary printers' style, as regards the use of capitals, and the style of the pro-

gressive newspaper, which, with the object of attaining uniformity, bars capitals unless they seem absolutely necessary.

The next chapters discuss extracts and letters, notes, indention, spacing, quotation marks, sub-headings, and punctuation. "It is customary," says Mr. De Vinne, "for the publisher of a proposed book to determine the length and width of its pages, and the size and style of its type, before he gives the copy to the printer. He decides at that time, also, whether the text shall be leaded or solid, so that it may occupy a prescribed number of pages. There he often stops. Definite orders are rarely given concerning types for extracts, letters, documents, notes, tables, preface, appendix, and index. It is unwisely assumed that the selection of proper types for these parts of the book may be left to the discretion of the compositors." Mr. De Vinne then gives directions in detail for the choice of type to secure uniformity in the pages of a book, with suggestions for graduating sizes, in order to have the relative value of each part easily discerned. "Notes," he says, "are a hindrance in composition and in making-up. Side-notes, which add to the expense of composition, are not used as much as they were fifty years ago." Taking up the subject of quotation marks, Mr. De Vinne says: "The purpose of quote-marks within the text is to enclose the exact words of another writer, so that the reader at a glance can differentiate the words quoted from those of the author. When used with discretion, quote-marks are helpful; too lavishly used, they disfigure print and really degrade the style of the writer. To fence in with quote-marks phrases like these — not for an age, but for all time; the knell of parting day; the observed of all observers; to the manner born — implies on the part of the author a low estimate of the reader's knowledge of literature. This remark may be applied to all trite proverbs and hackneyed sayings, which do not need quote-marks any more than they need foot-notes, citing author, book, and page. . . . When a sentence or a long extract from another writer is incorporated in the type of the text, two turned commas are usually placed at the beginning and two apostrophes at the end of the incorporated matter. If the extract consists of two or more paragraphs, the turned commas should be used at the beginning of every paragraph, but the double apostrophes appear only at the end of the quotation. . . . When special attention is invited to any word, it is customary to enclose it in single marks, as: By 'experiment' is meant, etc. In this illustration the single quote-mark is the accepted substitute for the old fashion of putting the word in italic. . . . The quotation, or extract, which is set in smaller type and is made a separate paragraph, needs no quote-marks. Change in size of type is enough to show that it is not a part of the text. But when the quotation, or extract, is made a part of the paragraph, the quote-marks must be used. . . . It often happens that a quoted word or phrase in the body of a much longer quotation must be distinguished by another series of quote-marks. The interior quotation is usually made with one inverted comma and one apostrophe, and is known as a single quote. . . . When it is supposed that the exact words of a title of a book may not be well known to the general reader, its title, when mentioned in a text, may be quoted, but care should be taken to give with precision the exact words. To cite any printed title from memory is always unsafe; there is a probability that the writer will add or omit some word. Gibbon's 'History of the Roman Empire' is here wrongly quoted; it should read, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' A reference to Froude's History or to Parkman's History is a very inexact citation, for Froude and Parkman have written many histories."

Mr. De Vinne's next chapter, on Subheadings, is chiefly of interest to printers. It is followed by a long chapter on punctuation, which gives the important rules for the proper use of points. "For a study of close pointing, the common version of the Bible, on which many editors and revisers have been lavish of care, is an excellent text-book. Blackstone's Commentaries on Law is equally valuable for its precision. Shakespeare will show the widest range of expression, from the stateliest diction to the commonest colloquialisms. Nor should writers so unlike as Dr. Johnson and

Sterne, Macaulay, and Carlyle, be overlooked. Milton is not to be recommended, for the latinized style and the long involved sentences of his 'Paradise Lost' will confuse more than they will enlighten. . . . Rules are of value, whether they are found in grammars or are taught by proof-readers, but they can never take the place of an understanding of subject matter. The function of points is to make expression intelligible. Use commas only where they will be of service in unfolding the sense. In case of doubt, omit the comma. Points must be selected to aid the reader; they should not be used as practical demonstrations of the rules of grammarians, or of elocutionists." The rules for punctuation are summarized as follows: —

Summary

A Period marks the end of a sentence.

A Colon is at the transition point of the sentence.

A Semicolon separates different statements.

A Comma separates clauses, phrases, and particles.

A Dash marks abruptness or irregularity.

An Exclamation marks surprise.

An Interrogation asks a question for answer.

An Apostrophe marks elisions, or possessive case.

Quotation-marks define quoted words.

Parentheses inclose interpolations in the sentence.

Brackets inclose irregularities in the sentence.

The chapter on proof-reading is full of practical points. "The first proof of book matter is usually taken from the long galley on which the compositor puts his composition. When the reader meets with an unmistakable fault made by the writer through lapse of memory or negligence, he should correct it. Whenever he feels obliged to query a change in spelling or statement, he must note this change on the author's proof. In every writing of importance the reader should query faulty construction, bad metaphor, inconsistent statements, the misuse of a word, and other errors of similar character. When the first proof has been corrected, a new proof of the matter so corrected is taken, which is called the first revise. The proof to go to the author should be correct to copy in all its features, and have no marks on it but the queries made by the proof-reader, which should be transferred from the first proof to the author's proof. In some book-houses, the corrected matter is not sent to the author in the shape of a galley proof, but is made up in pages of the prescribed form. Proofs in pages are more readily handled by the author, and offer him a generous margin for corrections; but page proofs seriously add to the expense of the work when the author makes much alteration, for frequent alterations will compel an overrunning and remaking-up of many pages. It is a commoner practice to put the first author's proof in the form of a galley slip, and it is to his benefit to read on the galley, for his alterations in the proof are more quickly and cheaply made by the compositor on the galley than in the page. Two proofs are usually sent to the author. On the one returned he marks the changes he desires, and he retains the other for possible future reference, and as a reminder of every correction he ordered. The author's first proof, when corrected, should always be returned to him with the second proof, which he should consider as his revise, for the verification of previous correction, and for the making of trivial corrections only. The last proof certified as correct by the author is the proof known in the printing-house as the foundry proof, or the press proof. It is always read by the second reader for the discovery and correction of minor errors that may not have been discerned by the first reader and the author. To do this properly, the copy and all previous proofs should be at the second reader's hand. It is a mistake for the author, when he returns the last proof, to keep back the copy and all the previous proofs, for they usually contain memoranda on the margin that are of importance in the final reading. The author should see and approve all the minor changes made by the last reader on the foundry proof before he returns it as approved. As a rule, he does not see them, because each additional proof tempts the author to indulge in petty corrections, which de-

lay the work and needlessly increase his bill of expense. . . . It cannot be too frequently impressed on the author that the proof-reader is not an editor. The proof-reader's position is not an enviable one. When he does his best and makes the book correct, he has done no more than his duty. He may correct ninety-nine errors out of a hundred, but if he misses the hundredth, he may be sharply reproved by the book reviewer for that negligence.

"Authors often send to the printing-house typewritten copy that is easily readable, but that has not been thoughtfully corrected. Proper names in foreign languages may be spelled in two or more ways; capital letters, italic, quotation marks, and abbreviations may be written in without system, apparently with small concern about their lack of uniformity. This disregard of attention to trivial details is a common fault. Exactness in spelling and pronunciation is well taught in all our high schools [is it, though, Mr. De Vinne?] but exactness of expression in writing for the press is not taught at all. Careless writing is so common that it often passes unnoticed.

"A broader knowledge of the frequency of faults in writing should lead to a better appreciation of the services of the proof-reader, but this knowledge is generally acquired out of a printing-house. The undisciplined writer who believes that he is careful and exact often resents the suggestion that he can be indebted to the proof-reader for help of any kind. The too rapid and over-confident writer who may have been provoked by too many queries from the reader (for there are amateurs who can be as irritating as mosquitoes) may peremptorily order that his copy shall be followed faithfully in every particular. Not a comma or a capital must be changed. Writers like these put the reader in an unpleasant position. To query a supposed error is an offence to the writer; to pass an indefensible error is to offend the employer and incur discredit as a competent reader. Yet the positive order of "Follow copy exactly" may lead to unhappy results, when the author cannot see the proof of his writing.

"Correction can be overdone, and the irritability of an author may be justly provoked by the meddling queries of a captious reader, who suggests corrections where the corrections are not needed. Even the amiable poet Cowper has put on record his anger at a proof-reader who had tried to improve his poems; he accused him of rash and 'gratuitous emendation' and with being 'a presumptuous intermeddler.' This meddling, rarely done by the trained proof-reader, is common with the amateur at correction.

"Authors who are most far-seeing in the preparation of copy are generous in their acknowlment of the efficient service rendered to them by a competent proof-reader. No one has done this more gracefully than Charles Dickens, who said in a speech made by him in London in 1867: —

"'I can testify that the duties of a corrector are not mechanical, not mere matters of manipulation and routine, but that they require from those who perform them much natural intelligence, much superadded cultivation, and considerable readiness of reference, quickness of resource, an excellent memory, and a clear understanding. I gratefully acknowledge that I have never gone through the sheets of any book that I have written without having had presented to me by the corrector of the press something that I have overlooked, some slight inconsistency into which I have fallen, some little lapse I have made; in short without having set down in black and white some unquestionable indication that I have been closely followed through my work by a patient and trained mind, and not merely by a skilled eye.'"

To writers a most important chapter in Mr. De Vinne's book is that with the heading, "About Copy." "When copy has been negligently prepared by a careless writer, who sometimes spells incorrectly and capitalizes and italicizes without system, it is the duty of the compositor to correct these faults; but when copy has been carefully prepared by a disciplined writer, who plainly shows that he has a style of his own, that copy should be followed faithfully, even though it conflicts with the system of the office. It is the author's right to go before the public in his own way; to show his own notions about italic, punctuation, and capitalizing, and to follow the spelling of Webster,

Stormonth, or Dr. Johnson. All that the printer asks of the author is that he shall spell uniformly and put his capitals, points, and other peculiarities of style in their proper places, so that there can be no misunderstanding about his intent. If he has not done this thoroughly, (even a careful writer cannot be consistent always) he should prepare a written code of his style, plainly indicating the spellings he prefers, and making clear his system for the use of italic, points, quotation marks, references, compound words, abbreviations, etc. When the master printer has this code put in type and provides a fair proof of it for every compositor on the work, the irregularities of style that deface a first proof and make the alterations expensive are largely prevented.

"The art of preparing copy for a printer is not taught in schools, and the authors are few who have devised and adhere to systems of their own. Much of the copy sent to a printing-house seems to indicate on the part of the author his indifference to all typographic niceties: a strange proper name may be spelled in two or more ways; punctuation may be excessive in one paragraph and scant in another; italic may be marked for one quotation, quotations marked for another, while a third of the same class may have no marks of distinction; arabic figures and spelled-out words for numbers may appear upon the same page. These are some of the many inconsistencies of the ordinary manuscript, which the writer fails to see in his own writing, but they are glaringly offensive when they reappear in the proof. Good copy and bad copy are easily distinguished, and the compositor knows almost at a glance that he must follow the first and correct the last. Between these two extremes is a much larger quantity of copy that may or may not require correction. The common belief that the correction of these lapses is the compositor's duty is based on the assumption that the compositor is a qualified corrector. This is a grave error. If he were a corrector, it is probable that he would have a much better paid position of proof-reader or assistant editor.

"It is another mistake to assume that the work of composition is always done by one compositor, who can and will correct errors with uniformity. A long manuscript is always set by many compositors; if it is required in haste, or even if its composition is protracted over many months, it may be set and read by many compositors and readers. The uniformity desired by an author should begin with himself in the copy, even if he finds it is necessary to have the copy typewritten and approved by a qualified corrector before it is sent to the printer.

"Too much dependence should not be placed on the corrections that are hoped for in the printing-house. It is unsafe for the master printer to allow the compositor to make a material change in copy without positive authority. He may correct plain faults according to system provided by the author or by the office, but he must do no more. Even when he finds in the copy what may seem unauthorized errors of spelling or grammar, he is not justified in correcting them without a special order, for the supposed errors may not be errors. The compositor should have small license for correction; he is safe only when he literally follows copy, or obeys distinct orders to change.

"Paper selected for copy should be uniform as to size. When odds and ends of paper have been used for copy and interleaved with additions on smaller scraps, some with coarse and some with fine writing, it is impracticable to make a correct estimate of the number of pages that the manuscript will occupy in print. Copy so put together gives needless trouble to the workmen. It is not easily arranged for the copy-holder, and is liable to misplacement and loss. What is worse, it leads to the making of blunders. The size, commercial note, (leaf 5 by 8 inches) is large enough for those who write with small and neat letters. Sermon paper (leaf 8 by 8½ inches) and letter paper (leaf 8 by 10 inches) are better sizes for those who write with more boldness, and are entirely acceptable to compositors; but foolscap (leaf 7½ by 12 inches) and flat cap (leaf 8½ by 14 inches) are inconvenient shapes. Very thin paper, that cannot be kept in position on the compositor's case, and very thick paper, that may have been marred with creases, are equally objectionable. Manuscripts should be kept

flat; if it is necessary to roll them, let them be rolled with the writing on the convex side.

"Copy paper should have a wide margin on the left side of the leaf, as a provision for possible alterations in the manuscript. Alterations in minute writing between the lines are usually obscure, and productive of error. When the author does not provide a wide margin at the left of the copy paper, he should leave wide spaces between the lines.

"Copy should be written with ink, and on one side of the leaf. That which has been written on both sides often has to be cut apart in two or three slips and given to different compositors. The reuniting of these slips gives needless trouble, and it may be done badly and lead to very serious error. Pencil writing makes bad copy unless it has been done boldly and with an indelible pencil. Weak handwriting with a hard lead pencil on smooth paper always makes indistinct copy.

"Many of the so-called errors of the press begin with bad arrangement of copy and indistinct writing, which compels the compositor to guess (and to guess erroneously sometimes) at the spelling of the obscure words. Some teachers of penmanship are to blame for the bad models they put before their pupils. In some models the *n* and *u* are nearly alike; in the penmanship of their pupils they are exactly alike. Capital letters are sometimes so overloaded with flourishes that one letter will be mistaken for another. In the angular style of penmanship the small letters are almost as uniform in shape as the teeth of a saw, each tooth and each small letter much like its fellows. The meaning of the words has to be guessed at from an occasional capital or the loops of the ascending or descending letters. Some writers make no easily perceptible distinction between the capitals I and J. When they appear in the names of Isaac Jones, the letters that follow the capitals are the real guides to the proper selection of capitals; but when the first name is abbreviated to I. Jones, it is possible that I will appear as J in print. A similar remark may be made concerning the formation of the capitals T, S, and Y, as they are put upon paper by some writers. It is not reasonable to suppose that the compositor who works by the piece can afford to waste much time in deciphering the words which the writer has not even tried to make plain. With every desire to aid the author, the compositor can do but little toward helping him in making his words intelligible.

"There is a wide-spread belief that all authors are illegible writers. The first copy of their writings may be indistinct or illegible, on which hasty pen scratches were made to preserve a quickly flying thought, and this copy may be afterward obscured with erasures and interlineations; but this is not the copy that is sent to the printing-house. The last copy of the professional writer, even when it is not typewritten, is much neater and is usually much more systematically arranged than that of the man of business or the amateur in authorship.

"What the compositor desires in every manuscript is distinctness and a systematic use of points and capitals. Forbearance is not due to the writer who has ample time to write legibly, or the means to have his illegible writing fairly transcribed or typewritten. The needs, and indeed the rights, of the printer deserve more consideration than they receive. It frequently happens that the master printer has to return a manuscript to the writer to be legibly rewritten.

"Additions to a manuscript should never be written on the back of the leaf, where an addition is likely to be overlooked; but if such an addition is made, attention should be directed to it by bold markings on the face of the copy. It is a better practice to write out the addition on a separate slip of paper, and to paste it on in its proper place, where it will not be overlooked.

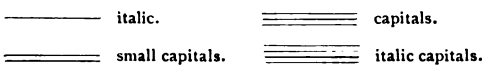
"When an insertion of one leaf or more is to be made in copy, the inserted leaves should be carefully numbered in order. If, as is usual, it is impracticable to renumber anew all the leaves of the entire manuscript, the inserts should receive the number of the last folio, with the addition of alphabetical letters in regular order. If the inserts are to go between folios 22 and 23, these inserts should be marked 22a, 22b, 22c, etc. The foot of page 22 should have this note for the compositor:

*Page 22 is followed by 22a, 22b, 22c.* A similar practice should be observed by the cancelling of discarded leaves. If pages 41 to 46 must be cancelled, the foot of page 40 should have this note: *Pages 41-46 are cancelled.*

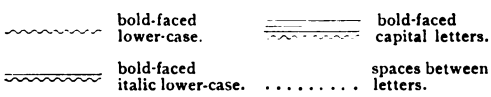
"Words in foreign languages, proper names of all kinds, historical or biographical, and little-used terms in science and art should be written with unusual distinctness, and with the accents clearly marked. The compositor is not expected to have the knowledge of these matters that will supplement the writer's neglect to write plainly.

"The placing of marks of punctuation is usually done by the author when he completes each sentence, but if he remodels the construction or phrasing of that sentence in a subsequent revision, the points should be looked after with care, for those first made will surely be wrong, and will bewilder the compositor.

"These are the underscorings used by editors as directions for italic, small capitals, and capitals: —




Mr. J. Stearns Cushing, of the Norwood Press, offers these underscorings for display in school-books: —




Underscoring for italic or bold display and the placing of quotation marks should not be done during literary composition, for they are sure to be inconsistent. It will be prudent to postpone these markings until the writing has been completed and the author is better prepared to make a code that can be applied to all cases. It is desirable to have the punctuation done by the writer; but he should not overpunctuate, and especially should not make too free use of the dash and quote-marks, which may obscure his meaning.

"The leaves of all manuscript copy should be paged systematically from beginning to end. To page each chapter by itself leads to confusion. When two or more chapters are in the hands of different compositors at one time, they cannot be reassembled easily and put in the proper place. Page 16 of manuscript intended for chapter VI may be transposed with page 16 of chapter VII.

"A foot-note, or citation of quoted authority, should be written exactly as it should appear in print, and be placed directly under the line of text which contains the reference to that note. When foot-notes are written on separate scraps of paper and are pasted out of place on the copy, it is probable that they will be out of place in print.

"When copy for the text of a book is sent to the printing-house at irregular intervals and in instalments of one or two chapters, its composition is done at disadvantage. An inspection at one time of all the copy is needed to determine the uniformity in little details which is one of the merits of a well-made book. When the text of any book containing irregular parts is set and electrotyped in driblets, it must have inconsistencies of treatment that may cry aloud for expensive changes after the plates have been made.

"When it is possible to do so, manuscript should be typewritten and carefully revised by the author before it is sent to the printing-house. Even a neat and careful writer will be surprised to find how much more quickly he can detect an error in typewritten copy than in his manuscript. Publishers of experience give all manuscripts accepted by them, whether written well or ill, to the typewriter, and this typewritten copy is revised by the author before it goes to the printer. The typewriting of the new copy does not cost so much as the alterations in type that have to be made from manuscript copy. Careful authors approve of this method, for it hastens the getting of a clean proof, and lightens the subsequent labor of correction. If the writer of indistinct copy could stand at the case of a compositor and could note how much he is delayed by obscure writing, what grave errors he makes by reason of this obscurity, how imperfectly the proof-reader corrects the misunderstandings of the compositor, and could foresee the added expense of the alterations and over-runnings that have been caused by

hasty writing, but that will have to be made, and that the author will have to pay for — he would not regret the delay, or question the economy of typewritten copy.

"The author's work does not end with this revision of copy. He should read proof, and proof-reading will require much more of time and care than he intended to give. He is sure to find words awkwardly divided, and the subheadings, foot-notes, extracts, tables, and illustrations contrary to the plan of the copy, and in unexpected positions. His reference mark to a foot-note in the manuscript, or his line of subheading may fall on the last line of the page of print, where it cannot be put. His indivisible table of figures, or engraved illustration may have been placed in the proof, and unavoidably so placed, too far from the explanatory text. He sees that it is not always possible for the printer to follow copy unthinkingly. The types are tyrranous; pages must be of uniform length and width, and words or lines must be made longer or shorter to adapt them to type and page. The maker-up and proof-reader are usually intelligent helpers and discreet advisers to this end, but they cannot rearrange the composition without fresh instruction from the author. If he expects an orderly book, he must cut out or add words to prevent the bad division of a proper name; he must add or cancel lines before or after a table or an illustration that may stand in the way of a proper make-up. This is drudgery, but it is not to be avoided. It cannot be done by the printer; it must be done by the author.

"Bad writing is a very old grievance of printing, but complaint has not led to any improvement, for its practice is as common as ever. There always have been and always will be bad writers, and the compositor must accept some bad copy as one of the conditions of the printing trade, against which it seems useless to protest. Yet there is a limit to forbearance. Bad writing and badly-arranged copy have to be declined on the typesetting machine. A machine made to quicken typesetting is of no benefit to any one, if the operator has to pause on every line to decipher obscure words. It is not for the tedious disentangling of written puzzles that the master printer pays thirty-four hundred dollars for a new machine, and from three-and-a-half to five dollars a day to the operator. The master printer has to insist on copy, preferably typewritten, that can be read as quickly as reprint. The writer who carelessly prepares unreadable copy should not expect to share in any of the advantages that should be had from the use of a quick machine, which has been made inefficient by his neglect."

Mr. De Vinne's final chapter on Errors of the Press includes many amusing examples of typographical blunders. He makes a useful suggestion to writers when he says: "Authors who correct the final proof with a lead pencil provoke the making of new errors. They note an error in phrasing and write down the correction. After rereading this correction, they see that it does not fully convey the meaning intended. The first pencil markings are rubbed out, and other words take their place. Sometimes two or three alterations have to be made, and all are written over markings previously made. Repeated rubbing out makes the writing illegible, and liable to perversion. Sometimes an addition is made to a singular nominative which should compel the selection of a plural form of verb or pronoun in the words that precede or follow, but the plural forms may be, and often are, overlooked. When the press is kept waiting for this final proof, it is possible that the errors corrected will be those only that are marked in the proof. It follows that the author, as well as the printer, has to suffer the stigma of an inexcusable violation of plain grammatical rules."

In appendices Mr. De Vinne gives a comparative list of variable spellings, and rules for the French, Italian, German, and Spanish division of words. The book has a complete index. Its great value is indicated by the extracts made from it in this article. As an authoritative work, giving information to writers about the requirements for good copy, from the point of view of the composing room, it should be added to the library of every literary worker, while no printer or compositor can possibly afford to get along without it.

*William H. Hills.*

BOSTON, Mass.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

***THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

***All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. MARCH, 1903. NO. 3.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

An editorial in the December WRITER called attention to the fact that writers looking for plots may often find valuable suggestions in stories of real life printed in the newspapers. Here, for instance, is a story told in the *New York Mail and Express:* "A woman in Mount Vernon, who all her life — she was sixty-five and a spinster — had dreamed of having a fine monument erected over her grave, had practised living on five cents a day in order that her little hoard of money in a savings bank should remain intact for its poignant purpose. Last Thursday she died of starvation; and the consummate irony of it all is that, because of the sanctity that the law sometimes wraps money in, her bank account cannot be touched, and she must be buried in the Potter's Field." Think what De Maupassant would have done with that!

* * *

The article on "Eye-Strain" in the February WRITER and the book to which it refers should have the thoughtful attention of every literary worker not in perfect health. The editor of THE WRITER knows from recent personal experience how serious the effects of eye-strain are, and in what strange ways they manifest themselves. Many a sufferer from digestional disturbance, headaches, or brain weariness, so disheartening as to cause fears of incipient paresis, might be cured wholly by proper treatment from an oculist. If one is suffering without evident reason in this way, it will be wise to consult an oculist at once, to see if the eyes are normal and in good condition.

* * *

The prevalence of eye-strain, Dr. Gould believes, causes crime as well as suffering. "I am told," he says, "that an abnormally large percentage of criminals and the youth consigned to reformatories have high degrees of optical and other defects of the eyes. Out of sixty-eight cases of epileptics examined, ninety-eight per cent. had astigmatism, and fifty per cent. had the very rare and most injurious defect, unsymmetric astigmatism. There is no considerable part or kind of our social life, the drink-problem, the labor-problem, all handicrafts, family tragedies, etc., in which the subtle influence of morbid vision is not at its office of evil. In the mean time the supercilicus indifference and ignoring of the fact is one of the awful expenses of life and an opprobrium of medicine."

* * *

Considering the disadvantages under which the authors whose cases Dr. Gould has studied

worked, it is marvelous that they could do so much. "We must not forget," he says, "that in the days of De Quincey, Carlyle, etc., candles and rush-lights were the common sources of artificial light. When even our wonderful best modern lights are by no means equal to daylight, and are found taxing to weak and defective eyes, what must have been the degree of eye-strain in the days of candles? Ophthalmology at that time had not risen to its splendid opportunity. It has only done so exceptionally to-day. To its disgrace, operations and inflammatory diseases still occupy the specialist's attention too exclusively." Dr. Gould believes that at any time of De Quincey's life a proper pair of spectacle lenses would have relieved him of his sufferings and enabled him to quit the opium habit and to pursue a far more wonderful literary career. "Even with De Quincey's incomparable brilliancy and accuracy of insight," he says, "he could not have divined all this. How near to it he came, however, is to be found in a number of selections from his writings. If he could have suspected that the source of the disorders of 'the whole process and elaborate machinery of digestion' in his case was in that most delicate, important, and wonderful organ of vision, he would probably have made the following passage even more beautifully powerful and pathetic than it is: 'The whole process and elaborate machinery of digestion are felt to be mean and humiliating, when viewed in relation to our mere animal economy. But they rise into dignity and assert their own supreme importance, when they are studied from another station, viz., in relation to the intellect and temper. No man dares then to despise them. It is then seen that these functions of the human system form the essential basis upon which the strength and health of our higher nature repose, and that upon these functions chiefly, the genial happiness of life is dependent. All the rules of prudence, or gifts of experience that life can accumulate, will never do as much for human comfort and welfare as would be done by a stricter attention, and a wiser science, directed to the digestive system.'" There can be no question that eye-strain is a frequent cause of indigestion, and the relations between the stomach and the brain are so intimate that to have any faults of vision corrected is of supreme importance to every writer.

W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

We ought to try and think. — *The Bookman.*

We ought to try to think.

Little or no secret is made of the fact that the volume of graceful and thoughtful verse recently published under the title of "Hand in Hand," by Mother and Daughter, is the work of Mr. Kipling's mother and sister, Mrs. Fleming, the novelist.— *London Letter in New York Mail and Express.*

Little or no secret is made of the fact that the volume of graceful and thoughtful verse recently published under the title of "Hand in Hand," by Mother and Daughter, is the work of Mr. Kipling's mother and his sister, Mrs. Fleming, the novelist.

## THE SCRAP BASKET.

The copyright of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was sold outright for five pounds sterling down and five pounds when an edition of 1,300 should be sold, together with a promise of two similar sums after the sale of two other such editions. That is, Milton received twenty pounds sterling for the selling of 3,900 copies. Multiplying by four gives us rather more than the equivalent in modern money value; and this amounts to $400. — *Current Literature.*

When Sidney Lee matriculated at Oxford as Solomon Lazarus, Dr. Jowett, foreseeing a great future for his brilliant pupil, advised him to change his name, pointing out to him that it would be difficult to attain literary fame under his own name, owing to racial prejudice. He then adopted the name of Sidney Lee, which is known to all the English world.

The *Publishers' Weekly* says that 7,833 new books were issued in the United States during 1902, a falling-off of 308 when compared with the previous year's total. This decline, however, is regarded as a desirable one, since it is confined largely to cheap reprints of novels. The most significant fact is that American books continue to increase much more rapidly

than imported books. There were produced last year 5,210 books by American authors, an increase of 509 over the previous year. This increase in the domestic literary product is accompanied by a marked decrease in imports. Foreign books are of two classes — those printed in the United States under the copy right law, and those imported without copyright. There were 1,578 books of the former class in 1902 as against 2,122 in 1901, while the figures for the latter class were 1,045, as against 1,318 in 1901. In other words, our authors produced last year 5,210 new books, as against 2,623 from abroad. Year by year the number of American writers who can live by the pen is increasing.

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The outlook for the American author is bright, and is steadily brightening. Not only is the tide of British literary influence in America surely slackening, but the tide of American literary influence in England is rapidly rising. United States government statistics regarding book imports and exports show that the imports in 1899 were a little less than $1,500,000. In 1902 they were $1,750,000 (December estimated), an increase of about 17 per cent. On the other hand, the exports have increased in much greater proportion. In 1899 they were $2,700,000. Last year they were about $4,370,000 — an increase of about 60 per cent.

## THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

A Baltimore clergyman spoke recently of the "superb" life of Phillips Brooks as "an evidence of Christianity." The term "superb" was an unfortunate one, well-meant but unfortunate. For into the word "superb" enters inevitably the thought of haughtiness, pride, pomp. A superb Christian is a contradiction, or else the New Testament is without meaning; and "the superb life" of a Christian is merely a bit of hifalutin.— *Boston Herald.*

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If we remember correctly, it was less than a week ago that the *Boston Journal* favored us with a long editorial on the passing of the word "lady." Yesterday's *Journal*, in its headlines said: "Policeman's Wife a Plucky Woman — Dived After Lady Who Had Gone Down for Last Time." Here we observe a sort of reversion to type. It is hard work for the *Journal* to reform all at once. Why did the woman dive after the lady? Why didn't the lady dive after the woman?— *Springfield Union.*

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS

**Bullen.**— Why did Frank T. Bullen turn author? Because, as he told the Authors Club, he had been earning only ten dollars a week, and it was n't enough to live on. He wrote "The Cruise of the Cachalot" on the kitchen table, for there was no other place to write it, and he got $500 for it. He had never seen so much money before, and he thought his fortune was made.— *Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

**Gorky.**— Maxime Gorky told an interviewer who questioned him about his inspiration that "he wrote when he was indignant about something." Asked why, in his works, he always allowed women to take a secondary place, he said he could not write about women, for he did not know their character. To describe the adventures of women one must have love affairs, and he had never occupied himself with such things.— *Boston Transcript.*

**Harben.**— Will N. Harben was occupied four months in the practical writing of "Abner Daniel," which has proved the most successful book of his career. He had previously filled up a note-book of several hundred pages with the actual sayings and doings of the Georgia folk about whom he intended to write; but not one of these notes was eventually used in the novel,— which goes to show that the making of notes for books of fiction may be of more educational than practical use to the author. Mr. Harben writes only at his best moments, if only an hour or two in the morning. He writes down an outline of his projected novel on a typewriter, then rewrites the whole, and perhaps uses a very small proportion of the material originally set down. He gets hold of his characters and situations by

actually writing about them — in a word, prepares for the writing of the real novel by writing an experimental novel. In this way, despite the work involved, he reaches his best results.— *New Haven Register.*

**Harraden.**—Beatrice Harraden says that she cannot write with other people around her, and so she retires of a morning to a studio standing in a delightful old garden. Here she composes her stories, and two hours of steady labor is all that she requires of herself. She recognizes the possibility that some may consider that she escapes very easily, but she says that she has a way of thinking out her stories beforehand, so that the actual writing is done swiftly and without hesitation, and at the end of the two hours she has produced a considerable quantity of work.—*Hartford Post.*

**Merriman.** — Henry Seton Merriman, whose literary career has been one of uninterrupted success and who has now made another hit with "The Vultures," is in private life Hugh Scott, an English country gentleman. Much of his childhood was spent in France, and a series of long sea voyages, necessitated by his health, roused in him a *Wanderlust*, which he has never lived down, though he calls a beautiful country place in Suffolk home. Both in looks and in temperament he is said to resemble Robert Louis Stevenson.— *New York Sun.*

**Spencer.**—Herbert Spencer, when he began the composition of "First Principles," in 1860, adopted the practice of dictating to an amanuensis. He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scotch loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on throughout the forenoon. Neither then nor afterward did he work in the afternoon. Ten years later, at times when his health fell to a low ebb, he would go to a racket court in the north of London, play with the man in charge, and dictate in the intervals of the game. One of the most abstruse portions of his Psychology, the argument for Transfigured Realism, was composed under these unpromising circumstances. His usual programme as he wrote the volumes of the "Synthetic Philosophy" was to leave his house soon after nine in the morning and direct his steps to Kensington Gardens. There he walked until nearly ten o'clock, his head slightly bent, his pace somewhat rapid, his mind evidently in meditation. Regularly at ten o'clock he appeared in his workroom, in Leinster Place, a retreat known to hardly any one, and sacred against intrusion. He first dictated his correspondence, often rebelling at its onerous demands. Then he turned to his systematic work, soon rising to the full tide of dictation; usually he went on without a break till close on one o'clock, when he hurried away to luncheon. If his health was out of order, he would stop abruptly at any moment and leave the house, saying that his head felt queer. When fairly well, he would smoke half a cigar, finding that it promoted the flow of thought. The dictation was continuous; there were no interruptions, and only brief pauses. The panorama of thought unwound itself slowly, and apparently without an effort. He seldom, in resuming his task, needed to be reminded of the last word spoken, and he never changed his calm sitting position in front of the grate. Never did he patch, reconstruct, or begin again. The matter seemed long to have been familiar to him, and only to be taking its final shape before his eyes. Now and then a brilliant thought would flash suddenly upon him. Thus, the felicitous antithesis in his "Sociology" of the religion of amity and the religion of enmity was a surprise to himself, and so was his declaration that his works are not only caviare to the many but caviare to the few. He rarely used notes. At the end of a week or two's dictation he would begin revising his pages. His sole objects were greater conciseness and precision of language. There was much substitution of short phrases for long ones, but there were no wholesale excisions, and few additions. His works might have been printed from his dictated manuscripts and shown no other defects than redundancies. Considering the difficulty of his subjects, the solidity of the matter, and his finish of style and treatment, his rate of composition was not slow. On good mornings

he would produce 1000 words. This was reduced by the time occupied in revision, the arrangement of materials, and relapses into ill-health to a daily average for the year of 330 words. In 1879, when he was recovering from a serious illness, sitting under the trees of Kensington Gardens, he dictated his autobiography to an amanuensis.—*George Iles, in the World's Work.*

**Tarbell.**— Ida M. Tarbell was originally a school teacher. After a few years' experience in teaching and in editing a small magazine she decided that her bent was toward biographical and historical work and that she wanted to study the French method of handling history. Thereupon she went to Paris, took up her residence in a cheap quarter and attended lectures at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France for three years. While in Paris she depended for her support upon the chance of having letters accepted by American magazines and newspapers. On leaving America she had, she says, only a few unremunerative connections with newspapers and no magazine connections at all. Her letters were accepted by the *Boston Transcript*, McClure's syndicate, *Scribner's Magazine*, and *McClure's*, and she paid her entire expenses out of the proceeds. She studied three years abroad, and clothed and supported herself without having to borrow more than $50.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MY OWN STORY.— III. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY. A. T. Mahan. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

REAL AND SHAM NATURAL HISTORY. (The Writings of Wm. J. Long, Charles G. D. Roberts, Wm. Davenport Hulbert, and Ernest Thompson-Seton.) John Burroughs. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

NATURE LOVE AMONG THE POETS OF ANCIENT GREECE. John Vance Cheney. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

NEW ENGLAND IN AMERICAN COLONIAL LITERATURE. Montgomery P. Sellers. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

THE REAL BOOTH TARKINGTON. "John-a-Dreams." Illustrated. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AT HOME. Ida Husted Harper. Illustrated. *Pearson's* (13 c.) for March.

SOME AMERICAN HUMOROUS ARTISTS. I.— Frederick Burr Opper, Eugene Zimmerman, Charles J. Taylor, A. Z. Baker, and Peter Newell. Thomas E. Curtis. Illustrated. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for March.

JOHN LEECH AND HIS METHOD. Frederick Dolman. Illustrated. *Strand Magazine* (10 c.) for March.

WHY SHAKSPERE IS NOT UNDERSTOOD. *World's Work* (28 c.) for March.

MARJORIE'S SCHOOL OF FICTION. (A story for young authors.) Albert Bigelow Paine. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for March.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. William Morton Payne. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for March-June.

ALFRED DE VIGNY. Edmund Gosse. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for March-June.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FRENCH DRAMA. Brander Matthews. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for March-June.

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN. With frontispiece portrait. *Popular Science Monthly* (33 c.) for March.

SANITY IN FICTION. (William D. Howells and his books.) Hamlin Garland. *North American Review* (53 c.) for March.

WOMEN AND BOOKS. Mrs. Arthur Giles. *Globe Quarterly Review* (53 c.) for March.

POETIC IDEALS OF WOMEN. Eugene Parsons. *Globe Quarterly Review* (53 c.) for March.

"NO TIME FOR READING." Andrew Lang. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for March-April.

THE STORY OF PRESCOTT'S FIRST BOOK. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for March-April.

MUSIC IN FICTION. C. W. James. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for March-April.

NATIVE LITERATURE OF PORTO RICO. Cora F. Morrow. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for March-April.

THE TRUTH ABOUT EDGAR POE. Eugene L. Didier. Illustrated. *Book-Lover* (38 c.) for March-April.

THE LIMITATIONS OF LORD MACAULAY. H. C. Foxcroft. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

THE TENDENCIES OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A review of "The English Novel," by Walter Besant. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for March.

ON BROWNING'S CASUISTRY. Sir Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from the *National Magazine* in the *Eclectic Magazine* (28c.) for March.

EDWIN MARKHAM, COWBOY AND POET. Charles H. Garrett. *Era* (28 c.) for March.

THE SHORT STORY IN THE NOVEL. Isabel Moore. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL AS I KNOW HIM. G. B. Burgin. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.—VIII. Charles Hemstreet. Illustrated. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

THE WORK OF FRANK NORRIS. Hamlin Garland. *Critic.* (28 c.) for March.

SOME LITERARY INSTRUCTORS OF YALE. (Thomas R. Lounsbury, Henry A. Beers, and William Henry Bishop.) With portraits. Burton J. Hendrick. *Critic* (28 c.) for March.

AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOURNALISM. L. G. Price. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

THE NOVEL AND THE SHORT STORY. Gertrude Atherton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA. Brander Matthews. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS. I.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Arthur B. Maurice. *Bookman.* (28 c.) for March.

THE HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE. I.—The Napoleonic Era. Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Illustrated. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

PRACTICAL STUDIES IN ENGLISH. Benjamin A. Heydrick. *Chautauquan* (28 c.) for March.

ENGLISH COMMENT ON THE AMERICAN NOVEL. J. M. Bullock. The *Lamp* (28 c.) for March.

A BROWNING PILGRIMAGE. Anna D. McMahan. The *Lamp* (28 c.) for March.

THE UNACTABLE DRAMA. Brander Matthews. The *Lamp* (28 c.) for March.

THE BOOK-SHOP GIRL. Carolyn Wells. *Life* (13 c.) for February 19.

A PILGRIMAGE TO SHAKSPERIAN SHRINES. D. J. Marshall. Illustrated. *Four-Track News* (13 c.) for March.

THE TRAIL OF LEATHER-STOCKING. Kidder Keyes. Illustrated. *Four-Track News* (13 c.) for March.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS. K. R. Forbes. *Mind* (23 c.) for March.

VICISSITUDES OF A FREE-LANCE. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

A NOTE ON THE NOVELLA. Alison M. Lederer. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

THE GENTLE ART OF ESSAY WRITING. Anna Blanche McGill. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

THE PASSING OF GOETHE: A FANTASY. Hermann Hagedorn, Jr. *Reader* (28 c.) for March.

OUTLINE OF LINCOLN LITERATURE. Lina Brown Reed. *Dial* (13 c.) for March 16.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT" (Joseph Henry Shorthouse). *Dial* (13 c.) for March 13.

CORRECT SPEAKING AND WRITING. Elizabeth A. Withey. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

FRANCIS WILSON AND HIS BOOKISH HOME. Gustav Kobbé. Illustrated. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

THE LITERARY BEGINNER. Franklin B. Wiley. *Ladies' Home Journal* (13 c.) for March.

HINTS TO VERSE WRITERS. Horatio Winslow. The *Editor* (13 c.) for March.

GETTING INTO PRINT. Jack London. The *Editor* (13 c.) for March.

SCENERY IN FICTION. Reprinted from the *London Academy* in *Current Literature* (28 c.) for March.

THE UNREST OF EURIPIDES. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* for February 21.

CELTIC SAGAS. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* for February 21.

ALFRED DE VIGNY. C. G. Compton. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for February 21.

THE YOUTH OF TAINE. Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* for February 28.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

General Lew Wallace is writing his autobiography.

Charles Dana Gibson has made an arrangement with the publisher of *Collier's Weekly* whereby he is bound to furnish 100 cartoons for $100,000 during the next four years. During this time he will draw exclusively for *Collier's Weekly* and for *Life.*

The new associate editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, Miss Fannie V. Warner, has been for twelve years on the staff of the *Florida Times-Union* of Jacksonville.

Charles Welsh has withdrawn from the house of D. C. Heath & Co., to devote himself to independent literary work.

The *New-Yorker* is a new weekly literary paper, published by the Walker Publishing Co., Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York.

An American edition of the English quarterly, the *Library*, will be published by the Scott-Thaw Co., (New York) beginning with the March number.

*Home Education* (Chicago) is a new magazine intended for parents rather than for teachers, its aim being to interest the former in the work of the latter. Mary P. Squier is the editor.

The *American Woman of To-day* is a new Chicago publication.

The Home Missionary Society of New York (Congregational) is to begin the publication of a periodical to be called the *New Nation.* The editor will be Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Clark, for many years one of the secretaries of the society.

*Hitchcock's Monthly* (New York) is a new monthly magazine.

*Art and Photography* is a new magazine published in Atlanta. K. M. Turner is the publisher and Mrs. Walter Howard is the editor.

*Four O'Clock* has been merged with the *Philharmonic* (Chicago).

*Collier's Weekly* is hereafter to have an English edition. Its publisher, P. F. Collier, believes that Great Britain produces the ablest writers in the English tongue, but that the mechanical presentation of their work is not what it should be. He is planning to publish books in London, in accordance with the latest American ideas on printing and book-making.

*Motherhood* and the *American Kitchen Magazine* have been combined, and will appear as the *Home Science Magazine* (Boston), beginning with the April number.

*The Globe Quarterly Review* has removed from New York to Philadelphia.

*Self-Help* (York City, Penn.) has been sold to Edward Erf, Parkersburg, W. Va., who will continue its publication.

The *Reader* (New York) has suspended publication.

*Youth and Age* (Nashville) is dead.

R. F. Fenno & Co. (New York) have been petitioned into bankruptcy by their creditors. Mr. Fenno's attorney has asked for an extension of time, the payments to be completed at the end of three years, and the business to be managed by a committee of three until the obligations are paid. The majority of the creditors were favorably inclined to this plan, and it may be adopted.

The name of Mr. Bowen, who died in 1893, has been dropped from the title of the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, and the name of Mr. Bobbs, president of the company since 1896, has been put in its place. There has been no change of ownership, or of business policy.

Thomas Nelson & Sons, and E. & J. B. Young & Co., two of the oldest and largest Bible houses in this country and England, have consolidated, under the name of Thomas Nelson & Sons.

The Book Supply Company, of Chicago, which has been simply a mail order house, is planning to enter the general publishing field. Its first book will be "That Printer of Udell's," by Harold Bell Wright.

David McKay, of Philadelphia, has bought the entire stock and publishing plant of the American branch of Geo. Routledge & Sons, London.

The *Booklovers' Magazine* (Philadelphia) wants short, pungent, vigorous, signed editorials by men and women who have things to say and who want to say them "hard"—anything which hits the nail on the head; any nail which needs driving home or down. It offers to pay cash and good prices.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* (Philadelphia) offers four prizes amounting to $1000, for bright, wholesome, well-told love stories of from 1000 to 3000 words. The prizes will be awarded as follows: $500 for the best, $250 for the next best, $150 for the third best, $100 for the fourth best. Manuscripts should be typewritten, if possible, and should be addressed "Short Story Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*." The competition will close July 25.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser* offers each week prizes of $5, $3, and $2 for the best unpublished photographs of news events, or beautiful, historic, amusing, and interesting scenes. Pictures submitted become the property of the paper, and those that do not win prizes, if printed, will be paid for at one dollar each. The pictures must have address of contributor plainly written on the back, with a few lines of descriptive matter, and each one must be marked "Photo Contest."

The French Academy now has a rival. After six years' contention in the law courts, the Council of State has decided that "the Literary Society founded by Mm. de Goncourt" is of public utility, and may accept the important legacy.

Ada Ellen Bayly ("Edna Lyall") died at Eastbourne, February 9, aged forty years.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., died at Asheville, N. C., February 12, aged seventy-eight.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy died at Nice, February 9, aged eighty-seven.

George Birkbeck Hill died in London February 25, aged sixty-eight.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, APRIL, 1903. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## BOSTON WRITERS OF TO-DAY.

The question is idle whether Boston is still the literary centre of the country, as it was thirty years ago. The country has no literary centre now. Literary activity through the United States is general, and authors are found everywhere, from Eastport to Los Angeles. Neither Boston, nor Chicago, nor New York, nor Philadelphia can claim literary preëminence, without justified dispute from Indianapolis, New Orleans, Louisville — or even Birmingham, Ala., or Windsor, Vt.

Boston, however, still maintains the literary prestige that the city won mainly from the work of Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Aldrich, Hale, and Whittier — only three of whom, strictly speaking, were Boston writers. That the city is still eminent in a literary way, moreover, is shown by the fact that Miss Winslow has been able to make a book of more than four hundred pages about Boston writers of to-day* without devoting any great amount of space to any single author. Aldrich, of course, is still living. As Miss Winslow says: "Although no longer editor of the *Atlantic*, he is a resident of Boston and his beloved Ponkapog. From the day when his 'Story of a Bad Boy' made its appearance, he has ranked among the leading men of letters. . . . He has lived for many years in the famous old house on Mount Vernon street, with his wife and his twin boys, and when the owner of the house died a few years ago and left, not only the establishment, but a fortune as well, to the Aldrich family, all Boston rejoiced in the good fortune of the 'Poet of Ponkapog.'" Mr. Aldrich was born November 2, 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., and although he passed most of his boyhood in Louisiana, he returned to Portsmouth in 1850 and prepared for Harvard. Two years later his father died and he went into a banking house in New York; but after three years he took an editorial position on the *New York Evening Mirror*. In 1865 he came to Boston to take charge of *Every Saturday*, and from 1881 to 1890 he was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Since then he has devoted himself wholly to literature, although he has published little. "We may, however, expect a book of reminiscences from his pen, which is sure to be a valuable and interesting contribution to literature."

Contemporary in a literary sense with Mr. Aldrich are Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Howe, John T. Trowbridge, Edward Everett Hale, and Hezekiah Butterworth.

Colonel Higginson, though born and nurtured in the literary atmosphere of Cambridge, has not lived there always. Before the Civil War he was a clergyman and preached in Newburyport, and presided over a parish in Worcester. "But his mind is of too liberal

* LITERARY BOSTON OF TO-DAY. By Helen M. Winslow. Illustrated. 444 pp. Cloth, $1.20, net. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. 1903.

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frame to be satisfied with creed and dogma, and he left the ministry many years ago, settling in Cambridge, where he owns a picturesque house on Buckingham street. In the summer he takes his wife and daughter to the beautiful town of Dublin, N. H., where he owns another charming home. Mrs. Higginson (who is a niece of Professor Longfellow's first wife) writes occasionally some excellent verses, and the daughter, just blossoming into young womanhood, is proving her title to be the intellectual successor of such a father and mother."

Edward Everett Hale, "although an octogenarian, is still mentally keen and active, with powers that give no sign of decadence and with all the enthusiasm of youth. From his years and his wide eclectic experiences, Dr. Hale may well be given the position of the Dean of Boston's literary set. And this alone not from the length of life which has been accorded him, and his varied and important achievements, but from the sincere and active interest which he takes in those who are making letters a profession, and his special kindness to beginners." Dr. Hale was born April 3, 1822. Before taking up ministerial work, "he served his father as secretary, and also an apprenticeship in his newspaper office — the old *Boston Advertiser* — from the work of typesetting to editing. It was a question for a time which profession he would choose, and he ultimately took the ministry. The journalistic instinct has been always strong within him, but he has had to keep it in check, or he would have been compelled to give up everything else for it." It is almost half a century since he was installed pastor of the South Congregational church of Boston, and he is still pastor emeritus, although the parochial duties are performed by his successor in active work, Rev. Dr. Edward Cummings. "His literary work has been stupendous, reaching to fifty volumes, and ten times fifty volumes in uncollected articles, studies, and sermons."

"If Dr. Hale is the Dean of literary Boston, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the recognized leader and acknowledged sovereign. Although Mrs. Howe has reached the ripe age of eighty-three, there is none of the suggestion of the decay which years are supposed to bring, and whether she is holding meetings at her house, in the interest of universal peace, or writing books, she is the same busy, active woman of years ago. Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Woman's Club, in 1868, and has been its president ever since its first ruler, Mrs. Severance, left Massachusetts for California, early in the seventies. She is also president of the Boston Authors' Club. Her four daughters have all proved literary workers of more than average ability, while her only son is a distinguished scientist, and also a clever writer on special lines, upon which he is an acknowledged authority." Perhaps the best-known of her daughters is Laura E. Richards, who "has written some of the most delightful nonsense verses for children that have ever seen light on the printed page, and it is no wonder that her name is a household word in many families."

"One of the houses that often sheltered that rare group of men who made literary Boston famous during the early part of the last half of the century just past is still the resort of the favored few, and it is to-day considered a mark of high esteem and an honor to be asked to the home of Mrs. James T. Fields. . . . Mrs. Fields was the wife of the famous Boston publisher, who was the medium of communication and even of introduction between the galaxy of literary stars in Boston between 1850 and 1880, and who established and published the *Atlantic Monthly*. She is still continuing her literary work, which has always been of a high order, though not at all prolific.

"One cannot think of Mrs. Fields without remembering her most literary intimate friend, Sarah Orne Jewett, whose winters are for the most part passed in the Charles-street home, and who in the summer is found for some portion of the time at Mrs. Fields's home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. . . . Miss Jewett's working hours are in the afternoon, and when she has anything in hand she writes from one until about five. She says that she thinks best in the waning of the day, and finds work easier then. She writes on an average between three

and four thousand words daily, although she has sometimes gone as high as eight and even nine thousand words in one day. She usually thinks out her stories quite carefully before beginning to write, so that when it comes to transcribing them she can do it easily, and without much rewriting, although, of course, some of her stories she works at quite laboriously. 'There are,' she says, 'stories that you write and stories that write themselves in spite of you. And I find that these are the ones that do not need much working over.'"

Miss Jewett was born in a fine, old colonial mansion in the village of Berwick, Me., which is still her home. When her father, "The Country Doctor," was living, she went about with him a great deal, and that was the way in which, without realizing what the experience was to prove to her, she got her marvellous insight into the lives of the country people of a quarter of a century ago. Her first story for the *Atlantic* was accepted before she was twenty, and without the help of any literary friend at court. "Probably her success as a writer was due to her father's advice, constantly repeated, and which she has closely followed: 'Don't try to write *about* people and things; tell of them as they are.'"

Another writer along the same lines as Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins is Alice Brown, the daughter of Rev. Theron Brown, who for many years was one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. "Miss Brown lives on Pinckney street, in a very quiet way, and only semi-occasionally does one meet her at social and public functions. She was fortunate in a childhood spent amid the rural beauty of the little New Hampshire town of Hampton Falls. . . . Like many another New England girl she first turned to school teaching as the most natural occupation, but the call toward literary activities would have its way." Her stories are mostly occupied with New Hampshire life, but her novel, "Margaret Warrener" is a story of Bohemian Boston, and a marked departure from the lines laid down by her previous work.

"For many years the centre of literary Boston has been located in the drawing-room of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's house in Rutland Square. . . . Thither all the best of the town — those who have achieved anything worth while in letters and art and science, those who are young in achievement, but full of high courage and working ambitions, together with the literary or artistic 'stranger within the gates' — turn their steps every Friday afternoon of the winter. For she keeps open house then, and the only invitation needed is the cordial 'Come and see me any Friday afternoon; I'm always at home.' . . . In London, where Mrs. Moulton spends every summer, she receives as she does at home, and she is quite as fully appreciated over there as in her own Boston, and from a literary standpoint even more highly rated — if that be possible — than she is in her native land. Her weekly receptions in Grosvenor Square call together all the great literary world of London, the famous Americans who are by chance in the city, and many members of England's nobility itself. It is said of her that she has maintained on both sides of the water the nearest approach to the literary salon that is now in existence."

Mrs. Moulton was born in the little town of Pomfret, Conn., and while still a school-girl began writing little scraps of prose and bits of verse for a Connecticut weekly paper, of which Edmund C. Stedman, then a very young man, was the editor. "He took a lively interest in this blue-eyed girl's welfare, and encouraged her to continue her literary work, and advised her concerning her future. The friendship thus begun between the young editor and his school-girl contributor has always continued. At fourteen her first poem was accepted and printed. The name by which the public first knew her was not Louise Chandler Moulton, but Ellen Louise Chandler, although the name under which her stories and poems appeared was simply 'Ellen Louise.' Her first book, a volume of short stories, was published when she was eighteen, and eighteen thousand copies were speedily sold. Soon after its appearance she was married to William U. Moulton, the editor and publisher of the *True Flag*, of Boston, to which she was a frequent contributor, and after her marriage Boston became her home. She continued steadily at

work, improving constantly. She was a careful writer and a thorough worker. She was annoyed at any seeming awkwardness of expression, and did not rest until she had made it smooth and finished in every particular." For a few years past she has devoted herself almost entirely to poetry. "She is a loyal and devoted friend, and one of the kindest and most helpful women in all the world of letters. Free from everything which savors in the least of jealousy, she is most hospitable in her welcome to young people, who are entering with timid steps the field of literary endeavor."

"We have, too, a granddaughter of a famous ancestor, in whom Boston takes pride, although she sends us her books from over the sea — Mrs. Helen Choate Prince. Rufus Choate, who contained within his intense being fire and fancy enough to transmit to a hundred generations, had a fine romantic vein, and in the third generation the Boston maiden bore in her brain an inheritance which was to be developed amidst great conditions and strengthened and enlivened by stimulating surroundings to delight a large number of readers."

"Although Miss Edna Dean Proctor lives in South Framingham when she is not traveling abroad, she belongs to the Boston Authors' Club and is considered a part of literary Boston."

"Another name of which the Boston of today is very proud is that of Margaret Deland. She is a native of Pennsylvania, but came to Boston as a bride in 1880 and has done all her literary work here."

"Then, too, there is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Nobody will deny her right to be numbered with the foremost writers in America, and since she came to settle at Newton, Boston claims her as belonging to its literary set. . . . Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was born in Boston August 31, 1844. When she was four years old, her father was appointed professor at the Andover seminary, and the pleasant hill town was her residence until her marriage, in 1888. Her first literary essay was a magazine article, called 'A Sacrifice Consumed,' and she was only twenty-four when her great success was attained in 'Gates Ajar.' Her literary career has been exceedingly busy, and her marriage to Herbert D. Ward, in 1888, opened a new chapter in it.

"Herbert Dickinson Ward, her husband, was born in Waltham, Mass., and is a graduate of Amherst college. He was the son of Dr. William Hayes Ward, editor of the New York *Independent*. Mr. Ward was 'The Burglar Who Moved Paradise,' and married Elizabeth Stuart Phelps at the little cottage at East Gloucester, which is associated in the minds of so many delighted readers of 'The Old Maid's Paradise.' Mr. Ward has written several books alone, besides collaborating with his wife in three, and is doing a vast amount of literary work for the best magazines and periodicals."

"But in summing up our famous literary women, let us not forget that rarest, most delicate soul, which has given out so much that is strong and true and aspiring, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; for although it is true that her real home is in Newburyport, Mrs. Spofford has ever been identified with literary Boston, and passes some part of every winter here."

"John Townsend Trowbridge now rests in the serene afternoon of life in his pleasant home in the town of Arlington, one of Boston's charming suburbs just beyond Cambridge. . . . Mr. Trowbridge is in all his characteristics a typical New Englander, but he is, nevertheless, a native of New York state, and did not come to Boston until about a month before he was twenty-one. He had previously spent some little time in New York, writing for the *Knickerbocker* and other periodicals. But he tired of writing for fame, notes of thanks, and at most, a dollar a page, and so came to Boston, the acknowledged literary centre, where, writing under the name of 'Paul Crayton,' he found plenty to do at the munificent rate of two dollars a column." "Martin Merrivale," a book which he published under his pseudonym in 1854, is supposed to recite his earlier literary experiences. "When the *Atlantic Monthly* was proposed, he was invited to become a contributor, and although less than fifty years have passed since the appearance of the first number, Mr. Trowbridge

and Professor Charles Eliot Norton are the sole survivors of the contributors to that issue. Mr. Trowbridge occupies a unique position among the older literary men, being the only one who has depended wholly upon the income from his books. . . . During all the years he has kept up his connection with the *Atlantic*, and is a frequent contributor." His Reminiscences are now being published in the magazine. "All the author's actual writing is done at the desk in the pleasant study on the second floor of his house. His methods are very simple. When he has a long piece of work in hand, he sits down soon after breakfast and stays at his desk for three or four hours, working steadily and uninterruptedly. He is an impulsive writer, but he does not put pen to paper unless he has something to say. He revises and rewrites more than he did in his earlier work, which is quite natural. Much of his work is done in the open air, particularly his poetry, which is composed while he is walking about, and his verses are often quite complete in his mind before they are committed to paper. During the fifty-odd years of his literary life, he has produced almost fifty volumes of prose and poetry."

Hezekiah Butterworth "has watched with keen delight the rise of many of our most prominent writers, and some of them have been glad to testify to the fact that they owe their success largely to the encouragement that Mr. Butterworth gave them. His ready sympathy with and for young writers, struggling against many obstacles, is largely due to the fact that he knows from personal experience what it is to overcome obstacles. Born of poor parents, in Warren, R. I., in 1839, without money, friends, or influence, he left his country home, and came to Boston. Like so many other young writers, he found a sale for his first work in the office of the *Youth's Companion*. In 1870, Mr. Butterworth became associated with the *Youth's Companion*, and for twenty-five years he was one of its editors. During these years, he brought out that immensely popular series of books, under the title of 'Zig-Zag Journeys.' These books have had an aggregate sale of more than a half million of copies, and the demand for them continues." Mr. Butterworth resigned his position in the office of the *Youth's Companion* in 1895. He has brought out nearly fifty volumes at various times.

"No group of the older Boston men of letters is complete without the genial and scholarly gentleman known as Frank Sanborn, editor, lecturer, author, philosopher. . . . Although he has passed his allotted three-score-and-ten, he is still active in public and charitable work."

James Jeffrey Roche is a well-known figure in literary Boston. Mr. Roche was born in Ireland a little more than fifty years ago. He was brought to Prince Edward Island by his parents in his early infancy, and that was his boyhood's home. He came to Boston in 1866, and was editorial contributor to the *Pilot* long before he became a permanent member of its staff. This was in 1883; and on the death of John Boyle O'Reilly, in 1890, Mr. Roche succeeded to the chief editorship, a position which he has held ever since. He is now the owner of the paper.

"The famous Papyrus Club has furnished its full quota to the literary Boston of to day. Like Mr. Roche, Thomas Russell Sullivan is a Papyrus man, one of its past presidents, and a still active member. He was born in Boston, November 21, 1849. His first novel, 'Roses of Shadow,' was written in 1885, and in 1888 Mr. Sullivan left business, to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits. . . . As a writer, Mr. Sullivan is thoroughly conscientious and a perfect master of English. He is his own most severe critic, and is never satisfied with any of his work until it is polished and finished and is made simply direct. This simplicity of diction gives a virility to his writing, reminding one of what the late John Fiske was accustomed to say: 'Any attempt at the ornate weakens the work, and the best rule to follow in writing is to use short Saxon words, in terse, direct sentences.'"

"Another one of the group of clever men of whom Roche and Sullivan are shining examples is John T. Wheelwright, who is also a Papyrus man, a lawyer by profession, and an author by preference."

Frederic Jesup Stimson, "J. S. of Dale,"

was born in Dedham, and has lived there all his life, calling Dedham home, even while passing his winters in his town house in Boston. "To Mr. Stimson belongs the distinction of being the pioneer in the field, somewhat overworked of late, of the historical novel. 'King Noanett' was one of the earlier of the flood of recent novels which deal with American colonial life, and was a notable success."

"Had he established no other reputation, Judge Grant would be known all over this country as the creator of 'Selma White.'" Robert Grant was born in Boston in 1850, and is of Scotch descent. Secretary to the mayor of Boston, then water commissioner, and later associate judge of probate, which position he still holds, "during all the time he has been steadily advancing in his literary position, carrying one work along with another, yet never neglecting the one nor the other."

Arlo Bates, now professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a small house of cosy snugness in old Chestnut street, the stillest street in the city, finds a congenial atmosphere for a home. Arlo Bates was born in East Machias, Me., December 16, 1850. He had early determined to follow literature as a profession, and after leaving his alma mater, he naturally turned his steps Bostonward. For some years he was editor of the *Sunday Courier*, besides being Boston correspondent of the *Providence Journal*. In 1893 he was called to the chair of English literature in the Institute of Technology. He has written seventeen or eighteen novels, and two helpful volumes of "Talks on Writing English" and "Talks on the Study of Literature."

Percival Lowell, although he is more apt to be found in Mexico, or Arizona, or the far East, than in his native city, still keeps a home in Boston, and has a permanent address here, where his books are published.

Like Mr. Lowell, Professor Justin H. Smith, of the chair of Modern History in Dartmouth, keeps a Boston address, and he is a member of the Boston Authors' Club.

Conspicuous among Boston writers is Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, who comes from fine old Puritan stock, and was born in Boston, May 12, 1850. In 1876 he became editor of the *North American Review*, and later, from 1879 to 1881, in connection with John P. Morse, Jr., he edited the *International Review*. As a biographer and historian he has won a notable place in literature.

John Torrey Morse, Jr., was born in Boston, January 9, 1840. After graduation from the Harvard law school, he wrote several books of value on legal subjects, but his more recent work has been in the line of biography.

"Although he was born in Weymouth [October 9, 1843] and lives now in Wellesley Hills, literary Boston claims the naturalist and delightful writer, Mr. Bradford Torrey, as belonging to her. . . . Mr. Torrey is one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*."

"Another worker along historical lines is Mr. James Ford Rhodes. He was born in Cleveland, O., and his most ambitious work has been 'The History of the United States Since the Compromise of 1850.'"

"One of the best short stories ever printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* was 'A Browning Courtship.' Its author was Miss Eliza Orne White. . . . Her first published work was some children's stories for the *Christian Register*. . . . Miss White lives in a delightful old house, with extensive, well-shaped grounds, in Brookline. . . . She prefers to work in the morning. Working late in the day keeps her from sleeping at night. Miss White does not devote much attention to style, although she revises and polishes her work very carefully. She believes the more she polishes her writing, the more spontaneous it appears."

"Miss Agnes Blake Poor is another Brookline writer. She has written much for magazines and periodicals under the pen-name of 'Dorothy Prescott.'"

"Mrs. Thomas Aspinwall (formerly Alicia Towne) is another Brookline writer who is making a reputation with her stories for young people."

"Miss Anna Fuller, a Cambridge woman of charming address, unusual brilliancy, and remarkable powers of observation, made her début in the *New York Evening Post*, at the age of twenty-one, with a letter from Germany. Her most popular book in this country has

been 'A Literary Courtship.' It may be of some comfort to struggling authors, whose excellent manuscripts are continually rejected, to know that this book, like many another popular novel, ran a gauntlet of innumerable refusals before it was finally accepted; and that then, when the book had appeared and been a success, one of the firms that had refused it when it was first offered wrote innocently to Miss Fuller, asking her to write a story on similar lines for them. . . . Miss Fuller's impulse is to write off her story in the rough at first, and then to prune and revise it exhaustively. She thinks there is a danger of spoiling the spirit of a story if one potters over the sentences as one goes along; and that there is unwisdom in working against the grain, in trying to force inspiration when the inspiration is not there."

A few doors below Miss Fuller's home on Commonwealth avenue lives Helen Leah Reed, whose "Brenda" stories are fast making her name a household word wherever there are young girls.

"Still farther up the avenue one may find as mistress of Dr. John Preston Sutherland's home another woman who is fast making a name, not as a novelist or juvenile writer, but as a playwright. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland ("Dorothy Lunt") began her work as dramatic critic on several Boston newspapers, and her wide acquaintance among theatrical people turned her serious work in the way of playwriting, a field where she is winning laurels and achieving excellent results."

Mary Devereux is a resident of Boston, and lives at the Parker House.

Miss Mary Knight Potter is another Bostonian who is coming to the front in the world of letters, if, indeed, she has not already arrived.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody lives in Cambridge, with her mother and her sister, and has recently taken the place of Professor Vida Scudder at Wellesley College, giving courses in English literature.

A neighbor of Miss Peabody's, Miss Beulah Marie Dix, is another of Boston's young literary workers. She was born at Plymouth, December 25, 1876, and graduated from Radcliffe in 1897, winning the Sohier prize for her honor thesis. She has written several books, and has done a good deal of playwriting with Mrs. Sutherland. "As to her methods of work, she writes with pencil, and rewrites and revises, and typewrites and revises again, then re-typewrites, and prints."

In Jamaica Plain lives Miss Caroline Ticknor, a daughter of Benjamin Holt Ticknor, publisher, and granddaughter of William D. Ticknor, founder of the historic publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. She has written two books and many short stories, and has done important work as a compiler and editor.

Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train was born in Dorchester, makes her winter home in Boston, and has a summer house in Duxbury.

Miss Cornelia Warren has written a successful novel, "Miss Wilton," published ten years ago.

Mary Tappan Wright lives in Cambridge, the wife of J. H. Wright, himself an author-editor as well as professor of Greek at Harvard.

Lillian Gertrude Shuman (Mrs. Carl Dreyfus) is the author of a volume of poems, entitled "From Me to You," and has written frequently for Boston periodicals.

Miss Geraldine Brooks, the oldest daughter of Elbridge Streeter Brooks, who was himself for many years an important member of the Boston literary set, has written two books on "Colonial Dames." The Brooks family occupied a lovely home in Somerville for many years.

Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, Miss Elizabeth McCracken, and Miss Edith Robinson are all Boston writers.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, reformer, philanthropist, orator, and writer, was born in Boston, December 19, 1821, and now lives in Melrose.

Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney was born in Boston, September 15, 1824. In 1843 she was married and settled in Milton, where she still lives.

Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney was born in Boston, June 27, 1824. Her most famous work is her "Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott."

Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz is "one of the

Mortons of Plymouth," and now has a pleasant home in Belmont, only a little way from Mr. Trowbridge's Arlington residence.

Another woman who belongs to this older group of workers is Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, whose home is in Salem, but whose affiliations are with Boston.

"'The Cambridge set' has been looked on with pride by literary Boston for many years, since the days when Professor Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and Dr. Holmes were a part of it. Mr. Horace E. Scudder and Professor John Fiske, so recently lost to literature, were for many years connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Harvard University has always furnished some of our best writers and thinkers. Perhaps the man who best serves to-day to keep alive the atmosphere of soul and beauty that enveloped Longfellow and Lowell and these others is Charles Eliot Norton."

President Eliot of Harvard was born in Boston, and is identified with the city quite as much as he is with Cambridge. Other well-known writers in Cambridge are Professor George Herbert Palmer, Professor Shaler, Professor Langdell, Professor Alexander A. Agassiz, and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, his mother, Professor Sumichrast, Professor Farlow, Barrett Wendell, Professor Taussig, Albert Bushnell Hart, John Trowbridge, Arthur Gilman (whose wife has also written several books under the name of "Marion Vaughn") Samuel H. Scudder, Professor Ashley, Professor Davis, William J. Rolfe, Professor Lyon, Professor Williams, Arthur Searle, George Lincoln Goodale, Professor Lanman, Professor Pickering, William James, Josiah Royce, Professor Peabody, Professor Thayer, Professor Münsterburg, Rev. Samuel Crothers, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, Rev. William Johnson, and Rev. William Basil King.

Wellesley College writers are Miss Katharine Lee Bates, Miss Caroline Hazard, Professor Katherine Coman, Miss Florence Converse, Miss Vida Scudder, and Miss Sophie Jewett. In Wellesley, too, lives Miss Julia Eastman, who has written some delightful children's books.

Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen Archibald Clarke are the editors of *Poet-Lore*, which they started in Philadelphia, in 1888, and removed to Boston in 1892. They have edited and compiled several books in collaboration, and are now engaged on the preparation of an edition of Shakspere.

"Louise Imogen Guiney is the poet among Boston women who ranks next to Mrs. Moulton; some even place her above. . . . Miss Guiney lived for several years at Auburndale, where she held the office of postmaster for some time." For two years past she has been in England.

Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean, associate editor of the *Christian Register*, has done some excellent literary work.

Mrs. May Alden Ward was born in Ohio, and lives on Dartmouth street, with her husband, Professor William G. Ward, who also is an author, as well as a lecturer on literary topics.

Nathan Haskell Dole was born in Chelsea, August 15, 1852, and began his literary career by exchanging poems for opera tickets at the office of the *Boston Transcript*. After graduating from Harvard, he was a teacher for a time, but for many years he has been engaged in literary pursuits, as a reader of manuscripts, translator, writer, editor, and literary adviser.

Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain is a brother of Nathan Haskell Dole, and has written several valuable books of an ethical nature.

George Willis Cooke was born in Michigan, in 1848. Three years ago he retired permanently from the Unitarian ministry, removed to Wakefield, near Boston, and gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits.

Rev. George A. Gordon, Rev. Samuel Herrick, Rev. Edward Cummings, Rev. Edward L. Clark, Rev. Edward A. Horton, and Rev. Dr. Donald are other Boston clergymen who have written books.

Sam Walter Foss, author of so many poems of New England life, was born in New Hampshire, in 1858, and is a graduate of Brown University. Since 1895, he has been the librarian of the Somerville Public Library.

Charles Follen Adams ("Yawcob Strauss") was born in Dorchester, in 1842, and published his first German dialect poem in 1872, in *Our*

*Young Folks.* "Leedle Yawcob Strauss" was published in the *Detroit Free Press*, in 1876.

Edward Payson Jackson has written many poems and a number of successful books. He lives in Dorchester and is editor of the *Bohemian.*

J. L. Harbour was born forty-five years ago, in Iowa, and for fifteen years has been one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion.* In addition to a juvenile book, he has written more than six hundred short stories, most of them for the *Youth's Companion.* He lives in Dorchester.

Several other men on the *Youth's Companion* have written books, including Edward Stanwood, the managing editor, Arthur Stanwood Pier, and Walter Leon Sawyer.

James Buckham was born in Vermont, in 1858, and came to Boston in the eighties, becoming connected for a time with the *Youth's Companion.* He has contributed much to magazines and other periodicals, and has published a volume of verse. He lives in Melrose.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles has acted as literary adviser of several publishing houses and has held an editorial position on the *Atlantic Monthly.* He has published several books, some of them under pseudonyms.

Oscar Fay Adams has done much excellent literary work, both as an original writer and as an editor and compiler.

Ashton Rollins Willard, who has recently come to Boston from Vermont, is the author of two books relating to art.

Charles Felton Pidgin, author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "Blennerhassett," and other books, is the chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor.

Willis Boyd Allen, who was born in Maine, in 1855, has thirty-five books to his credit, mostly juveniles. His home is one of the most delightfully hospitable in Boston.

Miss Kate Sanborn is of New England birth, having been born in New Hampshire, in 1839. She was but eleven years old when she earned her first money with her pen. Some years ago she relinquished the work of teaching, so that she might give her time to writing and to lecturing.

A dozen books are credited to Mrs. Mary E. Blake, the wife of Dr. John G. Blake, of Beacon street.

Miss Sophie Swett and her sister, Miss Susan Hartley Swett, live at Arlington Heights.

Miss Florence Converse lives at Denison House, a college settlement on Tyler street. Miss Converse has been on the editorial staff of the *Churchman* since January, 1900, and is the author of two successful novels.

Anna Farquhar (Mrs. Ralph Bergengren), Miss Lilian Whiting, Miss Katharine Eleanor Conway, Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement-Waters, Miss Henrietta Sowle, Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, Mrs. Lavinia S. Goodwin, Mrs. Anna L. Burns, Mrs. Frances C. Sparhawk, Mrs. Sarah White Lee, Mrs. Whiton-Stone, and Mrs. Sally Joy White all have written books, and all live in Boston.

Frank Preston Stearns has accomplished fine results in spite of ill-health and many discouragements. Portions of his "Sketches from Concord to Appledore," and "The Real and the Ideal in Literature" were dictated from five to ten minutes at a time, which was the longest period he could work consecutively.

Henry Demarest Lloyd, prominent in anti-trust agitation and social reform, was born in New York city, in 1847. He now makes his home in Boston.

Among the Boston leaders of the "new thought" movement are Horatio W. Dresser, Henry Wood, and Ralph Waldo Trine.

Journalist authors in Boston are Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of the *Transcript*, Edwin Munroe Bacon, Louis C. Elson, Henry C. Lahee, Lewis Clinton Strang, Henry Austin Clapp, Edwin D. Mead, (whose wife, Lucia True Ames, is also a writer of ability), Charles E. L. Wingate, E. F. Harkins, Curtis Guild, Rev. Francis Tiffany, Sylvester Baxter, Edmund Noble, and Bliss Perry, who is now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

This abstract of Miss Winslow's book gives only an inkling of its literary interest. It is attractively illustrated, with numerous half-tone portraits of Boston authors and pictures of the interior and exterior of some of their homes. *Edward L. Martin.*

BOSTON, Mass.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,

146 Franklin street, Room 32,

P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. APRIL, 1903. NO. 4.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

It would be hard to find in the rhetorics a more striking example of "fine writing" than this report of a wedding published in a paper at West Point, Miss.: —

Would that my pen had been plucked from some beautiful bird of paradise, and dipped in the eyes of the rainbow, that I might fittingly describe the beautiful marriage scene enacted at the residence of Mrs. E. V. Braswell, 401 St. Anthony street, Mobile, Ala., on the evening of February 23.

*Just as the day* God clothed in majesty sublime had withdrawn his galaxy of quivering, golden beams from all the earth and wafted a good-night kiss to the young evening, who was fast approaching with her cloudless brow, mounted by a crown of jeweled stars — it was then that the cords of confidence, hope and love, binding the hearts of Hiram J. Bruister and Mary Elizabeth Braswell were indelibly traced upon the scroll of life, and sacred seal of holy matrimony placed thereon.

How lovely! Almost as picturesque is this description of a social function, found in the *Marshall* (Kas.) *Index*: —

The soft glow of innumerable candles shed their enchanting light over scenes which in splendid beauty rivaled fairyland or Elysian fields or even the far-famed hanging gardens of Babylon.

* * *

People who like to unravel language puzzles may find pleasant exercise in editing this sentence from Dr. Gould's "Biographic Clinics": —

There is something inexpressibly pathetic that these great men, so different from one another, yet so alike, suffering, as I believe, from the same disease, a disease that wrought in each the profoundest of tragedies, and yet, like unrecognizing brothers, they looked into each other's eyes, knowing neither of the other's way and woe.

* * *

Here is an extract from the latest novel of Henry James, now running in the *North American Review*: —

She knew her theatre, she knew her play, as she had known, triumphantly, for three days, everything else, and the moment filled to the brim, for her companion, that apprehension of the interesting which, whether or no the interesting happened to filter through his guide, strained now to its limits his brief opportunity.

"The point," says the *Boston Herald*, "is to guess what it's all about." It is indisputable that Mr. James's style, which used to be held up as a model, is getting to be more and more obscure and awkward every year.

* * *

Experienced writers have learned from their experience that it does not pay to write "timely" stories. It is a common thing for the young writer to begin by writing a story about Christmas, or New Year's, or Thanksgiving. The season may serve as inspiration, or he may think that his story is more attractive because of its timeliness, or it may be easier to write a story with Christmas in it than one without. However that may be, it is certainly easier to sell the story that has no

season tag upon it than the one that is duly marked and labelled, as the writer soon discovers. A Thanksgiving story, for instance, can properly be printed only one month, or one week, or one day in the year. By writing such a story, therefore, an author cuts down his market to one-twelfth, in the case of monthlies, one-fifty-second, in the case of the weeklies, and one-365th, in the case of the daily papers, of the annual possibility. In other words, the market for a story that is not timely among daily papers is 365 times as broad as the market for a story that is suitable for publication only on Thanksgiving day. The moral, of course, is obvious to the writer who wants to sell his wares.

It does not pay, either, to write stories expressly for the "freak" magazines that print only odd and unusual tales, often more conspicuous for their weirdness than for their plausibility or their literary merit. Such magazines sometimes pay high prices for what they buy, and at first sight the possibility of selling a manuscript to one of them seems tempting, but if the author writes a story expressly to please the editor of one of these publications and the editor rejects it, the author will generally find that there is no other market for the manuscript. On the other hand, if a story is written expressly for the *Century* and the editor declines it, there are a hundred other publications for which it may be suited. The moral, again, is obvious. It pays to write standard literature, rather than to try to suit the erratic taste of an editor who pays high prices for fantastic tales. Aim high. If you hit the mark, you will be well rewarded; if you fall a little short, you will find that your labor has not been in vain.

W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

The rhetorics tell us not to use the possessive "whose," excepting in reference to persons, but I have noticed a number of times lately that "whose" is used of inanimate objects by writers in good standing — by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, for instance, whose serial is appearing in the *Atlantic*. It often happens that the "of which" phrase is clumsy, when used in its place. What do you think?

L. F. M.

[It is true that the "of which" phrase is often awkward, but "whose" should not be used to refer to inanimate things. The awkwardness of the phrase "of which" can often be overcome by remodeling the sentence.— W. H. H.]

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| I will not hesitate to within twenty-four hours assemble. — *Governor Yates of Illinois.* | I will not hesitate to assemble within twenty-four hours. |
| The pension plan is likely to prove a most effective preventative of labor troubles. — *Kansas City Times.* | The pension plan is likely to prove a most effective preventive of labor troubles. |
| The very choice of subjects are indicated by it. — *Dr. Gould's "Biographic Clinics."* | The very choice of subjects is dictated by it. |

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Farrar.**— Dean Farrar wrote rapidly, and no one can write accurately when he writes rapidly. His novels were full of errors. The equipped reviewer, when he came to read his "Gathering Clouds, a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom," saw that he had two Pretorian Prefects too many at the court of Arcadius, a Pretorian Guard which had been disbanded by Constantine, "Egregii" and Zosimus as the contemporary of his eloquent hero.— *Philadelphia Press.*

**Hawkins.**— Anthony Hope Hawkins ("Anthony Hope"), who arrived here a few days ago from England, in conversation said that his visit was solely one of pleasure, and that he would remain for three or four weeks. Of his system of working Mr. Hawkins said: "A year is the average length of time it takes me to write a novel. I usually occupy the first six months in collecting material and thinking out and planning the story. The other half I require in putting the whole together on paper. I never rewrite my story; that would be altogether too laborious. Of

course, I revise slightly. That is always necessary and advisable. A novel does not depend for success upon the time devoted in writing it. The novel written, say, in two months, may be just as good, and perhaps better, than the one that has taken twelve months to produce. For myself, I do not believe in hurrying. In this question of speed a great deal, of course, depends on the nature of the plot and the temperament of the author." — *New York Commercial Advertiser.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Painstaking in Preparation of Copy.** — The poet Gray rewrote his Elegy nearly twenty times before he was content with its construction. Tennyson was almost as fastidious. The writings of Thomas Hood and of Edgar Allan Poe were models of neatness. The penmanship of some journalists is almost as readable as print. Eugene Field was a notable example. There are busy authors who keep in their employ a special editor to correct and systematize, and a copyist to transcribe their manuscript. Charles Dickens's writings were so revised by an editor, who cancelled paragraphs and pages at his pleasure, and returned to him the manuscript for addition and improvement. George Bancroft, the historian, had his manuscripts carefully transcribed and put in type, from which two proofs were made. The first setting of the type was then distributed. The two proofs were carefully revised at convenience, dates and authorities were verified, verbiage was cut out, new matter was added, and imperfect sentences were remedied. The new copy so prepared on this proof gave no more trouble to the compositor than ordinary reprint, and the charges for alterations in the proof were consequently trivial. — *Theodore L. De Vinne, in "Correct Composition."*

**Marking Italic, Small Capitals, and Capitals in Copy.** — Mr. De Vinne in his useful book, "Correct Composition," gives these directions regarding italic, small capitals, and capitals in copy: "One line drawn underneath any given word is understood as a direction to put that word in italic. This underscoring should be done by the writer wherever italic is needed. A general direction to put in italic a class of words not so marked may not be understood when copy so neglected has to be set by many compositors. The free use, or even the moderate use, of italic for emphasis in the text is now regarded as an exhibition of bad taste on the part of the writer, and a needless affront to the intelligence of the reader. Words and phrases in foreign languages are not put in italic so frequently as they were a hundred years ago. There is increasing resistance to the excessive use of italic. The foreign words and phrases that have been practically incorporated in the English language are now preferably put in roman, as alias, débris, dramatis personæ, etc. Foreign words that are familiar to all intelligent readers do not need italic.

"Letters intended for capitals of full size are indicated in the manuscript by underscoring them with three parallel lines. When the name of a newspaper or periodical is cited in the text, the definite article 'the' should not have a capital, but in the exact citation of a book title, this beginning 'the' should be capitalized — e. g., 'According to the *Tribune*'; 'We cannot praise "The Revolt of Islam."'

"A writer's desire for small capitals in print is indicated in manuscript by underscoring the specified words with two lines. Small capitals are rarely used to indicate the emphatic words of the text. The taste which forbids the too-free use of italic is equally severe on the use of small capitals. Type-setting machines of old form, which are without any provision for italic or small capitals, are a still more effective agency for their suppression. Readers have been slowly, and somewhat unwillingly, taught that the emphasis of italic and the modified display of small capitals are not really needed for the comprehension of printed matter."

**Delays in Publishing.** — "These are tragic facts," writes a London literary man, "which cannot be rubbed too strongly into the minds of 'beginners in literature.' Last week I met an old friend, an American journalist, who told me that he once wrote a 'rush' article on Birmingham for *Harper's Magazine*, and it was

issued just twenty-eight months after he corrected the first proof.

"It is Colonel John Hay, I think, who tells of a friend of his who had a short story accepted by the editor of the famous magazine just mentioned, and watched its pages for the appearance of his story for twenty-two years. At the end of that time he died, and the story was published some months later."— *Boston Globe.*

**The Coinage of New Words.**— Baron Avebury [ better known, perhaps, as Sir John Lubbock ] in writing his book on "The Scenery of England," has coined a number of new words, among them the word "manywhere." Like all new words this one will grate harshly upon the eye and ear at first, but it requires only a moment's reflection to perceive that it has as much right etymologically to be in the language as "everywhere" and "anywhere," and it has a different meaning from either of them.

New ideas are constantly enriching the language with new words. Some of them come into general usage; others are discarded soon after their coinage. Kipling speaks of the "coolth" of the evening; an illustrated lecture was recently advertised as a "travelogue"; Carlyle invented the compound "careful-hopeful"; the carving out of a curiously-shaped congressional district in Massachusetts for Governor Gerry gave us the word "gerrymander."

Naturally the most industrious coiners of words are the newspapers, which Macaulay says give the only true history of a people. They have coined such words as jag, scoop, fake, storiette, playlet, booklet, managerial, reportorial, masher, doubtlessly, illy, casualty, underhanded, to suicide, to burglarize, to enthuse, to probate, to railroad, and hundreds of other words and phrases.

By far the heaviest contribution of new words, however, is made by science and invention. Such words as telephone, telegram, cable car, motorman, electrocute, and automobile, although coined to designate certain products of scientific invention, have become a part of the common language of the people.

Nearly all of the words and phrases which William Cullen Bryant refused to allow in the columns of the *New York Evening Post* are now in common use, and are recognized as having a place in a "reputable vocabulary." Usage governs language. There is no other standard. When Coleridge declared that one might as well use the word "shillinged" or "farthinged" as the word "talented," he very aptly illustrated the limitless possibilities of the "mother tongue" when it comes to the coinage of words.— *Chicago Record-Herald.*

**Writing Successful Plays.**— Much has been said regarding the methods by which writers of fiction evolve their novels, but, curiously, little is known of a subject of at least equal interest — the tricks and methods of playwrights.

Haddon Chambers, the author of many clever and charming plays, frankly confesses that he has no method. "So erratic am I," he declares, "that I often begin in the middle of a play and complete, say, the third act before I have the remotest idea what to put in the first. This was the case in 'The Honorable Herbert,' where the third act fashioned itself so completely in my mind that I was compelled to sit down and write it before it escaped my memory, and then I turned to the first act."

Mr. Chambers has no difficulty in finding his plots. They come to him, as he says, with almost fatal facility; but before putting pen to paper he allows the plot to simmer in his mind for at least a month, until play and characters have assumed a coherent and tangible form in his mind. Practically all of his writing is done at Westgate, for he finds London far too restless and feverish a place for quiet literary work.

Louis N. Parker equally pleads guilty to an utter lack of method in his work. "I rarely put pen to paper," he admits, "until managers begin to worry me about rehearsals and I have only three or four days left in which to produce a four-act play. Then I work practically night and day until the thing is done, with the result that I always vow I will never write another."

As for his ideas, he says that he "begs, borrows, and steals them," and then tries to find out the sort of characters that can conceivably carry them out. With the central idea and

characters settled, he finds no difficulty in weaving a story around them. When collaborating with Mr. Carson, he says, "We are really only together during the incubation stage, and this sometimes lasts only a morning."

G. R. Sims has very decided views as to how a successful melodrama should be written, and probably no one is entitled to speak with more authority on this subject. The chief thing, he says, is to get a simple story, free from complication, and with plenty of passion, pathos, humor, and lively characterization in it. Having thus got the mental skeleton, he proceeds to clothe the plot with dialogue and fill in the incidents.

As all his plays are written for special casts, he makes a point of "writing round" the individual actors who are to produce the play, and every line is written with a mental eye on the stage, which no playwright is more familiar with.

When writing in collaboration he and his colleague usually spend a week in cogitation at some charming place, such as Brighton or Monte Carlo, returning home without a single line being written.

Sydney Grundy, when he wants an idea for a new play, seeks inspiration from one of his seasoned bulldog pipes — and never in vain. But when he has got his idea the difficulty of working it out proves formidable. "I suffer from the disease of laziness," he says, "and I simply can't settle down to work until I am compelled to. But when once I start I go right ahead, working morning, noon, and night until it is finished."

Having got a suitable idea, he first plans out a very slight scenario, and begins to write with only a slight conception of his characters. Gradually, however, these assume form and reality, and before the first act is finished he is on perfectly good terms with them. When once the play is under way his brain is saturated with it, and everything else is thrown aside until it is completed. "I keep the stage in view throughout," he says, "as if it were a chess board, and get no mental rest until I have done the thing."

Some of Gilbert's best work has been suggested by very trivial incidents. The sight of a huge Japanese sword inspired "The Mikado," and W. H. Smith's appointment as first lord of the admiralty was the origin of "Pinafore." All his operas were written with a miniature copy of the Savoy stage before him, with every entrance and exit shown, and small blocks of wood, painted different colors, to represent the different voices, for actors.

There is no more methodical or conscientious worker among playwrights than Mr. Pinero. When he has a play in hand he works at it every day, quite regardless of moods; never, however, touching his pen until the evening, which he finds to be his best working time. He is in the happy position of being able to write exactly what he pleases, and never to order. He never dictates his plays, nor will he allow any one to come near him when he is writing. As for his ideas, they come to him at all times and places and are jotted down on hundreds of scraps of paper, with which his pockets are stuffed. When the play is ripe for writing he produces all these countless literary fragments, and from them evolves one of his delightful and brilliant plays.— *London Mail.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE GENIAL IN LITERATURE. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

MY OWN STORY.— IV. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

HORACE E. SCUDDER: AN APPRECIATION. Alexander V. G. Allen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

MAKERS OF THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY. Brander Matthews. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

EMERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HERMAN GRIMM. Frederick W. Holls. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

LITERARY STUNTS. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for April.

THE WORK OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Hamilton W. Mabie. *North American Review* (53 c.) for April.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: THE DRAMATIST. Arthur Wing Pinero. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE COMIC VIEW. Benjamin de Casseres. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

LIFE OUTDOORS AND ITS EFFECT UPON LITERATURE. Mabel Osgood Wright. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THEODORE BOTREL: A SINGER OF BRETON BALLADS. K. L. Ferris. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

A POET'S LIBRARY. (Gift of Richard Henry Stoddard to the Authors Club.) Carolyn Shipman. *Critic* (28 c.) for April.

THE PERMANENCE OF POETRY. Bliss Carman. *Literary World* (13 c.) for April.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND. With portrait. *Bookseller* (13 c.) for April.

EDWIN MARKHAM. With portrait. Charles Brodie Patterson. *Mind* (23 c.) for April.

CHICAGO LITERARY WOMEN. Illustrated. Edith A. Brown. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for April.

MODERN DRAMATIC REALISM. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE HIGH SCHOOLS. John M. Berdan. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. Dr. Axel Emil Gibson. *Arena* (28 c.) for April.

FRANK NORRIS. W. S. Rainsford. *World's Work* (28 c.) for April.

CONFESSIONS OF A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. Wolf von Schierbrand. *World's Work* (28 c.) for April.

JOHN FISKE AS A POPULAR HISTORIAN. H. Morse Stephens. *World's Work* (28 c.) for April.

SAMUEL JOHNSON: PHILOSOPHER AND AUTOCRAT. Illustrated. T. M. Parrott, William Lyon Phelps, and Julian Hawthorne. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

THE ART OF READING. Lewis E. Gates. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

SOME AMERICAN HUMOROUS ARTISTS. II.—Henry Mayer, T. S. Sullivant, Louis Dalrymple, Gus Dirks, and Arthur Young. Illustrated. Thomas E. Curtis. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

MY SHAKESPEARE AUTOGRAPH BOOK. Illustrated from fac-similes. George J. Beesley. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENTS AND POSSIBILITIES OF THE STAGE. David Belasco. *New Metropolitan* (18 c.) for April.

THE PROPHET-POET OF NORWAY (Björnsterne Björnson). Louise Parks Richards. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for April.

HOGARTH. Illustrated. John La Farge. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for April.

NATURE LOVERS AMONG THE POETS OF ANCIENT GREECE.—II. John Vance Cheney. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for April.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. AMELIA E. BARR. Illustrated. Isabel Gordon Curtis. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for April.

HOW ZOLA OVERCAME INDOLENCE. *Success* (13 c.) for April.

HOW TO FORM A LIBRARY. Richard Le Gallienne. *Success* (13 c.) for April.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LEADER. T. H. S. Escott. Reprinted from the *London Quarterly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 7.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF OLD BOOKS. J. P. Hobson. Reprinted from the *Leisure Hour* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 7.

GERMS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. Alex. Innes Shand. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 14.

MERE WORDS. Harold Ismay. Reprinted from *Longman's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 14.

ANATOLE FRANCE ON CHILDHOOD. Paul Mantoux. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for March 28.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. Howells's forthcoming book will be his sixtieth.

Richard Burton, formerly professor of literature at the University of Minnesota, is now literary adviser of the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, has joined the staff of the *Saturday Review* of London.

In the two volumes devoted to the "Life and Letters of Edgar Allan Poe," by James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, the letters are collected from scattered sources for the first time, while the biography is new, and makes use of the most recent data on Poe's career.

Mrs. Burnett says that she was writing fairy tales when she was only seven years old. At the age of eleven she wrote her first published story. It was not published until she was fifteen, but it was the same story that she wrote at eleven.

"The Song at Midnight," is the title of a new book of poems by Mary M. Adams, wife of Charles Kendall Adams, the historical writer. While this book was in press Professor Adams died, and four months later, just as the proofs had been sent to her, Mrs. Adams died.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch's novel, "The Missing Man," has been dramatized by William J. McKiernan, of Newark, N. J.

"Lucas Malet" (Mrs. Harrison) has become a convert to Catholicism.

A new monthly magazine has made its appearance in Pittsburg, the *People's Magazine*, published by the People's Publishing Company, at Forbes and Magee streets.

*Opportunity* (St. Paul) is a new magazine something like *Success*.

*Murdoch's Illustrated Monthly* is a new magazine published at Pittsburg.

Grant E. Hamilton, cartoonist, and W. J. Merrill, business manager of *Judge*, have resigned their positions, and with W. J. Arkell, who left *Judge* two years ago, have formed the Arkell Company, with quarters at 35 West Twenty-first street, New York. They will publish comic papers, under the names *Just Fun*, the *Foolish Book*, the *Fun Quarterly*, and *Smiles*. The first two are to be monthly publications.

*Vim* (New York) is a newcomer in the magazine field, devoted to "Physical Culture, Health, Philosophy, and Mental Force."

*Educational Science*, issued by the University of Cincinnati, is a new magazine designed as "a digest of current thought on education."

John Wanamaker has sold *Everybody's Magazine* (New York) to a new corporation, the Ridgway-Thayer Company, composed of Erman J. Ridgway, John Adams Thayer, and G. W. Wilder. The June number will bear the imprint of the new concern. Mr. Ridgway has for several years been connected with Frank A. Munsey, and is at present vice-president of the Frank A. Munsey Company. Mr. Thayer is a director of the Butterick Publishing Company, publishers of the *Delineator* and other fashion magazines; he was formerly connected with the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The other member of the corporation, Mr. Wilder, is the president of the Butterick company.

*Current History* has been incorporated in *Current Literature* (New York).

The *Philharmonic* (Chicago) has absorbed *Four O'Clock*, *Werner's Magazine*, and *Music*.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* (Chicago) is dead.

*Shaw's Magazine* (Chicago) offers prizes of five dollars, three dollars, and two dollars for the best amateur photographs sent in each month.

*Country Life in America* (New York) offers eight prizes of thirty dollars each for the best gardening articles representing the working out of any idea suggested by the March or April numbers of the magazine.

The *Critic* is offering prizes in books for ideas regarding the improvement of the magazine.

Rector K. Fox and Pitts Duffield are the heads of a new firm which is to engage in a general publishing business in New York under the style, Fox, Duffield, & Company.

Harper & Brothers have taken over the entire business of R. H. Russell, the New York publisher. Mr. Russell says: "The tendency of modern business has convinced me that it is only a question of time when a publisher, doing a limited business, with an organization necessarily small, and without the advantage of periodicals under his direction, will be unable to compete successfully with a larger house having these accessories."

The *Standard* (Chicago) for March 7 was a Fiftieth Anniversary Number, and had interesting illustrated articles telling how the *Standard* is made (with portraits of the members of the staff) and recounting the history of Baptist journalism in the West.

The story, "Wee Macgreegor," was offered to a publisher for $50. The publisher refused it; then the author, a newspaper man, printed it at his own expense, and cleared $15,000 on it in six weeks.

Joseph Henry Shorthouse died in London March 4, aged sixty-nine.

Lieutenant-Colonel George F. R. Henderson died in Egypt March 6.

Miss Virna Woods died at Sacramento, California, March 6.

Andrew C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle" and "J. P. Mowbray") died at Monsey, N. Y., March 10, aged sixty-eight.

Miss Amelia Duchemin, editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, died at Malden, Mass., March 11.

James H. Connelly died in New York March 15, aged sixty-three.

Charles Godfrey Leland died at Florence, Italy, March 20, aged seventy-eight.

Very Rev. Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, died in London, March 22, aged seventy-one.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, MAY, 1903. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## HINTS ABOUT WRITING FICTION.

A satisfactory text-book of the art of fiction is perhaps impossible. Some attempts have been made in this direction, but the books are all inadequate, because, for one reason, instruction must be largely by example, and example in this case means more extended quotation than the limits of any volume will allow. The best any teacher of fiction-writing can do is to lay down a few general principles, and illustrate them to some extent by brief quotations and references to standard stories. Indirectly some help to the student of the art of fiction may be given by guidance in fiction study, and several excellent books treating of the novel, its history, and its development, have been written. Among the most useful are "The English Novel," by Walter Raleigh; "The Development of the English Novel," by Wilbur L. Cross; Dunlop's "History of Prose Fiction"; "The Evolution of the English Novel," by F. H. Stoddard; "The English Novel," by Sidney Lanier; "Philosophy of Fiction in Literature," by D. G. Thompson; Zola's "Le Roman Expèrimental"; "The Novel: What Is It?" by F. Marion Crawford; Sir Walter Besant's lecture on "The Art of Fiction," and the essay in rejoinder by Henry James; "The Philosophy of the Short-Story," by Brander Matthews; "Short-Story Writing," by C. R. Barrett; and "The Story Teller's Art," by Miss Charity Dye. One who has studied these books and reflected upon the principles of criticism laid down in them has learned a good deal about the technique of fiction — as much, perhaps, as may be learned from books. A notable addition to the list of helpful books of this class has recently been made in "A Study of Prose Fiction," by Bliss Perry,* formerly lecturer on prose fiction at Princeton, and now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. As a scholar of fine cultivation, a writer of fiction, a lecturer upon it, and a magazine editor compelled to examine critically many thousands of manuscripts, Mr. Perry is peculiarly well fitted to discuss the principles of the art of fiction writing, and his book is one which story writers generally should not fail to read. Intended primarily for readers of fiction interested in the art, it contains many suggestions which fiction writers will find helpful in their work.

The task of the story writer is well defined by Guy de Maupassant in the frequently quoted passage from the preface of "Pierre et Jean": "The public is composed of numerous groups who say to us [novelists]: 'Console me, — make me sad, — make me sentimental, — make me dream, — make me laugh, — make me tremble, — make me weep, — make me think.' But there are some chosen spirits who demand of the artist: 'Make for me something *fine*, in the form which suits you best, following your own temperament.'" Realizing the variety of tastes among readers to whom he may appeal, the writer who is trying to learn by study of famous fiction must

* A STUDY OF PROSE FICTION. By Bliss Perry. 406 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

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first consider how he may study to the best advantage. Mr. Perry is of the opinion that one cannot begin the study of prose fiction more profitably than by endeavoring to grasp the relations between the story writer's art and the art of narrative poetry. Then the affiliations of fiction with the drama must be made clear through a study of such questions as the general similarity in the construction of the novel and the play, and the advantages and disadvantages of substituting the novelist's indirect methods of narration and description for the direct representation of action by means of the stage. Then it is natural to pass to a detailed study of the content of fiction, a study, that is, of character, plot, and setting, in themselves and as interrelated. Methods of character delineation must be observed; stationary and developing characters compared; the relation of main and subordinate characters noted. The nature of tragic and comic collisions must be analyzed; the infinitely varied ways of tangling and untangling the skein of plot reduced to some classification. The circumstances or events enveloping the action of the story — whether it be set in some focal point of history or merely keyed to a quiet landscape — must be accurately perceived. Setting and plot and character, whether analyzed separately or grasped in their artistic relations to one another, must further be discussed in connection with the personality of the fiction-writer — so far as the outward facts of his life have affected his creative processes or moulded his imagination. Finally the writer must study the way in which differences in the nature of material and differences in personality have resulted in the development of the varying forms of fiction. Each writer's thoughts, dreams, convictions, must be put into words. His mastery of expression is the final element that determines his rank as an artist, and there is thus suggested to the student an endlessly curious investigation of matters of technique and style.

Leslie Stephen said: "A novelist is on the border-line between poetry and prose, and novels should be as it were prose saturated with poetry." Mr. Perry begins his study of fiction by noting the affiliations of prose fiction with poetry. The writer-student may get a useful hint from the suggestion that many novels contain lyrical passages, — that is, episodes of heightened personal feeling, transports of happiness, anguish, or exaltation, which owe their inspiration to the same causes as those which produce, in the case of a poet, lyric poetry. Fiction and poetry, moreover, have common material. Novelist and poet alike are primarily interested in human life; both care first of all for persons. Both of them must, to compass any high artistic achievement, be thinkers. They must be able to generalize from specific examples. "Both may be seers, but the novelist is compelled by the very terms of his art to say what he sees, while the poet sings it."

Considering fiction and the drama, Mr. Perry begins by noting that both novel and drama have for their object the exhibition of characters in action. The element of external action is less necessary to the novel, because the author can describe mental attitudes instead of visualizing them for the eye of the spectator. But it is through action — tangible, visible action upon the stage, or in the novel action suggested by the medium of words — that the characters of the play and the novel are ordinarily revealed. What is more, there are marked similarities in the general construction — the architecture, so to say — of the two literary forms. In both play and novel, for instance, it is the first task of the author to explain the characters and circumstances which are essential to an understanding of the plot. The first act of a play is spoken of as the act containing the "exposition." The opening chapter of a novel, or the first lines of a short story, have a precisely similar function to perform. The novelist may be more deliberate, and tells us more, leaving us less often to our own inferences, than the playwright. But whatever may be the differences in technique, both novelist and dramatist are bent first of all upon introducing their characters.

"Then comes, commonly in the middle or toward the end of the first act of the play, and not far from the beginning of a well-constructed tale, what is called the 'exciting (or 'inciting') force' or 'moment.' Something happens, and even though this happening may be apparently

insignificant, it begins to affect the entire course of the plot. The Ghost appears to Hamlet; the witches confront Macbeth; Cassius talks with Brutus; the clash of interest begins; the lines of party or of faction, of individual ambition or resolve, are suddenly apparent. In the tale this 'moment'—the little weight that turns the scale—is frequently quite undramatic and unimpressive, but it can usually be pointed out. In 'Pendennis' it is where the Major receives the letter from his sister which tells about Arthur's infatuation for Miss Fotheringay. In 'The House of Seven Gables' it is the opening of the shop after all the years of dust and silence. . . . No sooner are the currents of action fairly flowing, both in play and in novel, than their speed and power perceptibly increase. Throughout the second and into the third act of a five-act play, we witness what Freytag called the 'heightening'; that is, not merely quickened movement, but more passionate feeling, a closer contact of personal forces, a more violent collision of wills, a greater complication of the various threads of the plot, the entanglement of a greater number of personages in the intrigue or the achievement upon which the play is based."

"Near the middle of the typical play — commonly in the third act of a five-act drama — is what is variously called the 'highest point,' the 'turning point,' the 'climax,' or the 'grand climax.' It is the scene where the dramatic forces which are contending for the mastery are most evenly balanced. It is the point of greatest tension between the opposing powers. . . . In a tragedy the grand climax is usually immediately preceded or followed by what is called the 'tragic moment,'—the event which makes a tragic outcome unavoidable, and predooms to failure every subsequent struggle of the hero against his fate. . . . It is not often that a novel presents such striking examples of skillfully constructed climax. In the modern romance of adventure, all that is usually attempted is to invent a brisk succession of incidents and situations, designed to capture the attention of the reader by any device, rather than to conform rigidly to those technical conventions upon which the success of the playwright is constantly dependent. In the novel of manners or the novel of character, instead of a 'grand climax' there is likely to be a series of less noticeable scenes which reveal or determine the personality of the men and women involved.

"What parallel does prose fiction offer to the dramatist's handling of the 'resolution,' the 'untying' of his plot? In the so-called 'plot novel' the parallel is very close indeed. The first half of a detective story often occupies itself with knotting as firmly as possible the threads of the mystery; the second half is devoted to a skillful untangling. When the hero or heroine of fiction has once made a fatal choice, the 'fall' proceeds along precisely the same lines as in the drama."

"A practical and instructive way of comparing the technique of the novel and the drama is to study the dramatization of novels. Let the student read 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Scarlet Letter,' and other books, and watch, carefully and repeatedly, the plays that have been constructed from these stories. He will learn, better than any abstract analysis can possibly teach him, the inexorable conditions under which the playwright is obliged to work."

Considering the influence on fiction of the development of science, Mr. Perry says: "The exactness of observation which has everywhere resulted from the cultivation of the physical sciences has changed the very texture of the modern novel. Dialect stories form a convenient illustration. No novelist would now care to put into the mouths of negro characters the unheard-of sounds that passed for negro dialect in the generation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Many writers of provincial dialect have given the most detailed and painstaking effort to the study of phonetics."

In his chapter on "The Characters," Mr. Perry says: "We are accustomed to say of any work of fiction that it contains three elements of potential interest, namely: the characters, the plot, and the setting or background. . . . First, then, from what sources does the novelist draw his characters? Either he observes them directly in the actual world, or hears or reads about them and thus appropriates the experience of other persons, or, finally, he may imagine his characters. . . . A wide

acquaintance with the different forms of human nature is by no means essential to the highest achievement in character-drawing. . . . A great deal of the material of the novelist comes to him from what he hears in his conversation with others or reads in books. The latter source of information is of course of peculiar value to those story-writers who have occupied themselves primarily with history. . . . Yet it is clear that few novelists of high rank ever transfer directly to their pages the material which has reached them at second-hand through conversation or through books. Nor is it so common as we suppose to transfer directly to the pages of the story the material furnished by the writer's own observation. In proportion as he is a genuine artist his imagination plays an increasing rôle in remoulding memories of objects or persons."

"What is called in the case of the playwright indirect delineation of character has also its correspondence in fiction. 'I am no longer beautiful,' said a famous French woman; 'the sweepers no longer turn to look when I cross the street!' Something of the same effect is secured in the chapters of a story, as upon the stage, by describing not the hero and the heroine, but the effect produced by them upon the other personages."

"However real the fictitious personality may seem to the writer, he must depend upon certain artistic devices for making the characteristic traits of his personages seem real to the reader. It was the custom of Scott to devote a page or two of personal description to each character at the time of its first introduction into the story. . . . It is more common, however, to find these characterizing details, whether of outward appearance or of inner nature, presented gradually to the reader. Sometimes the characteristic trait in fiction corresponds closely to the 'gag' upon the stage; that is, a trick of speech or action obviously used to identify the character. These repeated idiosyncrasies of talk, or face, or dress, or manner, undoubtedly help to accentuate the individuality of the character, but if too exclusive reliance is placed upon them it is easy to turn them, whether in a book or upon the stage, into caricatures.

"It is extremely interesting to notice the delicate and sure touches with which masters of imaginative fiction have portrayed the characteristics of the various professions and occupations. . . . Class characteristics are also interesting to observe. It is interesting again to note that individuals in fiction frequently take on certain typical traits due to the particular rôle which the individual is to play in the story. The débutante, the dowager, the 'woman thirty years old,' the 'woman misunderstood,' have a distinct function in certain stories, and this function affects more or less directly the behavior of the individuals who have been cast for that particular rôle. The same is true of the persons who represent moral failures and triumphs. The villain, the lover, the intriguer, the heroine, are parts suggesting definite lines of character-drawing, and it is impossible to construct an individual character in fiction without regard to the conventional requirements of the rôle which the person is asked to play. Furthermore, there are typical national traits which are always to be noted, in addition to those lines of difference which we have just discussed. . . . It becomes essential, therefore, that we should distinguish closely between the individual and the type." It is an error to attempt to describe the individual by typical traits merely. "If I say that a tramp came to my back door this morning, and asked for some breakfast, and that he had torn shoes, old clothes, a slouching gait, the face of a drinker, I do not identify him in the slightest. It is obvious that to identify this particular individual I must be able to describe some peculiarity of person or costume which differentiates him from others of his class, or at least to describe such a combination of qualities and details as is not likely to be found in the case of any other tramp."

"College stories furnish an excellent example of the prevalence of a certain fashionable type, and the consequent neglect of individual portraiture. . . . Most authors of college stories content themselves, as far as character-depiction is concerned, by describing the pigeon-hole rather than the man in the pigeon-hole."

"Some of the greatest triumphs in the portrayal of character have been due to an effective sense of character-contrasts. The differ-

ences between members of the same family have been utilized with consummate effect. The same is true of those pairs or trios of friends of which the history of the drama and of the novel offers so many brilliant examples."

"It is quite impossible to conceive of characters in a novel without taking into consideration the actions in which those characters are involved. . . . In fiction, as in life, the character should be true to itself — under the given circumstances it should exhibit consistent behavior."

Taking up the question of the Plot, Mr. Perry says: "In determining the nature and the details of the action of the story, it is obvious that the novelist may draw on the same sources of knowledge which he uses in the construction of the characters. The plot may be suggested to him by his own observation, by memories of what he has heard or read, or through the pure gift of inventiveness. . . . The stories that come to one by inheritance, through half-forgotten memories of country-side legends and traditions, narratives which one dimly remembers from old books, or scraps of history and ballads, have often proved more stimulating to the constructive imagination than any hints given by actual experience.

"Plot in its simplest form may concern itself with nothing more than the progress of a single character and its development and experiences at the different stages of its career. . . . Usually, however, the plot of a story involves at least two characters. They embody different forces, different ways of facing and fighting the world's circumstances with which they are brought into collision. . . . It is far easier, however, to throw the lines of a plot into swift complication when there are at least three characters involved. The attitude of two of these characters toward the third may instantly be utilized to establish and carry forward new lines of action. . . . Such a threefold relationship inevitably involves the play of strong passions, the elements of fear, of jealousy, of danger, of surprise, of remorse; and all these are furnished as it were ready to the novelist's hand by the theme itself.

"Something has already been said about the danger of plot-determined characters. Where the plot requires a lovers' episode, the novelist is tempted to make a given man fall in love with a given woman 'upon compulsion,' even if the natures of the two persons, as well as the circumstances involved, protest against the alliance. There is no surer mark of the amateur in fiction than the fascination said to be exerted by certain characters who obviously have no fascination to exert. 'Bright ideas' come to characters who could never by any stretch of the imagination conceive of a bright idea. We are assured of the sudden access of courage, or devotion, or folly in persons in whose temperaments and characters there is no room for these traits which it becomes necessary for the unfortunate author to discover and utilize.

"Finally, the action of the story itself should be related not only to the characters themselves, but to those circumstances and events indirectly involved in the tale, and furnishing, as it were, the background and setting for it."

Mr. Perry discusses at length the setting of the story, incidentally pointing out that the modern spirit of precise observation has accomplished an immense gain in accuracy. The use of landscape as an aid in powerful emotional effects, if rightly subordinated to the human element, becomes an element of extraordinary power and charm. The landscape setting actually influences the moods of the characters, and in this way plays no inconsiderable rôle in the evolution of the plot. It is the setting of a story which often gives the deepest unity to the work as a whole. The setting is used to emphasize the fundamental idea of the book, to accentuate the theme, and to bring all the characters of the story into proper perspective.

In his chapter on "The Fiction Writer," Mr. Perry discusses the question of the moral purpose. "When a novelist sits down to write a story," he asks, "should he have a specific moral intention? Is the novel with such a purpose likely on that account to be a better novel? The chances are that it is not. If it has subordinated the artistic considerations to the exigencies of some ethical doctrine, it commonly pays the penalty. The 'novel with a purpose' has often had the instantaneous influence, the

wide currency of a pamphlet, but in a few years it shares a pamphlet's fate. The 'novel of the season' is not the novel of the generation."

In his chapter on "The Question of Form," Mr. Perry speaks of the advantages of a comparative study of fiction, to get at the secret of an author's style. "How is the student of fiction to train himself in such analysis? I know of no better method than that followed in such excellent handbooks as Minto's 'Manual of English Prose Literature' or Clark's 'English Prose Writers.' In Professor Minto's book, for example, there are careful studies of representative British authors, who are minutely examined under such headings as Life, Character, Opinions, in order to insure first of all an intelligent knowledge of the man behind the book. Then the Elements of Style are considered: The Vocabulary, its constituents and characteristics, the Sentences and Paragraphs; then the Qualities of Style, Simplicity, Clearness, Strength, Pathos, the Ludicrous, Melody, Harmony, Taste. His Figures of Speech are then analyzed and classified, and finally, taking a broader outlook, there is an estimate of the author's accomplishment in the varying kinds of composition, such as Description, Narration, Exposition, and Persuasion. Professor Clark's method of analytical study is similar in aim, although it differs in details. . . . Let the reader take a single book of any of the masters of fiction and devote a few days or weeks to writing out with the most scrupulous care such critical notes upon it as Minto and Clark have suggested. He will never regret the labor."

In the chapter on "The Short Story," reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1902, Mr. Perry asks: "What are the requirements of the short story as regards the delineation of character? Looking at the characters alone, is there any difference between the short story and the novel? There is this very obvious difference: if it is a character-story at all, the characters must be unique, original enough to catch the eye at once. Everybody knows that in a novel a commonplace person may be made interesting by deliberate, patient exposition of his various traits, precisely as we can learn to like very uninteresting persons in real life if circumstances place them day after day at our elbows. . . . But all this takes time — far more time than is at the disposal of the short-story writer. If his special theme be the delineation of character, he dare not choose colorless characters; if his theme is character-development, then that development must be hastened by striking experiences. . . . And yet it is by no means necessary that the short story should depend upon character-drawing for its effect. If its plot be sufficiently entertaining, comical, novel, thrilling, the characters may be the merest lay figures and yet the story remain an admirable work of art. . . . Nor is it otherwise if we turn to that third element of effect in fiction; namely, the circumstances or events enveloping the characters and action of the tale. The nature of the short story is such that both characters and action may be almost without significance, provided the atmosphere — the place and time — the background — is artistically portrayed. . . . It is true, of course, that many stories — and these, perhaps, of the highest rank — avail themselves of all three of these modes of impressions. But because we sometimes receive full measure, pressed down and running over, we should not forget that the cup of delight may be filled in a simpler and less wonderful way.

"This thought suggests the consideration of another aspect of our theme, namely, the opportunity which the short story as a distinct type of literature gives to the writer. We have seen indirectly that it enables him to use all his material, to spread before us any hints in the fields of character, or action, or setting, which his note-book may contain. Henry James's stories very often impress one as chips from the workshop where his novels were built. It is obvious, likewise, that the short story gives the young writer most valuable experience at the least loss of time. He can tear up and try again. Alas! if he would only do so a little oftener!"

Successful short-story writing "calls for visual imagination of a high order: the power to see the object; to penetrate to its essential nature; to select the one characteristic trait by which it may be represented." The novelist has many opportunities to describe his heroine in various situations. "The short-story writer,

on the other hand, has but the one chance. His task, compared with that of the novelist, is like bringing down a flying bird with one bullet, instead of banging away with a whole handful of bird-shot and having another barrel in reserve. Study the descriptive epithets in Stevenson's short stories. How they bring down the object! What an eye! And what a hand! No adjective that does not paint a picture or record a judgment!"

"An imagination that penetrates to the very heart of the matter; a verbal magic that re-creates for us what the imagination has seen — these are the tests of the tale-teller's genius."

"Here is a form of literature easy to write and easy to read. The author is often paid as much for a story as he earns from the copyright of a novel, and it costs him one-tenth the labor. The multiplication of magazines and other periodicals creates a constant market with steadily rising prices."

Mr. Perry's chapter discussing "Present Tendencies of American Fiction" is suggestive to the novel writer looking for a theme. He says: "That there will be very shortly — if indeed there is not already — a reaction against over-production of Colonial, Revolutionary, and other types of American historical fiction, cannot be doubted. But this is chiefly because the supply has temporarily outrun the demand. The story of our own ancestors and their struggles upon American soil will never lose its essential fascination, when depicted not by a horde of imitative weaklings, but by masters of the fictive art. The marvellous epic of the settlement of the western half of the continent stills waits an adequate recital. We have already a legion of Civil War stories, and yet we have not begun to see the wealth of material which that epoch holds for the true imaginative artist. The romance of labor, of traffic, of politics, in our strangely-composite civilization has been perceived by a few writers; but how much is still to be told! For American social life is changing, taking account of itself before our eyes, readjusting itself, and a thousand subtle, delightful, forceful themes are thus laid open to the novelist. . . . The human spirit changes, widens, grows richer and more beautiful with the infinite years of man's history upon this planet. And over against this wonderful process of development stands the novelist, himself a part of it all, and yet one of its interpreters. If, watching that changing human spectacle, he finds no story to tell, discovers no charm, or beauty, or solemnity, it is not because these things are not there, but because his eyes are holden."

Not the least valuable part of Mr. Perry's book is the appendix, containing practical suggestions for the study of fiction to the best advantage. The student is guided by a full bibliography, a list of topics for study, suggestions for original work in construction and practice in analysis, and review questions. Writers should be particularly interested in the rules given for practice work in construction, which are as follows: —

1. Read the opening chapters of any novel until you feel sure that the main characters are all introduced; then block out a plot which shall accord with your view of the characters.

2. Read until the complication is well advanced; then block out the remainder of the plot.

3. Read until you are sure the catastrophe is imminent; then sketch in detail a catastrophe which shall harmonize with the foregoing plot.

4. Construct a diagram of a plot involving but two or three persons, indicating the lines of complication, the climax or turning point, and the dénoûement.

5. Construct a similar diagram, indicating the situations or steps by which the action advances to the climax and thence to the catastrophe.

6. Describe a room or a house so that each detail shall serve to indicate the character of the occupant.

7. Write a conversation which indirectly reveals a character; describe an action which directly reveals a character.

8. Describe an important situation, sketching briefly the antecedent and subsequent plot-movement.

9. Write a closing chapter, indicating the steps by which it is reached.

10. Describe a group of characters suitable for a sub-plot, with the briefest indication of their connection with the main plot.

BOSTON, Mass. *William H. Hills.*

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

***THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. BOX 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. MAY, 1903. NO. 5.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The great mass of material about Emerson that will be published in newspapers and magazines this month ought to be winnowed and worked over by somebody who is competent to make a book including all the best of it. Enough time has elapsed since the death of Emerson so that he can be seen in true perspective, and so much new matter concerning him will be brought out by the observance of his centenary that an ideal biography could be written now.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Wilkins-Freeman has resumed her maiden name, so far as book-publishing is concerned, and her new volume has simply Mary E. Wilkins on the title-page. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Townsend is another author whose full name is not used by her publishers. There is no good reason why an author should change her signature in publishing when she marries, and there are many business reasons for retaining the name with which the public has become familiar. A well-known name has value, and a woman writer will do well to regard the name under which she has won reputation as a pseudonym after she is married. Just as Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan became generally known she married Mr. Rice, but she would have done better to continue to use her maiden name in publishing than to use the name Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice, as she has done. Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam has recently announced her desire to drop the "Dodge" from her signature, which is well if she does not intend to add her husband's name when she becomes shortly Mrs. Selden Bacon. Kate Douglas Wiggin is known to her friends as Mrs. Riggs, but she wisely continues to write for the public under her former name, following the example of many other women authors who have married. Men have even less reason than women for changing the names under which they have become generally known as authors. Ernest Thompson Seton, for example, was guilty of a business blunder when he changed his name to Ernest Seton Thompson. One result is that many well-informed people find difficulty in remembering which of the two names he wishes to be called by now.

* * *

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder thinks that Mrs. Humphry Ward is the best-paid of living novelists. She has no exact information, but she believes that Harper & Brothers paid Mrs. Ward at least $25,000 for the serial rights of "Lady Rose's Daughter," and that the book

royalties added to this will increase the novelist's income from this story to more than $150,000. Almost equally fortunate is Conan Doyle, whose publishers say that English and American magazines have jointly agreed to pay him $9,000 each for twelve stories of ten thousand words each. This payment is at the rate of $900 a thousand words — almost a dollar a word. And yet some people think that Rudyard Kipling is the most business-like of modern authors. W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

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|---|---|
| Hon. John T. Boifeullet, of Macon, is in the city, stopping at the Kimball.—*Atlanta Constitution.* | Hon. John T. Boifeullet, of Macon, is staying at the Kimball. |
| The contents of the *Studio* is agreeably suited to the season.—*Press Notice.* | The contents of the *Studio* are agreeably suited to the season. |

## THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

"I christen you Shamrock III. May God bless you and may you bring back the cup."

So said the Countess of Shaftesbury, as she dashed the beribboned bottle against the bow of Sir Tommy's challenger, as the craft went sliding down the ways at Dumbarton. The language of the Countess is justified by popular usage, but not by the best of taste. A christening is a religious ceremony, strictly speaking, and that designation applies only in cases where a name is given to a person in the name of Christ. The other day when our latest new cruiser was launched, the daughter of the Mayor of Chattanooga said:—

"I name you Chattanooga."

And she was formally congratulated by a bishop standing by upon having used the right word, instead of the more common one.—*Boston Herald.*

Here is a list of words and phrases that according to the *London Academy* should be tabooed: Succulent bivalve, sacred edifice, devouring element, well-earned rest, pronounced life extinct, no reason can be assigned for the rash act, scene of her former triumphs, young lady of prepossessing appearance, ample justice, tables literally groaned, numerous and costly wedding presents, Johnson the great lexicographer, the Swan of Avon, the Wizard of the North, the Sage of Chelsea, it is interesting to note, I crave a portion of your valuable space anent a question which is in evidence, rush into print, comes as something in the nature of a surprise, woo the muse, a place not mentioned in polite society, apologizing for taking up so much of your valuable space.

We add to this list: Willing hands, caught red-handed, among the prominent persons present, gallant fire laddies, a gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned, a lady of an uncertain age.—*Boston Transcript.*

## AVOID STRAINING YOUR EYES.

Whenever your eyes begin to ache or feel tired, close them, and hold a handkerchief over them for about a minute. Continue this practice at intervals until your eyes are entirely rested. Some writers strain their eyes by glaring at objects in front of them while in deep study. Avoid straining your eyes by keeping them open constantly while studying. Remember, when you strain your eyes you injure your brain and entire system. If it is necessary for you to wear glasses, get the best that can be procured, and wear them constantly. Read the article on "Eye Strain" in THE WRITER for February, and read it once every month, and take warning by it. Remember loss of sight means the loss of health and physical darkness. *Arthur W. Atkinson.*

LYNN, Mass.

## CLYDE FITCH ON PLAYWRITING.

An interesting talk with Clyde Fitch about playwriting is reported in the *Boston Transcript.* Being asked what he regarded as the most essential qualifications of the playwright, without a moment's hesitation he replied: "An inborn dramatic instinct, first of all; then an intuitive perception of dramatic movement and effect, as distinguished from the method of the novelist. Without this there is nothing. This instinct may be developed, of course, otherwise there would be no growth in the dramatist's power and skill, but it must first be of the genuine quality. When I got out of

college I was writing stories for children. A friend suggested that I try to write a play around a historical figure for a certain well-known actor. I ridiculed the idea. I had never thought of playwriting, and the idea seemed to me silly in the extreme. But finally I drew up a scenario and fortunately it was approved at once. When I turn back to-day to that scenario, crude as it was, I see that it clearly showed a true dramatic sense. This was, as I say, intuitive, since I had made no attempt to acquire it. Of course, the arithmetic of playwriting may be learned — the mechanical methods of producing intended effects, but the dramatic instinct must be innate.

"Probably it is because every one has some consciousness of the dramatic instinct that makes almost every living creature imagine it can write plays. Failure may be due to the crudeness of this instinct or to an undeveloped technique. The only way to find out is to go ahead and write. Time will tell. You know, it has a way of dispelling illusions."

"What is the best way to market the new play?"

"Well," said Mr. Fitch, "don't count on the managers. They are, with a few exceptions, almost impregnable. They seldom read plays themselves, but employ Readers — picked up, as likely as not, from behind some bargain counter — who are usually failures as playwrights themselves, and whose judgment is worthless. As a result the good plays are lost with the bad ones. There is scarcely a successful play to-day that has not passed through the hands of scores of these Readers who rejected it."

Only those who remember the desperate fortunes of "Nathan Hale," "Lovers' Lane," "The Climbers," and many other popular successes, can fully appreciate the truth of Mr. Fitch's words. The best way to approach the managers, he believed, is through the actors themselves. Once get an actor or actress interested in a play and one may rest assured the managers will hear of it; and if they have faith in their actors, they will very likely take hold of the play.

"But how can one hope for the good play ever to be found among the flood of poor ones?"

Mr. Fitch mused a moment, and then said: "Yes, that is the tragedy of it all. It is the waiting and waiting and — hoping for the chance that will bring it recognition. But there is no other way. After all, do we get anything of value in life without working and waiting for it?

"It is commonly supposed also that after one's first success the rest is plain sailing. As a rule, perhaps, this is true, but it is by no means certain. In my own case, after I had had as many as four distinct successes, when my position might have been thought secure, there came a period of nearly six years when I could get no plays accepted. The managers were all afraid of the same plays that have since been successful. They would come to me begging for plays, and when I said, 'Why, certainly,' and handed them 'The Climbers' from my desk, they received it with delight. But when they opened the manuscript the smile faded, they stammered their regrets, and suddenly recalled an engagement at the club.

"I lost heart and almost concluded the game was not worth while. No one seemed to want my plays, and I began to think of some other line of work."

"The truth is," he continued, "I had too much of what one might call boyish pride. I could not follow the managers and actors around. I would not sit on their doorsteps. It went too much against the grain. Well while I was in this frame of mind I read a story that proved the turning point of my life. It was about a dramatist who followed a manager into a Turkish bath, in the belief that anybody would be sufficiently bored by a Turkish bath to listen to anything. This amused me so that I decided to make one more trial. I wrote to an actor whom I had unsuccessfully tried to meet several times before. Reluctantly he granted me an interview the following week. Then I grew very bold. I told him next week would not do; that if I did not see him the next day I should sell the play to another prominent actor. Accordingly, I was invited — or rather permitted — to see him the next day. But even at the theatre the actor tried to divert me from my purpose of talking about

'Nathan Hale.' Without inviting me to sit down, he tried to interest me in the beauties of his English home, pointing out some rare hangings of the interior.

"'Ah, yes,' I persisted, 'but speaking of this play —'

"'And notice the beautiful landscape, too —'

"'Enter "Nathan Hale."'

"Mr. Goodwin capitulated, and before he had heard it half through he accepted the play."

From that time on Mr. Fitch's success has been uninterrupted.

"Is it true Mr. Fitch, that you use the checker board as an aid when constructing your plays?"

The playwright laughed and sank feebly into the depths of his chair, the picture of comical despair. Then he spoke seriously.

"No. Some playwrights use dummies of various sorts to help in working out the plot, but I have never used devices of this kind, as I always found my imagination vivid enough to keep everything in mind. I visualize clearly. As to method, I have none — and I am not sure I would tell it if I had. The only thing in the world I take seriously is my work. It is easy to imagine the whole world hanging on what you intend to do next, but it keeps me busy enough watching that I don't slip down and out.

"No, the method of work is simply the manner of the man, and is of no more interest to others than any other peculiarity, because it is something that cannot be imparted. You may be sure that no person who has to be supplied with a method of work will ever make a playwright. Every writer evolves his own method, and it will be the natural expression of his temperament. Practice alone will teach a man the best method for himself. My own method is bad, I suppose, because it is really a lack of method. I write whenever I feel that I can write, and at any odd moment. It may be for an hour in the morning, three hours in the evening, or if I catch a good idea I may write in my lap on the train. This practice certainly helps to develop one's spontaneity, at least, which is a very essential thing. That is why I stop writing when I get tired, as I never try to force myself after I have ceased to express freely."

This naturally suggested the much-mooted question of the number of plays a dramatist should properly try to produce in a year.

"It is a favorite criticism," he said, "that quality must necessarily be sacrificed to quantity. In the abstract this would seem to be true, but this, just like the peculiar method of work, must depend on the man. I have been much criticised for producing too rapidly, but this is the method of expression natural to me. Being of a nervous, active temperament, it is natural for me to compose rapidly; and it is doubtful if I would do better work if I wrote more slowly. If a lifetime is good for, say, twenty plays, one man may write them all in a period of five years, while another may stretch them over a period of forty. Each would be following the bent of his temperament, and each might be equally efficient. If a man has a definite idea and can express it quickly, why need he take a year to do it?"

"What is your usual starting point in the construction of a play — do you see it as a whole?"

"Very seldom. A play, like life itself, and any work of art, is a growth. Very frequently it outgrows all semblance to its original form in the playwright's mind — he begins with one play and ends with another. This is because if one's characters are real, their actions cannot always be anticipated, and they take the bit in their own mouths. My first conception usually is that of one or more given characters in a given critical situation. From this point the play grows backward as well as forward.

"Usually I think over a play about a year before I set about it on paper. I let it lie fallow in my mind, elaborating it and changing it until I have a fairly well defined idea of its completed action. Then I begin to write and put it on paper very rapidly.

"For instance, I have a play in mind now that I am under contract to deliver next September. I have not yet written a word of it, but when once I begin I expect to put it into shape in about three weeks. Of course, I occasionally put down snatches of dialogue when they occur to me, if they seem especially good,

and lay them aside to use later. Naturally, some good ideas are also lost before I get to the writing point. The distinct advantage I find in this method is that it is very seldom necessary to cut after the play is completed."

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Barr.**—"My novels are not the outcome wholly of imagination," says Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. "Every book I have written represents much study. Before I put a pen to paper I familiarize myself perfectly with the history, the manner, the costumes, the life of the period I plan to put in a story. When I began to write I haunted the Astor library studying constantly. So familiar did I become with its shelves that I made an index of my own, one which permitted me to find more easily the books I wanted. Frequently the attendants would come to me and ask for aid to find some volume which their index did not readily discover. That was the Astor library of eighteen years ago, you understand.

"Before I began to write 'The Lion's Whelp,' I read for four months constantly nothing but Cromwellian literature, eighty-two volumes, till I knew the England of three hundred years ago most intimately; then I began work. With my plot and its setting of scenery and manners well in mind, I can write so rapidly that it is rarely a word has to be altered in editing. I do my work in the early part of the day. During the beautiful mornings of spring and summer, you might find our household astir at daylight and the breakfast table set on the broad piazza at five o'clock. After breakfast and a constitutional in the fine bracing air, I go to my study and work steadily till noon. As a rule, my thoughts flow as quickly as my pen will put them on paper. If they do not, I turn to the Hebrew prophets, whose sublimity of language calms the mind and inspires. I never touch a pen after noontime. Dinner is followed by an hour or two of restful sleep. I believe implicitly in the midday siesta of the tropics."—*Good Housekeeping.*

**Bayly.**—The death of Ada Ellen Bayly—to give "Edna Lyall" her real name—has *brought out many* interesting particulars regarding her. She was a quiet little woman, of an intensely religious turn of mind, and found less enjoyment in playing the "lion" than in laboring with the class of working girls whom she used to receive every Sunday afternoon at her seaside home at Bournemouth. She worked continuously, but for the last few years of her life was obliged to confine herself to a rather small quantity of work each day, on account of ill health. It will be a surprise to most people to hear that both "Donovan" and "Won by Waiting," her first published works, proved complete failures until the success of "We Two" aroused interest in them.—*Denver Republican.*

**Besant.**—Nobody understood the practical issues of a literary career more thoroughly than did Sir Walter Besant. He has left us intimate details of his personal expenses, and it is obvious that in his case the struggle was not particularly tragic. As far as his example is concerned, it should not encourage any human being to attempt literary work as a sole means of livelihood. He could afford to wait, and he understood the art of waiting. The following details show that the delay was not intolerable:—

"My rent was £40 a year; my laundress, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners—it is a great mistake not to feed well—cost me about thirty shillings a week. Altogether I could live very well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The same thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent; not to worry about to-morrow, and not to be compelled to do pot-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money."

His rules for conduct in literature may be deduced from the following:—

"1. I was not dependent on literature; I could spend time on my work.

"2. I began by producing a book on the subject on which I desired to be a specialist. The work had a succès d'estime, and in a sense made my literary fortune.

"3. This book opened the doors for me of magazines and reviews.

"4. The knowledge of French matters also opened the door of the daily press for me.

"5. I followed up the line by a second book on the same subject. The press were again, on the whole, very civil."—*Chambers's Journal.*

**Cobb.**— Among the minor English novelists none is better known than Thomas Cobb. Mr. Cobb's method of work is painstaking, if nothing more. He sits down at his desk at about a quarter past eight in the morning, and labors uninterruptedly at his manuscript until noon—a span of about four hours — which he considers a fairly good day's work. Frequently he writes the bulk of a novel three or four or even five times, and he always writes it twice. This, of course, means hard labor; but as he works systematically, he gets through a good deal. As a rule, he uses a typewriter, employing a pen only for corrections. Some reviewers have described Mr. Cobb's work as "superficial," a criticism to which he takes strong exception. His theory is that as in actual life we are necessarily compelled to judge persons by their speech and appearance, so in a novel, if the author reports (with a difference) the one and describes the other, he gives a sufficient clew to that within, which is, of course, the character.— *Boston Transcript.*

**Flaubert.**— Most people know what infinite pains Gustave Flaubert took in fostering the literary style of his pupil, De Maupassant, and had surmised therefrom that he must have pruned and polished his own work quite as laboriously. Proof of the correctness of this suggestion is now forthcoming from a French writer who has just been permitted to examine Flaubert's unpublished papers, and who has written an essay on the author's "labor of style." He is especially interesting when he describes Flaubert's treatment of the administration of the extreme unction to the heroine in "Madame Bovary," a piece of writing which many critics have pronounced almost perfect. Flaubert wrote this description five times in succession, and the last draft was as different as possible from the first. To begin with, the author set down only his general idea. He afterward elaborated it, and finally cut out different parts. Concerning the final draft, the French critic says: "In the fourth, he said everything he thought possible to say, while in the fifth and last, he said everything he thought possible to say in the fewest possible words."— *London Letter, in the Indianapolis News.*

**Garrison.**—Theodosia Pickering Garrison admits that she began to write verse when she was seven years old. "I wrote in a yellow, ink-stained copy-book, and it had an owl on the cover. When I had reached the mature age of sixteen, I wrote a poem entitled 'Christmas Bells,' and when I saw it in print, in a little local publication called *Town Talk*, I wept in shame." In 1896, Theodosia Pickering married Joseph Garrison, a New York lawyer, and since that time she and her husband have occupied a cosey little apartment near the Park, in West Eighty-eighth street, where they give cordial welcome to their many friends. Mrs. Garrison reflected a moment when I asked her how she found time for her writing. "I don't know how I do it," she confessed. "I write at any odd moment I may have, before breakfast, while dressing for dinner, and late at night—whenever I find the time. I don't think verse writing is difficult—it just comes." To illustrate her extreme facility, a friend of hers told me that on a day's notice she wrote "The King's Chamber," a poem which won a prize of $250. Mrs. Garrison was at Long Branch. Her poem reached New York on the last day of a contest, and won the prize out of 1,200 competitors.—*Bertha C. Crowell, in the Boston Transcript.*

**Hawthorne.** — At an auction sale in Boston April 7 of the library of the late E. P. Whipple, the critic, $147.50 was paid for a letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, dated West Newton, May 2, 1852, to Mr. Whipple, asking him to read the copy of "The Blithedale Romance" and suggest an appropriate name. It appears from this letter that Hawthorne had nearly hit upon the title, but it is probable that the final name of the volume was suggested by Mr. Whipple. The letter reads in part:—

"Behold a huge bundle of scribble which you have thoughtlessly promised to look over! If you find it beyond your powers, send it over

to Ticknor at once, and let him send it to the Devil! Nobody has yet read it except my wife. . . . I wish you would help me to choose a name. I have put 'Hollingsworth' on the title-page, but that is not irrevocable, although, I think, the best that has occurred to me — as presenting the original figure about which the rest of the book clustered itself.

"Here are some others — 'Blithedale' — all well enough, but with no positive merit or suitability; 'Miles Coverdale's Three Friends'— this title comprehends the book, but rather clumsily; 'The Veiled Lady'— too melodramatic, and besides, I do not wish to give prominence to that feature of the romance; 'Priscilla'— she is such a shrinking damsel that it seems hardly fair to thrust her into the vanguard and make her the standard bearer; 'The Blithedale Romance'— that would do in lack of a better; 'The Arcadian Summer'— not a taking title."

**Hotchkiss.**—Chauncey C. Hotchkiss has his own fads and fancies in the manner of working. He generally takes the climax of his plot and works backward from it until he has his story roughly outlined. Then for a month or two he searches out data bearing on the events and localities, and begins his novel, composing with lead-pencil in a common blank book that can be carried in the pocket, and using each alternate page, leaving the other for interpolations. This is almost illegible to all but himself, and from it he makes his one and final copy on the typewriter, correcting and strengthening as he progresses. He is of a nervous temperament, and cannot dictate to a stenographer nor compose while another person is in the room. His daily stint is about one thousand words, and he maintains that few men, writing creative matter, can do more than that, day after day, and have the result worth reading.

Mr. Hotchkiss is a man now in the prime of life. He is a great reader, but his only practical literary training was gained on a country newspaper owned by his uncle. When he returned to New York he studied photography in in its special branches and for more than thirteen years was surgical photographer for the New York hospital and part of that time for the Roosevelt hospital in the days when Dr. McBurney was its leading light. His health becoming affected, he cut all bridges connecting him with commercial life and launched again into literature.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Stannard.** — Struggling authors should note that it was only after ten years of incessant work that Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") scored a real, big success. They should also lay to heart the fact that "Bootles" was rejected by six London editors, who, one would think, must since often have yearned to kick themselves. Soon after her marriage, Mr. Stannard, who relieves her of a heavy burden by looking after all her business interests, found the story in a box of manuscript, read it, liked it, and suggested that he should send it to the *Graphic.* Mrs. Stannard, mindful of its previous receptions, answered — may one say it — pettishly: "Send it to Paradise if you like, for it is quite as likely to get into one as the other." Not long afterward she one day picked up a horseshoe in the road, and carried it home "for luck." On the hall table she found awaiting her a letter of acceptance from the *Graphic.*—*Mainly About People.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THOMAS ARNOLD THE YOUNGER. With bas-relief portrait. William T. Arnold. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

NOTABLE WOMEN: MADAME BLANC ("Th. Bentzon"). With portrait. Mrs. Fields. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

OUR INHERITANCE IN EMERSON. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c) for May.

A LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT'S SISTER ABOUT "LITTLE WOMEN." *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for May.

THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL — EMERSON AND TRANSCENDENTALISM. Illustrated. George Willis Cooke. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

JEAN DE BLOCH AND "THE FUTURE OF WAR." With portrait. Edwin D. Mead. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for May.

EMERSON AS A RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE. George A. Gordon. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

MY OWN STORY.—V. J. T. Trowbridge. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

THE BOOK AND THE PLACE. Martha Baker Dunn. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for May.

SOME AMERICAN HUMOROUS ARTISTS. III.—"Penrhyn Stanlaws," F. M. Howarth, Walter H. Galloway, Frank A. Nankivell, A. S. Daggy, S. D. Ehrhart, Syd. B. Griffin, and Gustave Verbeek. Illustrated. Thomas E. Curtis. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

GREAT MAGAZINES AND THEIR EDITORS. With photographs of twenty-six editors. David Graham Phillips. *Success* (13 c.) for May.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER AND HER WORK FOR EDUCATION. Illustrated. Anna Garlin Spencer. *Pearson's Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

EMERSON'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Success* (13 c.) for May.

A WOODLAND HERMITAGE. (The home of John Burroughs on the Hudson.) Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for May.

EMERSON AND CONCORD. Illustrated. Hamilton Wright Mabie. *Outlook* Magazine Number (13 c.) for May.

OF COLLABORATION. "V. E. M." The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

SOME FREE LANCE EXPERIENCES. "H. W." The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

LITERARY COPYRIGHT: THE PERIOD OF PROTECTION. J. A. Reid. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

THE IRRITABILITY OF AUTHORS. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

THE MINISTRY OF EMERSON. With portrait. Dr. Moncure D. Conway. *Open Court* (13 c.) for May.

LITERARY CONCORD. Illustrated. Jennie Campbell Douglass. *Four-Track News* (8 c.) for May.

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER. Paul Tyner. *Era* (13 c.) for May.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN NEWSPAPER. Illustrated. Day Allen Willey. *Era* (13 c.) for May.

ANOTHER VIEW OF JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. Annie Gladstone. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

MONSIEUR DE BLOWITZ. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for May.

HELEN KELLER: A PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (Review of "The Story of My Life," by Helen Keller.) Professor Joseph Jastrow. *Popular Science Monthly* (33 c.) for May.

CERTAIN OF THE CHICAGO SCHOOL OF FICTION. (Edith Wyatt, George Ade, and F. P. Dunne.) W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

THE MODERN SCHOOL OF NATURE STUDY AND ITS CRITICS. A reply to "Real and Sham Natural History," by John Burroughs, in the *Atlantic* for March. William J. Long. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. W. Robertson Nicoll. *North American Review* (53 c.) for May.

SOME MEMORIES OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Murat Halstead. *Criterion* (13 c.) for May.

"WHO IS MR. CHESTERTON?" (Gilbert Chesterton, author of "The Defendant.") Randall Blackshaw. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF LITERATURE. Elliott Flower. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

THE MODERN EMERSON. Edith Baker Brown. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

EMERSON: SCEPTIC AND PESSIMIST. Benjamin de Casseres. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

FIRST EDITIONS OF EMERSON. Illustrated. Annie Russell Marble. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

EMERSON AS A POET. Illustrated. Gerald Stanley Lee. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

EMERSON AND CONTEMPORARY POETS. F. B. Sanborn. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON AS I KNEW HIM. Julia Ward Howe. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

EMERSON: THE TEACHER AND THE MAN. Moncure D. Conway. *Critic* (28 c.) for May.

THE SPEECH REPORTER AS A SPEECH REVISER. Continued. David Wolfe Brown. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for May.

MORE ABOUT CARLYLE. Margherita Arlina Hamm. *Journalist* (13 c.) for April 18.

SOMETHING VERY SHORT ABOUT THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS. Herbert Cornish. *Journalist* (13 c.) for April 25.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM: A MEMORIAL. R. R. Bowker. *Publisher's Weekly* (13 c.) for April 18.

HILLARY BELL'S SUDDEN DEATH. With portrait. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for April 16.

THE SMALL PUBLISHER. *Nation* (13 c.) for April 2.

MADAME DE STAEL AND NAPOLEON.—I., II., III. *Nation* (13 c. each) for April 2, 16, and 30.

COPYRIGHT IMPROVEMENT. *Nation* (13 c.) for April 30.

MONSIEUR DE BLOWITZ. Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 4.

ANOTHER VIEW OF JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELS. Annie Gladstone. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 4.

TCHAIKOVSKY AND TOLSTOI. Rosa Newmarch. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 4.

THE SONNET. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 11.

BATTLES IN FICTION. Eveline C. Godley. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 11.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTE-BOOKS. J. C. Bailey. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 18.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.—I., II., III. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 25.

NOVELIST POETS. (George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson.) Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for April 25.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler was married April 16, to A. L. Felkin, Esq., at Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton, England.

Mrs. Edith E. Bigelow has obtained a divorce from Poultney Bigelow on the statutory ground.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish the memoirs of M. de Blowitz.

"The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by John Kelman, Jr., announced by the Fleming H. Revell Company, is in no way a biography or a criticism, but rather a careful analysis of Stevenson's message to his age.

Mr. Collier has called Norman Hapgood from Italy to take charge of the editorial page of *Collier's Weekly*.

John Emery McLean has retired from the editorial staff of *Mind* and of the *Arena*.

Miss Adeline Knapp has joined the staff of the *Household* (New York), which has been published under new management since the beginning of the year.

The *Red Book* is a new short-story magazine published in Chicago. Trumbull White is the editor.

The *American Weekly* (Chicago) is now *Christendom*.

*Campbell's Illustrated Journal* has removed from Chicago to St. Louis.

The *Ledger Monthly* (New York), which made Robert Bonner's fortune, has failed.

The *Abbey Press* (New York) has been petitioned into bankruptcy.

The Prang Educational Company has removed from Boston to New York.

A. S. Barnes & Co. are preparing to extend their line of books, and have secured the services of Ripley D. Hitchcock, formerly with D. Appleton & Company, as literary adviser.

The *Outlook* (New York) offers prizes of $250 and $100 for the best two illustrated articles on "The Town Beautiful," not exceeding 3,000 words, received before September 1. These articles may describe any plan, system, or invention by which a community, large or small, village or city, has been made more attractive or less unsightly.

*Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.,) offers $1,000 in prizes to those who have the most interesting experiences to relate from their own lives or from the lives of those they personally know or have known. Mere anecdotes when true and interesting, will win prizes, or be paid for in cash if available for publication. The contest will remain open till November 1.

*Short Stories* (New York) offers a monthly prize of $5 for the best anecdote, original or selected, submitted to the editor.

The editor of *Golf* (New York) will be glad to receive for consideration photographs and contributions on the general subject of the game. Payment will be made on publication.

"The Big Trees of California" is an interesting pamphlet, issued by the Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco, and including fourteen exceptionally fine pictures of the California Sequoias.

When R. H. Russell transferred his publishing business to Harper & Brothers, his three best-paying books were those of "Mr. Dooley," George Ade, and Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Gibson declined to be a party to the transfer, and applied to Charles Scribner's Sons, who were the publishers of his first book, and his books in future will bear the Scribner imprint.

S. F. Harriman, a bookseller and publisher of Columbus, O., has been sued by John James Piatt for $2,500 damages on the ground that he did not bring out a new edition of Piatt's book, as agreed.

The *Book of the Royal Blue* (Baltimore) for May has autograph contributions from sixty of the newspaper humorists of the United States (who are to form an association this month) with portraits and sketches of the writers.

The May *Century* offers apropos of the Emerson centenary a full-page woodcut, engraved by Timothy Cole, of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and editorial discussion of "Our Inheritance in Emerson."

*St. Nicholas* for May prints a letter from Miss Alcott's sister, the Meg of "Little Women," written years ago to a young admirer of this friend of young folks, and telling the true story of the four sisters.

*The Critic* for May is an Emerson Centenary number, with seven articles relating to the poet and his work, some of them illustrated.

Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman died in Philadelphia, April 29, aged seventy-five.

Paul B. Du Chaillu died in St. Petersburg April 29, aged sixty-seven.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, JUNE, 1903. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## WHAT MAKES A BOOK SUCCEED?

What makes a book successful — "successful," in this instance and in these days of material things, meaning large sales and much profit to author and publisher? Is it merit? Not always. "David Harum" is not the most meritorious book that has been written within the past twenty years, but what book has had a larger sale? "Ben Hur," moreover, has had an enormous sale, and yet books with equal merit, in point of everything except subject, have met with only slight success. Some have been failures. At least they are failures now, although if their authors happen to press the magic button with some later production, they may retrieve themselves.

Books upon religious subjects, especially touching the life of Christ, are usually good sellers, for example, "The Prince of the House of David," "In His Steps" and "Ben Hur." This may be attributed to the universal interest of the subject, appealing as well to those in the palace as to those in the hovel. Several millions of copies of the first and oldest of these have been sold, while "Ben Hur," the next in age, approaches a million, and "In His Steps" exceeds that number, partly because it has been issued in the cheapest form, in order to reach the poorest reader.

Books with a motive, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sometimes have large sales, particularly if they appear at a time ripe for their reading, as was the case with "Uncle Tom." No later book with a purpose, however, has equalled that, and with the multiplicity of interests characterizing an older and much more diversified and numerous people, it is not probable any other ever will equal it.

Some of the books selling to-day as fast as they can be got off the presses furnish no evidence of the cause of their success. We can understand why Wagner's "The Simple Life," which seemed destined to a career of obscurity, suddenly emerged from it and began to be inquired for by all people, when we come to consider that Mr. Roosevelt boomed it in one of his speeches. So, also, occasionally, did Mr. Gladstone lift an ordinary book to fame and prosperity.

But these are exceptions. Other books, for no reason that any fair-minded judge of merit can advance, suddenly catch the popular fancy, and before author or publisher can comprehend what is happening, the boom is on and the presses are going night and day to supply the demand. Nor are many, if not most, of

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these successful books by well-known writers. Most of the best sellers for the past few years have been by new writers, and their success began with the first book. Attest "David Harum," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and others between.

Now, what is it makes them go? What is the mystery of their making? Do books have a personal magnetism, such as people have, which attracts without reason and fascinates in spite of all faults? *William J. Lampton.*

New York, N. Y.

## THE UBIQUITOUS ILLUSTRATION.

Along with the deluge of books that to-day overwhelms a long-suffering reading public is the equally appalling flood of illustrations. Have you who read this never experienced a feeling of irritation at the atrocities perpetrated by our book-illustrators under the guise of art? Have you not often thought that the book you happened to be reading would have been better unillustrated, and that the illustrations detracted from rather than added to your enjoyment of it? That many of our authors have thought so, and usually the greatest of them, is shown by the fact that their own books are unillustrated. Padding popular novels with cheap illustrations to catch the eye of a gullible public is an acknowledged trick of the trade among publishers. A recent novel whose action was supposed to take place in one day came forth lavishly pictured, but by some oversight its seven illustrations each had the heroine (a village society belle) garbed in a different fashionable gown. While these fashion plates may have been most edifying to the fair readers of the book, the author said nothing in the story to lead us to suppose that the lady was a lightning-change artist.

Most lovers of poetry will agree that it is seldom made more enjoyable by illustration. There are various reasons why this is so. The imaginative and suggestive qualities of poetry defy adequate illustration. The lyric by the fact of its subjectivity is essentially opposed to the idea of objective portrayal. The publisher who some time ago brought out a vignette edition of Shelley slapped the face of the Muse. When the poet and the painter are more or less blended, as in a Blake or a Rossetti, there is some slight excuse for the illustration of lyric poetry. Otherwise, it cannot but be inartistic. Even a Turner could not do full justice to a Wordsworth, and if he could, it must always be remembered that while poetry is lasting, the externalities, such as dress, which would so often be necessary to its illustration, are ever changing. True, in such a poem as "Paradise Lost," the difficulties of dress need not be dealt with by the illustrator. No one has ever told us why in the old English morality plays the story of Adam and Eve was always acted by the tailors' guild. But it is questionable whether illustration is to be desired even in the epic whose objectivity might be supposed to afford scope for the artist. In fact, the only class of poetry which can be illustrated without a certain loss of art, and the class which is perhaps least of all illustrated, is the drama. The action which is an essential element of dramatic writing, and the power of visualization which is necessary in the reader for the proper interpretation and enjoyment of this class of poetry, make the task of the illustrator somewhat easier here and his illustrations more often to be desired — if they be really illustrative and artistic.

Distinctions must also be made between different types of the novel in a consideration as to whether or not books of that class should be illustrated. The art of Thomas Hardy is seen in this matter of illustration as in all else that is touched by the magic of his genius. In the

publication of his later works he has insisted that his publisher dispense with illustrations altogether, or have only a frontispiece giving an artistic picture of some view of Wessex scenery. In works such as those of Dickens, where the characters are usually objectively treated and are generally in the nature of caricatures, an able artist can add to our enjoyment by portraying the outward peculiarities of figure or dress. But in a book where the inner passions of men and women play one against the other, where the interest is psychological, no illustration can aid us in entering into the spirit of the novelist's portrayal of human character.

There is one point of view from which this question of illustrating books may be regarded that argues against any illustrations whatsoever. The reader of a novel forms, consciously or unconsciously, a certain mental image — more or less vague, to be sure, and permeated with his own individuality — of every character depicted by the novelist. The artist who wishes to illustrate this book likewise forms an image of each character in the novel, but an image tempered and interpreted by his own personality. The conceptions of the characters imaged in the mind of each reader and of the artist are in each instance different. Hence the illustrations will only partly if they at all embody the picture of the characters which the reader has mentally formed for himself, and will serve only to dissolve or blur that picture.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *W. H. Blumenthal.*

## AGAIN MAGAZINE WRITING.

The discussion in the November WRITER of the chances of magazine work has moved me to contribute a pertinent anecdote or two.

Some years ago a new writer appeared in New York and offered to each of the great periodicals in turn certain work now as well known as the writer has since become. It was rejected everywhere. The new writer had no other means of earning a livelihood, and after a while was in actual danger of starvation. At this juncture a friend interested an author with much influence in the struggling writer. This author took the rejected manuscripts to a prominent editor (one who had already returned them) and insisted upon a second consideration of their merits. The consideration was given, the merits were discovered, and the manuscripts were accepted. This was enough for the new writer, who stands to-day among the foremost of American story-tellers.

Another new writer, some time ago, sent a contribution to a leading magazine. It was returned, accompanied by a letter from the editor, saying that he could not let it go without telling the author how much he had enjoyed reading it, and how gladly he would have accepted it, had not the owner of the magazine refused it for some business reason totally irrespective of its value.

Lastly, here is another true tale. A young poet met the editor of a periodical which publishes verse, both original and — a little — selected. The editor spoke in warm terms of a poem of the writer's which he had recently copied from another paper.

"It was one you had already declined," said the writer, "I sent it first to you, and not until after you had rejected it, to this other publication."

The editor replied coolly: "Very likely. We are obliged, of course, to reject quantities of excellent stuff."

But why? thought the poet. If the poem was good enough to print, why was it not good enough to buy?

*Alice M. Nevers.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. JUNE, 1903. NO. 6.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The oldest English author is Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help," who was born in 1812. The publication of this fact recently brought out an announcement that Professor Marcius Wilson, of Vineland, N. J., who was born in 1813, is still doing daily literary work. He is the author of many books, including a series of school books published fifty years ago, on which the Harpers are said to have paid him royalties amounting to more than $220,000. Older still is Charles H. Haswell, of New York City, who was born May 22, 1809, and has just completed the revision of the sixty-ninth edition of his "Mechanics' and Engineers' Pocketbook," first issued in 1842. Of active authors who have made themselves known by the highest kind of literary work, is not Thomas Wentworth Higginson, born December 22, 1823, the dean?

* * *

Students of the art of description will find a model worthy of careful study in this, by Robert Louis Stevenson:—

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon, the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicholas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outstretched feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire, the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on each side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin, black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person: something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was

in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

Observe that there is not a commonplace sentence in any of these paragraphs; that every descriptive word has been chosen with care to express the exact meaning of the writer; and that nothing is described, either at large or in detail, that is not unusual, striking, and distinctive. Stevenson instinctively selects the salient features of his scene, the distinctive characteristics of his personages, and then seeks the exact word to present them vividly to the reader.

* * *

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* announces that it is a member of the Association of American Periodicals. This association undertakes to follow up and punish all frauds against its members, such as the securing of subscriptions without authority and the sale of manuscripts or illustrations previously published. The association no doubt will do a useful work, and writers should be glad to aid it by calling attention to any impositions on magazine editors or publishers that come within their knowledge.

* * *

Some day, perhaps, there will be a strong association of writers that will follow up and punish all frauds against its members, such as the publication, without payment, of manuscripts expressly offered for sale; unreasonable delay in judging manuscripts or unwarrantable defacement of manuscript returned; the withholding of royalties on books; or indefinite delay in paying for manuscripts or accounting for royalties. Most publishers and editors are honest, and would be glad to assist such an association in punishing the few who are not, just as most writers will heartily join in exposing the plagiarists and other literary thieves—if only for the good and honor of the profession generally.

* * *

At present the only association of this kind is the Society of American Authors, which is good so far as it goes, but which for some reason has never become a representative body of authors, as the English Society of Authors is. It is pleasant to note that the American society has recently taken an important step which is likely to increase its usefulness to writers generally. At a meeting of its board of managers in New York May 21, Poultney Bigelow offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, pledging the legal assistance of the society to all the members of the London Society of Authors in return for reciprocal treatment. Explaining what this means practically, Mr. Bigelow says: "The whole success of the English society, in my opinion, is based—aside from the wonderful character and energy of the late Walter Besant—upon the feature that the English society gives to its members the benefit of first-class legal advice. So far we have had nothing of the kind. We have in the United States at least 10,000 men and women who can be classed as authors in the sense that they are directly interested in the relation of author and publisher. These 10,000 care very little for a society that limits itself to giving dinners to distinguished men of letters, but they are keenly alive to the value of one that will obtain for them, for instance, the right to send manuscript as second-class matter and that will give them practical aid when they are unjustly treated by a publisher. The Society of American Authors has been looked at askance so far because of its lack of practical purpose. From this time on I believe we shall not only do for American authors all that the English society does for English authors, but, owing to the larger reading public in America, we shall be of even greater importance. It has been my idea to try to do something of this nature while over here. I am going back to discuss this thing with the English society and to put it through."

* * *

The trouble with the Society of American Authors so far has been the conspicuous absence from its membership rolls of the names of the leading authors of the United States. It is not, and never has been, an active working association of the representative authors of this country. The English Society of Au-

thors has power because it includes as members all the leading English writers of to-day. Its president is George Meredith, and among the members of its council are Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. Humphry Ward, H. Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Austin Dobson, and others almost as prominent. The present president of the Society of American Authors is "Former Surrogate" Rastus S. Ransom of New York — an estimable gentleman, no doubt.

* * *

It would be a good thing if a few hundred of the leading authors of the United States would join the Society of American Authors, elect a prominent president and board of managers, and make the society really what its name implies. Of course it is understood that somebody perhaps not known to fame always does the work in an association of this kind. In the English society, Sir Walter Besant was a very active factor, but both before his death and since, the secretary, G. Herbert Thring, probably deserves credit for much of the society's success. The present secretary of the American society, G. Grovesnor Dawe,—odd, is n't it, how both these secretaries lay loving emphasis on their middle names—also is an active worker, and is doing all he can, but he needs the helpful backing of names like Meredith and Kipling on his letter-heads. It would be a great thing for the literary workers of this country if the Society of American Authors could be made over into what it ought to be.

* * *

An enterprising author—probably as talented as he is modest—recently sent to a Philadelphia publishing house, and probably to other publishers, a printed postal card which read as follows:—

READ AND CONSIDER.

For Sale—A charming romance, entitled "Bernadine: or, What Keeps the World in Trim." Nearly five years was devoted to the work by the writer, whose likeness can be seen among the most prominent Hoosier authors. It is enough to say that good authority compares this work to those of Charles Dickens. Number of words, nearly 80,000. This method of sale is chosen to save time and expense. Do not miss this opportunity now before you, to procure this fine monumental work. The highest bid takes the manuscript, be it large or small. Will be shipped C. O. D. one month from date. Address, etc.

Publishers are notoriously slow to take advantage of the golden opportunities that are offered to them, and so it is perhaps not surprising that "Bernadine" has not yet been announced as the literary sensation of the year.

W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| Two weeks from to-morrow is Memorial day.—*Somerville (Mass.) Journal.* | Two weeks from to-morrow will be Memorial day. |
| I love Chicago people and their ways, but its lack of attractiveness, when compared with other cities, is something extremely painful.—*Ex-Secretary Gage.* | I love Chicago's people and their ways, but its lack of attractiveness, when compared with other cities, is something extremely painful. |

## THE SCRAP BASKET.

James Courtney Challis for a long time wrote verses for the *Atchison Globe*, getting theatre tickets in return. Asking for money, he was told that his work was not worth it. This set him to wondering why the New York papers should reprint his verses, and whether, since they did reprint them, they would not pay for verses offered originally to them. So he stopped writing for the *Globe* and began bombarding the New York editors with manuscripts. He did not gain admittance anywhere till he had tried four years. Then he began to get acceptances.

In the May number of *McClure's Magazine* is a little sketch by Miss Wilkins, entitled "A Happy Day," wherein is described a day spent in the Exposition grounds by a French workman and his family.

From their huge luncheon was taken the following: "A bottle of red and one of white wine, a long twist of bread, slices of cold ragout of mutton, salad, and cheese."

Now, it remains a fact that a Frenchman rarely drinks red and white wine together, and white wine is not a probable beverage for a workman of that locality, though it might be in Southern France. The twist of bread is improbable, but not impossible. "A gigot" of mutton might be cut into slices; but a "ragout" is nothing more or less than a mutton stew,

and it would certainly require skillful carving to get slices off the small pieces.

A few lines farther on we learn that the wine was "thin," which sounds very luxurious for a poor family, as the "vin ordinaire" is a thick, dark wine, and leaves a blue stain on table linen. When one workman wishes to "treat" another, he invites him to take a "petit bleu."

I am wondering, then, why Miss Wilkins does not stick to her New England hillsides.—*Henrietta Goodwin, in the New York Times Saturday Review.*

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Cable.**— Mr. Cable's working place is a study that he has built among the trees at "Tarry-a-While," his beautiful Northampton home. Near it are trees planted by Anthony Hope, J. M. Barrie, Henry Ward Beecher, and Max O'Rell. A writer in the *Boston Globe* says: "Outside, this workhouse is of rough stone and shingles, picturesque in the extreme, while within, its huge open fireplace, its broad window seat and the delightful odor of fir balsam pervading the place make a visitor feel inclined greatly to envy this literary worker his ideal shop. . . . On the desk stood a bust of Sophocles and a picture of Mrs. Cable, together with some chance volumes and a fresh and attractive manuscript all ready to be mailed. Nearby was a small typewriter surrounded by elaborate notes and other evidences of recent composition. Mr. Cable is a very painstaking writer, and all his first drafts are in his own script prepared on writing pads. 'The last of that story I wrote to-day,' he said, pointing to the neat manuscript, 'and that means that I've worked hard. One thousand words is a big day for me. Usually I content myself with four hundred.'"

**Darwin.**— In a letter to a friend, Charles Darwin wrote in reference to literary accomplishments: "Do not despair about your style. I never study style; all that I do is to try to get the subject as clear as I can in my own head, and express it in the commonest language which occurs to me. But I generally have to think a good deal before the simplest arrangement and words occur to me. It is a golden rule always to use, if possible, a short old Saxon word. Such a sentence as 'so purely dependent is the incipient plant on the specific morphological tendency' does not sound to my ears like good mother English—it wants translating."

**Hardy.**— The story of the discovery of Thomas Hardy is interesting. He had published three books—"Desperate Remedies," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes"—when one day upon a railway book-stall Frederick Greenwood picked up the second of these, probably, as he explains, attracted by the word "Greenwood." He read this in the train and was greatly struck by it. As he was editing the *Cornhill* at the time, it resulted in Mr. Hardy's being commissioned to write a novel for that magazine.

The novel was "Far from the Madding Crowd," and made Mr. Hardy's reputation. It is interesting to note that Mr. Greenwood had a fight before he was authorized by the proprietors to commission the story, and he always declared that he was thankful it turned out to be "Far from the Madding Crowd" and not "The Hand of Ethelberta."—*London Mail.*

**Harte.**— Bret Harte's father was a scholar of eminence and reputation, and the fragile youth who was destined to be one of the representative literary men of the western world was brought up in a literary atmosphere. Albany, N. Y., his native town, was not without picturesqueness of scenery and history, and the eager, impressionable lad found much to engross his thought and interest in the environment of the place where he was born. It was at the age of eleven that he made his first attempt at a poem, which he christened, with much self-gratulation, "Autumn Musings," and sent it surreptitiously to the *New York Sunday Atlas*. Not without fear and misgiving did he wait for a reply, and to his astonishment and inexpressible delight he soon saw it in all the glory of print. His elation at the sight was most natural, and he hastened to acquaint the home circle that he was the proud author of the effusion, but to his disappointment the family circle bestowed ridicule and satire, instead of praise, and his triumph was of short duration. He was absolutely grief-

stricken, so much did he take their ridicule to heart, and after he was a man he remarked to a friend: "Such a shock was their ridicule to me that I wonder that I ever wrote another line of verse."

At the death of his father, when he was seventeen, he resolved to go West in quest of adventure and research, a yearning for the novel and the romantic possessing his ardent imagination to such a degree that he was not content to stay at home.— *New Haven Register.*

**Pemberton.** — Max Pemberton does the best part of his work in the morning, and an old habit of doing nothing from half-past one o'clock till five o'clock in the afternoon, inherited from his Cambridge days, still clings to him. Like other authors, however, he often works between five o'clock and half-past seven o'clock. Sometimes he finds his work at that hour better than in the morning. He does not like working before the day is "aired," that is, too early in the morning. He cannot work in town; the country is his favorite place for work. He writes every tale laboriously with a pen, and only dictates letters and occasionally the revision of chapters. — *San Francisco Call.*

**Poe.** — The old dispute as to where Edgar Allan Poe was born appears to be settled by his latest biographer. Professor Harrison states with emphasis that he was born in Boston January 19, 1809. His parents, who were strolling actors, though his father was of excellent family, were playing in Boston when little Edgar was born. As Professor Harrison facetiously puts it: —

> At length a stop — in Boston — came to the wanderings. January 19, 1809, Mrs. Poe did not appear, but Edgar did.
>
> — *Boston Herald.*

**Roseboro.** — Viola Roseboro is the daughter of a minister, born and brought up in Winchester, a little village in Tennessee. She had books, but wanted life and people, and when quite young she came to New York alone, without letters or friends, in search of the things of her desire. The stage offered her the best field, and, though not stage struck, she began acting, and during one engagement was leading lady for "The Lights of London," under the Union Square management. Eventually abandoning the stage, she took up newspaper work. Beginning to write for the magazines, she found her stories readily accepted. Her first book was "Old Ways and New," and shortly after its publication she became connected with the S. S. McClure Company, for which house she has been Reader for about five years.— *Norristown Herald.*

**Stockton.** — Just before his death Frank R. Stockton completed "The Captain's Toll-gate," which has just been published. The novel is prefaced with a memorial sketch of the author, in which his widow tells of the circumstances under which his stories were written, the influences that determined their direction, and the history of their evolution. Here is Mrs. Stockton's account of how her husband stumbled on one of his most famous characters: "When we set up our own household at Nutley, N. J., I went to New York and procured from an orphans' home a girl whom Mr. Stockton described as "a middle-sized orphan." She was about fourteen years old and proved to be a very peculiar individual with strong characteristics, which so appealed to Mr. Stockton's sense of humor that he liked to talk with her, and draw out her opinions of things in general, and especially of the books she had read. Her spare time was devoted to reading books, mostly of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them to herself aloud in the kitchen in a very disjointed fashion, which was at first amusing and then irritating. We never knew her real name, nor did the people at the orphanage. She had three or four very romantic ones she had borrowed from novels while she was with us, for she was very sentimental. Mr. Stockton bestowed upon her the name of Pomona, which is now a household word in myriads of homes. This extraordinary girl, and some household experiences, induced Mr. Stockton to write a paper for *Scribner's Monthly*, which he called 'Rudder Grange.' This one paper was all he intended to write, but it attracted immediate attention, was extensively noticed, and much talked about. The editor of the magazine received so many letters asking for another paper that Mr. Stockton wrote the second one; and as there was still a clamor for more, he, after a little time, wrote

others of the series. Some time later they were collected in a book. For those interested in Pomona, I will add that the woman Pomona was a development in Mr. Stockton's mind of the girl as he imagined she would become, for the original passed out of our lives while still a girl."

Of his literary methods, Mrs. Stockton writes: "He dictated his stories to a stenographer. His favorite spot for this in summer was a grove of large fir-trees near the house. Here, in the warm weather, he would lie in a hammock. His secretary would be near, with her writing materials, and a book of her choosing. The book was for her own reading while Mr. Stockton was 'thinking.' It annoyed him to know he was being 'waited for.' He would think out pages of incidents, and scenes, and even whole conversations, before he began to dictate. After all had been arranged in his mind, he dictated rapidly; but there often were long pauses, when the secretary could do a great deal of reading. In cold weather he had the secretary and an easy chair in the study — a room he had built according to his own fancy. A fire of blazing logs added a glow to his fancies."

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**The Use of Pseudonyms.**— It is in fiction that there has been for a long time a well-established custom of concealing as far as possible the personality of the author. It is surprising the number of authors of preëminent merit who have employed pseudonyms or similar means of concealing themselves. It is sufficient merely to recall but a few; in some a pseudonym has been constantly employed, in other cases there has been at first anonymity which soon became equivalent to the employment of a pseudonym. Thus, though Sir Walter Scott published the first of the Waverley novels under no name, "The author of 'Waverley'" soon became as good a name as that which George Sand used. Dickens made his literary début as Boz. George Eliot never gave up the use of the pseudonym and has been known to literature, and even to the world in general, under that name, although it was generally known that her name was Evans, or, by courtesy, Lewes. Charlotte Brontë, that great innovator in the English novel, who needed no pseudonym to shield her from the gibes of critics, was long known as Currer Bell. Probably the case of the French writer, M. François Marie Arouet, whom hardly any one recognized under that title, is the most astonishing instance of the employment of a pseudonym and the futility of such attempts at concealment. The civilized world refuses to recognize any other name than that of Voltaire, the name by which he obtained his fame and made himself the greatest literary power in Europe.

There seems to be some sound reason in almost every case for declining to appear before the public in one's own proper personality. There has been the diffidence of the young writer and the fear of ridicule. There has been such savage criticism of meritorious work, at least in the past, that a sensitive person has often hesitated in exposing himself to the jibes of the critics. But in the case of several there has been the difficulty of forecasting the success of a venture in a new field and the danger of spoiling a literary reputation obtained in one field by a failure in another. Such seems to have been the reason for Scott's refusal to allow his name to appear upon his title-page when he wrote the "Waverley Novels," on which more than on his poetry his present fame rests. There seems also to have been a personal feeling on the part of Scott that fiction was not a department of literature that enjoyed a recognized place among art forms. Poetry was in the ascendant. It was a form of letters that was practised by all ranks and was not beneath his dignity. But fiction, in spite of the success, or, possibly, because of the success, of Smollett and Fielding, was treated with scant consideration by the polite world — that world which Scott's little vanity made him want to conciliate. When once the success of the "Waverley Novels" was assured, it was important, for commercial reasons, that the new volumes of the series should be connected with those that had already made their mark in the world. The effect was cumulative — each work produced added to the success of the succeeding volumes and each that introduced the author to a new reader recommended the

volumes that had already appeared. There seems to have been less of the personal element in the case of the assumption of the pseudonym — George Eliot. She had not established any such literary reputation as had the author of "Marmion." For one who had read her reviews there had been a hundred who had read "The Lady of the Lake." There was no great danger, therefore, in taking up fiction as a field of work. But there seems to have been an instinctive recognition that it would be better to write under a masculine name. There is a superficially masculine character to much of George Eliot's thought which would have made the name of Mary Ann Evans appear as that extraordinary literary apparition — the assumption of a feminine pseudonym by a man. There seems also to have been at the time a not unnatural hesitancy for a woman to appear as the author of a serious work of fiction. It was all very well for Hannah More and others to write books of an edifying character. But Miss Evans did not intend to produce works of edification, but of literary art. It seemed, therefore, advisable to take the name of a man, and then the question of the sex of the author would not be taken into consideration. This seems to be at the bottom the reason for the constant assumption of masculine pseudonyms by women. The world was long accustomed to treat men as men and to regard the work of a woman who worked in a field that had been largely that of the "lords of creation" as subject to other canons of criticism and to make allowances for the difference of sex. But art knows no difference of sex. The soundness of George Eliot's literary conscience may be seen in her assumption of the masculine pseudonym. Afterward, when she had won her place in the foremost ranks of writers of English fiction, it was not necessary to use the pseudonym, but it was maintained for personal reasons, probably — reasons which will readily suggest themselves to those who are familiar with the domestic life of the gifted authoress.

After all the attempts at impersonality or at concealment of the identity of the author there has always been the practical defeat of the attempt. There has been in most cases the speedy discovery of the real name of the writer. But, even apart from these cases in which the personality of the author has been discovered, there is the impossibility of concealment on the part of any one who has something really worth saying. A man can construct an anthology without betraying his own tastes, merely following the opinion of the soundest critics. But no man can write a novel of power without disclosing his opinion of the world. It is, however, quite unnecessary to know the actual name of the author. For the most part the individuality of the writer is of very minor consideration apart from his work, in which his real personality is often expressed more perfectly than in any other way. The world of readers knows the writer better through his books than many who have met him repeatedly merely in the flesh. The careful study that lies at the foundation of all literary work often has a way of remaining concealed from the world in which men and women move and of becoming revealed only in that higher sphere in which the intellect assumes a quasi-divine power and creates from chaos a universe in which to live.— *Baltimore Sun.*

**The Method of the Poet.**— "The last line is not quite smooth."

"Ah, yes! I know it. But how else am I to get both the thought and the rhyme?"

"There, I suspect, is the poet's worst difficulty. To make sense and rhyme perfectly harmonious so that neither warps or constrains the other; to manage both so artfully as to make it appear that the thought could in no otherwise be so well and adequately expressed — that must give him his hardest labor. But I should really like to know what is the poet's process."

"I do not know if I can tell you. With me, it seems like a remembering rather than a making. My verses come to me precisely as you recall a half-forgotten poem or song. Whole lines and stanzas start up in my mind, without the least effort; but here and there are gaps which it is hard to fill. In vain I try to remember what belongs in them; the missing line or phrase hovers about the outer edge of my mind, but cannot be coaxed within it. It is only after long trial that I can fill up these gaps, at all; and the interpolation always has

the air of a patch over a hole in a garment — at least, to me."

The above-quoted conversation is taken from "Shiloh," a book written and published more than thirty years ago, which contains many passages of rare beauty. The poet is a young girl, a "discovery" of the summer boarder in the quiet New England village, whose story forms the theme of the book, and she is the interlocutor. All who write poetry, whether their rhymes be simple, everyday verse, or the higher flights of poetic fancy, have experienced the same difficulty as the young girl quoted. A line, an expression, even as she says, whole stanzas, will haunt one for days, springing up in the mind spontaneously, but baffling one to find the true connecting links. Even the greatest poems have their halting rhymes, their weak places, their doubtful rhythm, where the expression seems forced and unnatural — few in number, perhaps, but there notwithstanding. So it is not to be wondered at that the lesser lights of the poetical firmament sometimes fail to shine steadily when the greater ones have their periods of imperfect action. These difficulties can be overcome, in a measure, though perfection in poetry is as rare as it is anywhere else. It depends largely upon how truly attuned to the harmony of rhythm, meter, and musical expression is the ear of the writer. With some this sense of harmony is intuitive, with others it must be cultivated, and still others cannot acquire it at all.

The poet who writes because he must — because the thoughts that crowd his mind clamor for expression — may produce much that is crude in form, but it will, after all, have the genuine ring that commands recognition in spite of imperfection. Such a poet will never be satisfied with his own productions, unless he be too ignorant or uncultured to note his own deficiencies, but will rewrite and repolish, changing a word here and there, until he feels that he has reached his limit for the time being. He will read the best writers and while he will not follow their style with servile imitation, they will influence his work and point out to him the way to perfection. Such a poet will, sooner or later, find recognition if he perseveres, undaunted by obstacles and rebuffs, and if he does not attain to fame and fortune, will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has spoken to kindred souls, be they few or many, in the language which they understand. —*Waterbury American.*

**Authors as the Publisher Views Them.**— Authors of rejected manuscripts — especially of books — are inclined to look on the Readers for publishers as their natural foes. When the manuscript of the novel which was to make the writer's fame and fortune comes back with the enclosed note of refusal — or perhaps it is only the printed slip — no power in the world could convince the young author that his offering had received respectful consideration. If it had, he feels, it would have been accepted immediately. Here is what a Reader for a well-known publishing house says about the matter: —

"A Reader never picks up a manuscript from a new author without fear and trembling. He is, so to speak, 'between the devil and the deep sea.' If he gives a verdict favoring the acceptance of a book which later proves a failure his employers are apt to lose confidence in his judgment. If, on the other hand, he advises the rejection of a manuscript which afterward makes a fortune for another firm he is in even a worse plight. Publishers, like other business men, are mercenary, and they pay Readers to gauge the public taste as well as to pass on the merits of manuscripts.

"Of course in many cases — most, in fact — it is easy to tell whether the literary offering has value. If its faults are too palpable, rejection is a matter of course, and nothing more is thought of the matter. But once in a while — and this is what keeps the Reader's nerves on edge — there comes a story of a new type. It differs from the standard by which we have been accustomed to judge the work of writers. We are in doubt whether it is a production of a new genius who heralds a new 'school' or the haphazard work of a tyro. Of course you say it ought to be easy to distinguish a genius from the herd, and that we should have no trouble in seeing the merit of a book that will sell into the hundreds of thousands. It may seem so; but why did Stevenson have such a

hard time at the beginning of his career? Why did a leading firm of American publishers reject Kipling's stories as trash? Why was not 'David Harum' snapped up on the spot? Why did 'Ben Hur' make the rounds from publisher to publisher? It is humiliating to admit it, and some Readers won't admit it, but all were so new — so different in conception and construction — that the literary experts were puzzled.

"Take the case of 'David Harum.' The Reader who accepted that book for his firm may never have done anything before or since, but he earned enough by that one stroke to entitle him to a life position. He advised putting the horse trade at the opening of the book, and that unique picture won the reading public and made the book a record-breaker.

"But all books are not so easy of reconstruction as 'David Harum.' Plenty of manuscripts come to us that are simply bubbling over with 'good stuff' They may contain striking incidents and have some excellent character drawing, but they are poorly constructed, and we send them back. There are certain canons from which we cannot depart, no matter what other merit we may see. Of course the writers are angry and puzzled. They cannot see why acceptance was not their portion. The trouble is they have not learned their art. We cannot go into detailed explanations over the defects. We have not the time. However, if the unfortunate author would consult some expert and rewrite the story, he might meet with the success which he considers his due."— *New York Press.*

**Literary Horrors.**— Two of the May magazines have caught the infection and publish as literature tales that belong in the chamber of horrors. One of these is based on the life of a woman afflicted with an incurable disease, who is finally put out of misery by a half-witted attendant who applies chloroform for the purpose. The other story has as central figures a degenerate cowboy who has killed a man, and a member of the one-lung brigade camping in Arizona for his health.

If the purpose of literature is to uplift, inspire and fit one to face life bravely, both of these stories belong in the waste basket. Even as studies in mental pathology they are without any excuse that would justify their publication; and as literature alone they afford not the slightest entertainment or illumination.

If American magazines have reached the point where they have to publish stuff of this sort, it is time for the reading public to abandon magazines and go back to the standard works that do inspire, that stimulate and encourage. With the classics available, with Stevenson and Kipling, Dickens and Dumas, and all the lesser lights whose works are worth while, there is no excuse for the expense of time and money involved in the support of publications that parade the literature of the morgue and degrade the art of literature into the realism of degeneracy.

The gospel of good cheer which Stevenson preached and practised as the best thing in his high calling is still in demand, and the magazine editor who realizes this rule and abides by it will do his constituents a great service and his publishers will reap the reward.— *Salt Lake City Herald.*

**Mr. Swinburne's Style.**— Mr. Swinburne's style, especially in his later work, is censured severely by a writer in the *Academy*. "It was never a sound style," he says, "even when it was most charged with vehement eloquence; but it is becoming something worse than vicious, if that be possible. . . . Mr. Swinburne is never delivered of verbs or adjectives but in twins. 'An everlasting and god-like type of heroic and human agony dominates and dwarfs,' etc.,— that is the way of it, without intermission. And this redundance of words is merely part of a vice which sinks into the whole tissue of the style. Everything is in excess. Mr. Swinburne seems incapable of praise (for instance) except by hyperbole. It might be curious for some statistician to compute how often in his critical writings he has used the formula, 'There is nothing in all literature,' or 'nothing in all poetry'— as the case may be. Every writer he has occasion to praise must in some way be superlatively supreme above all other writers. 'Incomparable,' 'transcendent,' 'unequalled,' 'unique,'— such trifling unconsidered adjectives fly about till the air is thick with them, and they have as

little value for us as the purse of gold which the stage hero is forever tossing to messengers and followers."

**How Publishers Handle Manuscripts.** — Every publishing house employs at least one Reader, and a manuscript clerk, and maintains some sort of a system for the proper care of every manuscript which is sent in. One house gets in more than 25,000 manuscripts in a year's time. Several get in between 8,000 and 10,000 contributions during the same period. It is the establishment of a system for giving all manuscripts proper care and the necessity for maintaining it which makes a personal "pull" impossible. A manuscript sent to an editor and marked "Personal" on the envelope naturally goes in with the editor's mail. As a result it is not in the record of manuscripts received, or is likely not to be, and if the editor happens to be out of town, or is busy, as he generally is, the manuscript is not read for several days. The danger of loss is very great, and when the manuscript is taken up for consideration, in ninety cases out of a hundred, the particular editor to whom it is addressed turns it over to the manuscript department, to take its regular course with other contributions.— *Herbert Brewster's New York Letter.*

**"The Former" and "The Latter."**— I detest them. I should like to banish them from the English language. One of them by itself may be occasionally tolerable, but the two together are unendurable. The writers of comic verse long ago perceived their absurdity. Arthur Reed Ropes has given us a good example of it in his lines to the "Lost Pleiad": —

She had yielded to a mortal when he came to flirt and flatter.
She was Merope or Sterope — the former or the latter.

Calverley also: —

One night I saw him squeeze her hand:
There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance — and he chose the latter.

It were, perhaps, beside the point to cite the punning poet who wrote of Xenophon's historic retreat: —

When over the land and the sea
It behooved the ten thousand to scatter,
There were some cried "the former for me,"
But the rest cried "the latter! the latter!"

The appreciation of this requires a little strictly Attic salt. But the locus classicus is, of course, in the "War Song of Dinas Vawr": —

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.

Seriously, why cannot writers repeat their words instead of using these unnecessary substitutes? Is it thought that such repetition is unpleasing to the ear? To my thinking the very opposite is the truth. And much is gained in the cause of lucidity. Take the following sentence, for instance, which I chanced upon in a daily journal of February 17: "A 'board' — which is probably a screen, as somebody said a generation ago — understands, and the great bulk of the ordinary shareholders do not understand, the workings of company finance. When a crisis comes, the latter seldom hesitate to put their interests in the hands of the former."

Halte là! We must "hark back" and reconsider the passage. We are then led to the conclusion that by "the latter" is meant the shareholders, and by "the former" the board. But why not so write it, like an honest man? "And when a crisis comes, the shareholders seldom hesitate to put their interests in the hands of the board." Surely, this is better both to mind and ear; and if instead of "the board" we read "the directors," we have a clear, simple, and, in my humble judgment, a much improved statement.— *London Speaker.*

**Coincidence in Plots.**— In the Editor's Study of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Alden tells of a number of curious cases of coincidence in plots of stories, and apparently unconscious plagiarisms which have come to his notice as editor of the magazine: —

"The instances of coincidence in plots come often under the editor's notice," he says, "and in some there is almost a suggestion of telepathic correspondence. Some ideas, however novel, are sometimes, so to speak, 'in the air.' There is a progressive course of scientific development, and it does not seem strange to us that the idea of the origin of species as advanced by Darwin in one quarter of the globe should correspond with that conceived at the same time so soon afterward advanced by Wallace in another. But we confess to some

surprise when within the same week, as once happened, we received two stories, one from a well-known writer in New England and the other from a promising new Western author, both dealing with a very uncommon and yet almost identical situation in which the governor of a State was called upon to exercise his prerogative of pardon."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WRITERS' YEAR-BOOK, 1903. Edited by Irene Bastow. 76 pp. Cloth, 1s. 6d. London: Writers' Year-Book Company. 1903.

"The Writers' Year-Book" is a directory of English periodicals, giving in the case of each the address and information about the date of closing forms, date of issue, style of matter accepted from outside contributors, rate of payment, circumstances under which special rates are paid, when payment is made, whether preliminary letter regarding contribution is required, whether contributor is expected to send in an account, and prizes or special offers made to writers. To this are added a list of English publishers, imperfect lists of American periodicals and publishers, and a list of English literary agents and syndicates. There are also short articles on "Copyright," "How to Write for the Press," "Journalism for English and American Women," and "Writing for the Magazines." W. H. H.

A TREASURY OF HUMOROUS POETRY. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. 407 pp. Cloth, $1.33, net. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. 1902.

Tastes differ, and what seems humorous to one man will make another sad, but in this new anthology Mr. Knowles has collected a great number of poems which readers generally will agree have wit and humor. He has made no effort to arrange a chronological collection, and his "Treasury" is representative only in that it contains many of the poems by English and American writers that are likely to seem most amusing to readers of the present day. It contains more than 250 selections, including the work of more than 130 different British and American poets. Fifteen pages of biographical and explanatory notes add value to the anthology, and the book contains indexes of authors, titles, and first lines, besides a critical introduction. An odd feature of the collection is that so few women — not more than half-a-dozen — are represented in it. Some of the writers who are represented have written better things than those selected. For instance, it seems odd that Mr. Knowles should have chosen Ben King's parody, "If I Should Die To-night," which is rather coarse and offensive, instead of the verses, "Nothing to Do But Work," which made King famous. Generally, however, the book deserves unqualified praise, and it will be a welcome addition to any library. W. H. H.

ETHAN ALLEN, OF GREEN MOUNTAIN FAME. By Charles Walter Brown. 281 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: M. A. Donohue & Co. 1902.

Mr. Brown's book tells the story of the life of the hero of Ticonderoga, largely by quotation from Allen's own narrative of his experiences and from official documents. This material has been so treated typographically that it is not easy to distinguish between the quotations and Mr. Brown's original work. The book would be a better one if it contained less formal quotation and more vivid direct narration. As it is, it presents the known facts of the Vermont patriot's career in a rather uninteresting way. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

RIP VAN WINKLE. By Washington Irving. Printed in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography. 22 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1902.

BUSINESS LETTERS. No. 2. — Railroad Correspondence. Written in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography. 52 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1902.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EMERSON AS SEER. Charles W. Eliot. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

EMERSON'S APHASIA — EMERSON'S ESTEEM FOR THOREAU. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

A FORGOTTEN PATRIOT (Thomas Day). Henry S. Pancoast. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

THE TENEMENT BOOK AND READER. Norman Duncan. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

TENNYSON: A NEW ESTIMATE. Frederic Harrison. *North American Review* (53 c.) for June.

A DEFENCE OF FINE WRITING. Elia W. Peattie. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

THE TERRIBLE AND TRAGIC IN FICTION. Jack London. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

DANTE PORTRAITS: PRO AND CON. With special reference to the Orcagna fresco. Illustrated. Walter Littlefield. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.— IX. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

SOME WRITERS OF THE PRINCETON FACULTY (Walter A. Wyckoff, Woodrow Wilson, Henry van Dyke, George McLean Harper, Winthrop More Daniels, John Huston Finley, and Howard Crosby Butler). With portraits. Edwin M. Norris. *Critic* (28 c.) for June.

LABOUCHÈRE AND LONDON *Truth*. Ernest L. Hancock. *Bookman* (28 c.) for June.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ALFRED HENRY LEWIS. With frontispiece portrait. *Book News* (8 c.) for June.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NOTE-BOOKS. J. C. Bailey. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

BATTLES IN FICTION. Eveline C. Godley. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

THE SONNET. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for June.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CRITICS. "An Ungrateful Author." *National Review* (75 c.) for June.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A BACKGROUND ARTIST. Emma Carleton. *House Beautiful* (23 c.) for June.

BOOKS IN POLITICAL FICTION. ("J. Devlin, Boss," by Francis Churchill Williams; "The 13th District," by Brand Whitlock; "The Henchman," by Mark Lee Luther; and "The Spoilsmen," by Elliot Flower.) Wallace Rice. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for June.

JOHN BURROUGHS. Illustrated. Edward B. Clark. *World To-Day* (28c.) for June.

PAUL BELLONI DU CHAILLU. With portrait. Ivan C. Waterbury. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for June.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAYAL OF MORAL LIFE. Frank Chapman Sharp. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for June.

TOLSTOY, MYSTIC AND REALIST. Ernest Howard Crosby. *Mind* (23 c.) for June.

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH. With portrait. Charles Brodie Patterson. *Mind* (23 c.) for June.

A VISIT TO EDWIN MARKHAM. Charles Henry Gondiss. *Wilshire's Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

THE SPEECH REPORTER AS A SPEECH REVISER. Continued. David Wolfe Brown. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for June.

IN THE LITERARY MARKET. Albert Bigelow Paine. *Editor* (13 c.) for June.

MAKING A CHOICE OF A PROFESSION. VI.—The Profession of Journalism. Albert Shaw. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for June.

AUGUSTA HOLMÈS: HER LIFE AND HER WORK. Illustrated. Percy Mitchell. *Delineator* (18c.) for June.

A MASTER OF MAXIMS (Ralph Waldo Emerson). Charles Leonard Moore. *Dial* (13 c.) for May 1.

THE MORALITY PLAY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH DRAMA. Florence H. Harvey. *Dial* (13 c.) for May 1.

EMERSON AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER. Annie Russell Marble. *Dial* (13 c.) for May 16.

REMINISCENCES OF PAUL BELLONI DU CHAILLU. With portrait. Helen Evertson Smith. *Independent* for May 14.

IMPRESSIONS OF EMERSON. William Dean Howells. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 16.

THE PERSONALITY OF EMERSON. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 23.

HUMORISTS OF THE PENCIL. John T. McCutcheon. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for May 30.

"JOHN INGLESANT." Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 2.

A LITERARY MAN (Robert Buchanan). Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 9.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE. Edward Hutton. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 16.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. J. K. Hudson. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 23.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.—IV., V., VI., VII. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 23.

FICTION AND FROTH. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 30.

THE BRONTË NOVELS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for May 30.

SOME REMOTE EFFECTS OF EYE-STRAIN. George H. Thomas, M. D. *Northwestern Lancet* (13 c.) for June 1.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

John Morley's "Life of William Gladstone" will be published in this country by the Macmillan Company. The work will be brought out in three volumes, with portraits and many other illustrations. It will be published in October.

Two biographies of Alexander Dumas, one by Arthur F. Davidson, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and the other by Harry A. Spurr, published by the F. A. Stokes Company, have been issued contemporaneously with the celebration of the centenary of Dumas's birth.

Carl Schurz is engaged in the preparation of his autobiography.

Mrs. Isabelle Moore, a Reader for G. P. Putnam's Sons, has gone to England for two months with the idea of collecting material for a volume dealing with the youth and "literary beginnings" of Jane Austen.

General James Grant Wilson has brought together his Thackeray papers and will publish them in the fall in an elaborate limited edition of 750 copies.

Edna Lyall, in an essay upon Mrs. Gaskell, written in 1897, mentioned that, owing to her unpleasant experiences in connection with her biography of Charlotte Brontë, and the violent attacks to which that work gave rise, Mrs. Gaskell had determined that no record of her own life should be written, and had instructed her family to that effect. Up to the present time her wishes have been respected, but the difficulty has apparently been surmounted in some way, for a "Life of Mrs. Gaskell," by Clement Shorter, is announced as one of the forthcoming volumes in the English Men of Letters Series.

The last literary labor of the late Richard Henry Stoddard was in connection with his "Recollections, Personal and Literary." This work, which his friend, Ripley Hitchcock, aided him in arranging, is to be published, with an introduction by E. C. Stedman, and reproductions of pictures and autograph letters collected by Mr. Stoddard.

Colonel Higginson is about to publish a "Reader's History of American Literature," utilizing his extraordinarily large fund of personal reminiscences. Colonel Higginson has been assisted by Henry W. Boynton in the work of preparation.

John Kendrick Bangs has resigned the editorship of the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

The latest success in London weekly journalism is called *V. C*, the popular abbreviation of Victoria Cross, the most coveted reward of military valor. Its tone is high, and the spirit in which the paper is edited reminds the reader of President Roosevelt's "strenuous life." Negotiations are on foot to publish an edition of *V. C.* in the United States.

*Burr McIntosh's Monthly* (New York) is an attractive picture magazine, practically without letter press.

The *Illustrated Sporting News* (New York) is a new national weekly, devoted entirely to sporting subjects. It will range in size from 24 to 36 pages and will be edited by Robert W. Woolley, for the last two years sporting editor for the *New York World*. The paper will be practically without a rival in its field as a weekly, for though there are several publications devoted to one or more of the great sports, there are none that cover the whole field from a popular standpoint — that is, which treat every phase of sport, from lawn tennis to ballooning, in a manner that appeals to the general reader.

*Ev'ry Month*, the *Household*, and the *Ledger Monthly* have been merged, and will be published as the *Household-Ledger* beginning June 1.

James J. Johnson, publisher of *Modern Stories*, has bought the *Unique Monthly*, and hereafter it will be published in New York.

*Poet Lore* (Boston) has changed its name to the *American Quarterly*.

The *Reader* (New York) has resumed publication, with Mitchell Kennedy, formerly editor and proprietor, as manager.

The *Nickell Magazine* (New York) is in the sheriff's hands.

The *Woman's Home Companion* (Springfield, O.) wants ideas and suggestions concerning home topics, and will give prizes of $25 for the best offerings on the subjects "Does Gardening Pay?" "Fancy-Work," and "Novel Entertainments." Photographs are wanted, and prizes are also offered for the best photographs illustrating "Porch Possibilities," "Home Interiors," and "Home Weddings." The competitions will close November 1.

*Leslie's Weekly* (New York) offers prizes of ten dollars each for the best photographs representing the spirit of Thanksgiving and of Christmas.

Hurst & Company, 395 Broadway, New York City, have bought the plates and copyrights of the books formerly published by the Jamieson-Higgins Company, of Chicago.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce that they have become the exclusive American agents of George Routledge & Sons, of London.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish soon a little book including three articles on "Dramatic Criticism," by A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the *London Times*.

*The Journal of Geography* (Chicago) for June is a special Boston number, with finely illustrated articles by experts on "The Geographical Features of Boston and Vicinity"; "Excursions in and Around Boston"; "The Boston Park System," and "Approaching Boston."

Dr. Charles W. Doyle died at Santa Cruz, Calif, May 2, aged fifty years.

Richard Henry Stoddard died in New York, May 12, aged seventy-eight.

Paul Blouet ("Max O'Rell") died in Paris, May 24, aged fifty-five.

Max Bennett Thrasher died at Tuskegee, Ala., May 29, aged forty-three.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, JULY, 1903. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## BLUNDERS OF AUTHORS.

The conversation had taken a literary turn, and the "authoress" had been giving the details of an historical incident to be interwoven with her next story.

"But," said the friendly critic, "that will never do. The date utterly disagrees with that of the rest of the story."

"Oh, I don't care about that," was the cheerful reply.

"But you want to be accurate."

"No, indeed,— no matter about accuracy,— the great thing is to be interesting."

This may be a writer's opinion, but readers do rather prefer that which is interesting to be combined with that which is accurate. In reading "Sir Richard Calmady" it may seem of but small importance to know the name of the Spanish artist whose painting produced so deep an impression on the young priest, but it is hard to be told within a dozen pages that it was the work both of Murillo and of Velasquez.

One familiar with the holy-days of the Anglican Church was surprised to read, in one of Mrs. Belden's stories, of some ceremonial observed "every year on the twenty-sixth of June,— Saint John's day"— knowing that Saint John's day, midsummer, around which so many of the fancies and legends of the olden time cling, is the twenty-fourth of the month. This may be a typographical error; if so, let printers bear the blame.

Such excuse, however, can hardly serve for a statement in a Boston newspaper, that November second is the anniversary "of the dedication of All Souls Church (Unitarian) of Roxbury, and the day is named All Souls from the church."

In Cooper's "Prairie," we read of the execution of White, the murderer,— a painful story of "border justice." The judge and executioner, wishing to give the criminal some opportunity of spiritual counsel, gives him a few leaves of the Bible, placing them in his hands with the hope that he may read with profit. His hands had been tied behind him!

In "Some Colonial Homesteads," by Marion Harland, we read of one place among whose relics is "a portrait of Martha Blount painted by Vandyke." Pope's biographers speak of the sisters, Martha and Teresa Blount, as playmates of Pope in his childhood, and near his age. Pope was born in 1688, and

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Vandyke died more than forty years before. The probabilities are not in favor of the portrait being his work.

In another part of the book, after quoting some verses addressed to Miss Chew, by Major André, the writer says: "We may be permitted a sighful thought of Honora Sneyd keeping the vestal fires of love and memory alight in her heart for her absent and soon-to-be dead lover."

Our thoughts are less "sighful" remembering that at the time of André's death Honora Sneyd had been for several years the second wife of that much-married man, Richard Lovel Edgeworth. "I was in love with my second wife during the life-time of my first," he writes. We are not inclined to dispute his assertion: "I am a man absolutely without prejudices." *Pamela McArthur Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

## MAKING AN INDEX.

When I was first asked to make an index for a book, I wavered between two opinions; one was that somewhere in the world was a profound volume that would tell me everything about making an index, the other was that the task was so simple that any person of good sense was supposed to be able to do it. But I could never find that volume. Experience had taught me that while an index was supposed to tell what was in a book, it seldom did. But a solid book without an index ——! The book assigned to me was as full of quotations and citations as a honeycomb is of honey, so when I was given a brief and practical set of rules, I consented joyfully.

Last but most pungent on this list of rules was the remark that "an index is not an analysis; it is simply a pointer to that in the volume which it is desired to command." From that time on my dreams were haunted by three men and a ghostly sign-board. One was portly and important, a possible purchaser, remarking, "Hm! A new book by Prof. X. Well, if he has anything to say on the recrudescence of esoterical philosophy, I must get it for my next lecture." The second man was thin and eager, and I could see him taking down volume after volume in some library and making rapid notes whenever he found something bearing on the subject of his thesis. I always felt sorry for him when he had to spend time searching through a book that had no index. The third man had bought the book, and I could see him rushing to his shelves, saying: "If I can only find that summary of figures on immigration! It is just what I need to use now." I determined that each one of these men should be aided in his quest.

Taking up the rest of these rules, I fixed in mind these particulars: —

"In a single reference use the comma in separating the topic from the matter referred to."

"For a series of references use the colon in dividing the topic from its subordinate clauses."

"The principal clause preceding the colon should with each one of the subordinate clauses make complete sense."

"At no point should a subordinate clause take the place of the principal clause."

This last particular is a pitfall to the unwary indexer.

The book itself was a charming one to begin with. It was a large-page 12mo of about 650 pages. If there was anything in the history, science, religion, geography, or the -isms, of the last hundred years, that the author did not mention, casually explaining its deepest mysteries, it must have been insignificant. Analyzing its contents was almost a liberal educa-

tion. A sample page yielded statements of eight different historical facts essential to the author's argument, twelve names of authorities, four quotations, and several allusions. Oh, for a diviner's wand to know what could be slighted without being missed!

But this page was easy, since it had the names to choose from all plainly before one. There are other things to keep the good editor or indexer busy. The author had regard for a smooth and flowing style, so he spoke of "Darwin's epoch-making volume" and quoted voluminously from "a poet whose works are now almost forgotten." The exact title of that volume must be looked up, for it would never do to index the wrong volume, and the good editor does not trust his memory — he verifies. That poet seemed to have the same style as Burns, who was quoted on the previous page, so a volume of Burns was sought. Wilberforce was quoted several times, but one had to distinguish the voice of Bishop Samuel from that of William.

Besides all this, one must untwist double-twisted threads of thought. Here are Humanism, Humanitarianism, Humanity, and Man, to be carefully distinguished, and that sometimes when they are not definitely labelled. Also there is variety. Manila comes next to Man. Queen Victoria's telegram to Mme. Joubert, Schopenhauer, and X-rays, are all here together. If the æsthesiometer had been invented when this book was written, it would surely be here.

That index stood between me and a vacation, but even so no one would believe the number of weeks I spent on it, so I shall not tell. Armed with a book, a pencil, and blocks of paper about two by four inches in size, or even less, I wrote and wrote and wrote, and threw the slips into a box. Where several references to the same subject came near together, the slip for that topic would stay on my desk till I had come to different matter, but most of the slips went into the box with only one reference on each.

All the small blocks of white paper that could be furnished from the printing house were used up, and then they sent pink and yellow and green. As the blotter which I used later was a deep and beautiful blue, the effect was diverting and restful to the eyes. There were anywhere from three to six thousand of these slips, though many went into the waste-basket in the final combining. When I pasted them together at last, the effect was somewhat like a Roman sash. Editors all know that of making many books there is no end, and sometimes it seems as if there would be no end to the making of even one, particularly if it is good and fat. It would have been intolerable without the colors. The thermometer stood at ninety-five degrees in the office day after day, but ice-water cloths on my head and the thought of vacation sustained me.

And yet some people think that books grow all their accessories as plants grow leaves, and that a bare manuscript fed into a press comes tumbling out in the form of perfect books.

After all the writing came the sorting and re-sorting. I marked off an alphabetical chart on a large blue blotter, the size of which suited this purpose very well. Sorting first by initial letters, each pile had to be sorted for the following letters and then each one of those piles was laid out in the final order, all repetitions were erased and the whole was pasted together in a long patchwork strip. I stood up to the work of sorting, but when the slips began to grow under my paste-brush, my mind grew restful at sight of the goal, and I sat down again.

Still Patience must perfect her work, so the i's were dotted and the t's were crossed, and colons, semi-colons, and commas had particular attention, for it is such trifles that make perfection in an index. The result was distressing to the eye, but plain to the printer, and the proofs were a joy.

Here my index and I parted. I am very proud of it, for though I have made others, I have never made another quite like that one. I sometimes fear that it was too good for this cold world, and certainly I should not have the heart to put so much into a mere index again. However, from all reports it is fairly well serving its purpose, and I will uphold its rules and methods as good for the production of useful indexes. *H. Chapell.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

***THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. JULY, 1903. NO. 7.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Don't wait for moods. "Instead of waiting for inspiration," said Dr. Holmes, "try a little perspiration." Sit down at your desk, as a carpenter takes his place at his bench, and stir up your brain. Get your mind active, and the moods will come. Anything that incites to thought will lead to inspiration. Sometimes rapid glancing over the pages of newspapers, catching an idea here and there, will set the brain at work. Skimming books rapidly will serve the same purpose. The main thing is to get the faculties active.

* * *

Don't write merely for the sake of writing. It is foolish to put words on paper unless they express thought. Having got your idea, think it out until you have made the most of it. Then, when your brain is full of it, take paper and try to put your idea into words. You have a poor brain if you can sit at your desk for an hour, actually working in this way, and not think something that is worth putting on paper at least for the sake of practice, whether it is worth putting into print or not. Inspiration is good; but inspiration is more likely to find you if you are working at your desk than if you are dawdling in a hammock or lying at the seashore on the sand. Longfellow wrote in his journal: "October: will it bring me any songs this year?" But Longfellow knew as well as anybody that his songs would not write themselves, and if he had waited for inspiration, always, his poems would not make so large a book.

* * *

Novelists need to pay attention to little things as well as great. The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* notes that in his story, "The Virginian," Owen Wister upsets railroad traditions by putting a No. 2 west-bound train on the time table.

* * *

Do publishers' Readers fail to take an interest in the work of unknown writers? Judge for yourself, after reading these letters addressed to the author of "The Log of a Cowboy," published in May by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.:—

"Doubleday, Page & Company, Publishers,
34 Union Square, New York,
July 5, 1901.

"Dear Mr. Adams:

"Apologies to commence with for having had these so long. One of our Readers who had them after I finished was ill, and he took ever so much longer passing on them than is customary.

"The material for novels and sketches you certainly have, but you have not got the proper touch.

"Take, for instance, the Prospectors' Stories—as episodes of the life they are as true as gravitation, but the mere ups and

downs of the average unsuccessful man don't justify themselves. If the incidents were adventures in the career of a given man who had made a great winning subsequently — yes — but there must be a pivotal basis on which to hinge the narrative.

"You may say that there are but few successful prospectors, yet there are a good many successful mines.

"If you were to tell the story of one of these adventurers who finally pulled off a big thing, representing his vicissitudes and telling finally what use he made of his wealth — picturing an actual man — and were to do it in the vein that Ogden handles the De Mores story in our July number, you'd have a great article. Your sketch of the Mexican outlaws is too confused, has too many details, and does not give any tense dramatic effect.

"There's only one way I know of to learn to write — it's to write. Keep at it. You could have no better model than E. Hough, who is a fine stylist and a man who puts the very feel of the West into his matter. Send him two or three of these sketches of yours and ask his opinion. You know the stuff. You have the material — learn to shape it so we'll want it.

"Truly yours, J. O'H. Cosgrove."

---

"Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.,
Editor's Office.
Boston, August 28, 1901.

"Dear Mr. Adams:

"It is always an unwelcome task to return a manuscript that one likes, and I have been interested in these sketches of cowboy life more than a little. Yet the business judgment of the Readers here does not support my inclination, and I am returning the manuscript to you with the wish that if you should in time carry out the project of which we have spoken — that is, make a Log of a Cowboy — a closely-woven, connected treatment of the cowboy's life, equipment, activity, hardships, amusements, and the conditions under which he lives, I should be very glad if you would let me see it. Yours sincerely,

"W. B. Parker.

"The manuscript is being sent by Wells-Fargo express."

---

"D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Ave., New York.
New York, Oct. 7, 1901.

"Andy Adams, Esq., Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Dear Sir:— We want to tell you of the interest and delight with which your short stories of cowboy life have been read. They are sketches really rather than stories and each one is very graphic and full of the true spirit of the life. You should publish all these sketches in periodicals. They are admirably adapted for such use. If you cannot find a satisfactory place for them in the weeklies or monthlies, I think the *New York Sun* would take them for their Sunday edition. As regards their publication in book-form, that is, unfortunately, a different matter. It is extremely hard to persuade the public to buy collections of stories or collections of sketches. For instance: There are reviewers and readers who would appreciate the graphic quality of your work, but the book, as a book, would not bring results which would be satisfactory to you or to the publishers. I want you to understand the situation exactly. This decision is not due to lack of interest in your book or lack of appreciation. Secondly, I want you to try your hand at a long story, a novel of the trail and ranch. With a novel many things can be done. It is necessary to have a plot which will serve as a scaffolding or skeleton, and it is necessary to also give considerable care to the simple construction as well as the decoration and finish of the house. If you will take the matter up carefully, work at it faithfully, and not allow yourself to be discouraged, I think that you may develop a novel which you will be very glad of when it is finished.

"I earnestly hope that you will do this, for I like your work so much that I should like to see it developed as it should be.

"I am holding your manuscript until you tell me whether it should be returned to you or sent elsewhere, and I remain, with many thanks for the opportunity of seeing your work,

"Very truly yours, Ripley Hitchcock."

---

"D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Ave., New York.
New York, Oct. 14, 1901.

"Andy Adams, Esq., Colorado Springs, Colo.

"My Dear Sir:— I am glad to have your letter of the tenth. I am delighted that you have already begun a novel, and I shall await with great interest the opportunity of seeing it. You will pardon one or two suggestions. In the first place, the title which you suggest, 'The Log of a Cow Herd,' would not do. Your novel must be a novel of incident and variety, with a live interest, and it must have as a basis of construction a definite plot. The title, and to some extent, the plan would make the book appear to be a narrative, and a narrative of a cowboy's journey from Texas to Montana would be a very different thing from a novel. It is not necessary to put everything into the novel. The first thing is, of course, human nature, but it is not necessary to cover the whole ground of the cattle country, and, in fact, it would be a mistake to use too much descriptive material. With best wishes, believe me,

"Very faithfully yours, Ripley Hitchcock."

* * *

There is food for thought in these letters, and writers will do well to read them carefully. Mr. Adams got his material in ten years of herding cattle on the plains, from 1880 to 1890, but he did not know how to handle it, and it was not until the Readers for the publishers put him on the right track that he was able to achieve a successful work.

* * *

It is astonishing to what extent specialization in magazine publishing is carried now-a-days. For instance, among the new magazines announced last month are the *Journal of Infectious Diseases*, to be published in Chicago, and *American Art in Bronze and Iron*, published in New York.

* * *

*Vogue's* receipt for check sent in payment for manuscripts is "for copyright and all rights," and a notice printed at the bottom says: "All manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., purchased by *Vogue* or the publisher thereof, or either of them, for their own account or the account of whom it may concern, are so pur-

chased with the distinct agreement on the part of the party supplying or selling the same that they are original, and unless otherwise expressly stipulated, are sold with all rights therein, including copyright, translation, publication, republication, non-publication, transfer, sale, exchange, etc."

* * *

A "literary note" conveys the information that Beatrice Harraden is writing a comedy "about which she has been meditating a long time." Nobody ought ever to undertake to write a comedy, or even a tragedy, without meditating a long time.

* * *

That the proper placing of modifying clauses is a matter of some importance is illustrated by two statements that appeared recently in newspapers. In describing a commencement, the *Huntington* (Va.) *Herald* said: "The stage presented a pretty scene. In the first row were the graduates, ten young girls dressed in white, each carrying a large bunch of carnations and one young man." And the *Maine Woods* announced: "A trout has been caught by a guest at Mooselookmeguntic lake with a padlock in his stomach." W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| My beloved brethren, I have a secret to tell thee and a question to ask. Do you know how much I love you and the nature of this love? — *Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.* | My beloved brethren, I have a secret to tell you and a question to ask. Do you know how much I love you and the nature of this love? |
| Entirely unique. — *Washington Post.* | Unique. |
| The *Boston Transcript*, which has been agitating the negro question for years, is now protesting against the proposition to remove a colony of them to Boston. — *Washington Post.* | The *Boston Transcript*, which has been agitating the negro question for years, is now protesting against the proposition to remove a colony of negroes to Boston. |
| Can it be possible? — *New York Sun.* | Is it possible? |

## THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

A writer pleasantly observes that we are taught at school that a preposition, from its *very name, should not* end a sentence, yet some men will doubtless go on asking: "Who are you getting at?" and "Where am I at?" There are times when even three prepositions at the end of a sentence may be useful, as witness this question of a nurse, who once said to her patient: "What would you like to be read to out of?" But could she have made herself any clearer, if even her sentence was more gracefully turned? — *Boston Herald.*

We still say electrocute instead of electricute. Why not conform to the dictionaries on the subject? — *Boston Herald.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Rosalie Arthur, whose verses, "Phoebe," illustrated by herself, appeared in *Harper's Bazar* for June, is an artist as well as a writer. She studied drawing at the Art Students' League of New York, under Walter Appleton Clark, and has done various sorts of illustration in the past four years, including work for the McClure Syndicate, *Life*, Harper & Bros.' publications, and other magazines, and she has also illustrated several books. Recently she has had poems, largely of an outdoor nature, accepted by *Country Life in America*, *Ainslee's*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *Harper's Bazar*, and last year she compiled and illustrated a book, "Out-of-Doors," consisting of quotations in verse and prose from eminent Nature writers, running in sequence throughout the year. This book was published by the Dodge Publishing Co., of New York, and has gone into a second edition. Miss Arthur is particularly fond of drawing children, and has illustrated two series of stories by Charles Battell Loomis. It is her desire to divide her time hereafter between drawing and writing. She prefers quiet surroundings, and most of her work is done at her home in Flatbush.

Mary Austin, who wrote "The Little Town of the Grapevines," in the *Atlantic* for June, was born in Illinois, but left there when she was twenty, broken in health from overstudy in the university. Since then she has lived in southeastern California, in the high valleys

and desert hills toward Death Valley, giving as much time as very delicate health permits, as she puts it, "to the study of children and other little animals." Thus far the most notable work she has done is educational. Once in a year or so, Mrs. Austin goes out of the desert to lecture in Normal Schools, or at Institutes and Teachers' classes, and after a few months of this she returns to the hills, her studies, and field work with her husband, who is a botanist. The last few years Mrs. Austin has taken up literary work. She has written both stories and verse for the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Munsey's*, the *Independent*, *Out West*, and more particularly for *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*. Her best work is verse, especially that in *St. Nicholas*, which is very widely copied. Mrs. Austin has spent much time among the Indians, and has been able by her writings to assist in some movements for their relief.

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Edward Boltwood, whose story, "Crossed Wires," was published in the *Red Book* for June, was born in Pittsfield, Mass., and worked on a Dakota cattle ranch before entering Yale college, where he graduated in 1892. He then studied law and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but gave that up for a position with Harper & Bros. In 1897 and 1898 he was one of the assistant editors of *Harper's Magazine*. Since 1898 he has devoted himself to story-writing and unattached newspaper work. He has had stories printed by *Lippincott's*, *Munsey's*, the *Smart Set*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *Independent*, *Life*, the *Black Cat*, the *New York Herald*, the *New York Sun*, the *Brown Book*, the *Red Book*, and various newspaper syndicates. Mr. Boltwood's home is in New York.

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Ingram Crockett, author of "In June," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, is of an old Virginia-Kentucky family, and has given much of his spare time to writing. His work has appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Outing*, *Country Life in America*, *Truth*, *Lippincott's*, *Leslie's*, the *Criterion*, the *Churchman*, the *Olympian*, and other publications, and he is also the author of two books, "Beneath Blue Skies and Gray" (verse), R. H. Russell, and "A Year-Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields." Mr. Crockett was born in Henderson, Kentucky, and has lived there since his marriage in 1887. He is devoted to Out-of-doors, and most of his prose work has been along the lines of nature study.

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Bertha Ester-Brooke Goodier, who wrote the story, "Laviny's Wedding Gown," in the *Designer* for June, began writing about two years ago for the love of it, and in her first year's experience wrote about forty stories of all kinds — girls' stories, boys' stories, love stories, and tales of adventure, besides special articles — "anything and everything," she says. "I went through a sort of beginner's luck, I presume," she adds, "and managed to dispose of all but seven of these. I am a Michigan girl, just turning the quarter-century mark, and just one example, I doubt not, of what ten thousand other girls might do along the same lines, if they would only try."

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Alice Louise Lee, whose story, "Professor Ashur's Tutor," appeared in the *Delineator* for June, graduated from Syracuse University in 1896, and has since taught literature in a boarding school in Cazenovia, N. Y. A three-part story of hers was recently printed in *Modes and Fabrics*, and she has contributed to a number of periodicals, including the *Youth's Companion* and *Everybody's Magazine*.

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Lewis B. Miller, whose story, "In the Quicksand," with four striking illustrations by Martin Justice, was one of the features of the *Century* for June, was born on the Texas frontier and most of his life has been spent in Texas. His earliest recollections are of living in old Fort Blocker, a fort established near the Red River, partly as headquarters for the frontier scouts, but chiefly as a place of refuge for the settlers from the Comanches and other hostile tribes. One of the most vivid of his childhood memories is of fleeing from the savages down a dry creek-bed with a party of women and children, accompanied by a one-eyed man leading a little gray mule, which, to the terror of all, persisted in braying. Two years of Mr. Miller's

early boyhood were passed on a cattle-ranch, so near to one of the great cattle-trails that, in dry weather, he could watch the dust-clouds moving across the country as the mighty droves of long-horned beeves marched northward to slaughter. Later he passed some years on a Missouri farm, and several of his stories were suggested by four wagon-trips made between Missouri and Texas during his boyhood. Besides farming and driving cattle, he has taught country schools, edited both country and city papers, and held the professorship of Greek in a Texas college. He is familiar with nearly every phase of life from St. Louis to the Rio Grande, and within the last few years he has written about forty stories, which have been accepted by the *Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Round Table*, and (a large number) the *Youth's Companion*. "In the Quicksand" is the outgrowth of an incident which he witnessed on the banks of the Red River. At the present time Mr. Miller is hard at work upon a long story for boys. He now lives in St. Louis.

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Lydia Perkins, whose story, "The Atavism of Alaraaf," appeared in the *Atlantic* for June, is a writer who, if not born with the instinct, nevertheless loves the profession. She has written for the papers of her home city, the Washington *Post* and *Evening Star*, and for several syndicates, among them the Newspaper Enterprise Association of Cincinnati and Cleveland, and the McClure Syndicate of New York. She has also written for the *Black Cat* and other magazines. She was born in the South, and looks forward to bringing out a novelette of that section in the near future.

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Kathryne Wilson, whose story, "The Greater Claim," appeared in *Short Stories* for June, is twenty-four years old, and has always lived in the states of Montana and Washington. She graduated from the University of Montana in the class of 1901. Her education was supplemented by a course of travel in America and Europe. She now lives in Seattle. Miss Wilson appreciates the value of the West of to-day as a literary field, and her work is devoted to *the portrayal* of character as it exists in that section of the country generally represented in literature by the cowboy and the Indian — a locality, however, where the cowboy is becoming a curiosity and from which the Indian is fast disappearing.

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## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Overton.**— Miss Gwendolin Overton, the daughter of Captain Gilbert E. Overton, U.S.A., retired, who won recognition as an author by her novel, "The Heritage of Unrest," has a new book named "Anne Carmel," just presented to the public. Born at a frontier post, she has spent most of her twenty-nine years with the Army, though she was educated in France. Of late years Miss Overton has resided at Los Angeles, Cal. — *Town and Country.*

**Sangster.**— Asked to tell something of her early experiences, Mrs. Sangster said: "I began to write when I was a very young girl, and I have been writing all my life. I never knew personally any of the difficulties that many novices encounter, as I was fortunate enough to be successful from the very start. My first editorial work was on *Hearth and Home*, where I was assistant to George Cary Eggleston, whom I may call my preceptor in journalism. I had been contributing to that paper and to the *Independent* for some time, when Mr. Eggleston came to me one day and offered me the position which, he informed me, was then made vacant by the resignation of Mary Mapes Dodge, who was then beginning her long and enviable career as the editor of *St. Nicholas*. I was amazed that I should be sought out for the place, and replied to Mr. Eggleston that I had never had any experience as an editor. He answered that the publishers had carefully watched my contributions and were satisfied that I was the person they wanted. 'Any woman who can make a dress,' he said, 'can edit a paper.' 'But I am one of the few women who can't make a dress,' I replied. 'I'll put it in another way, then,' he answered. 'Any woman who can keep house can edit a paper.' As I knew I could keep house, I raised no further objections. That was thirty years ago, and I have been continuously in the editorial harness ever since. At

the present time, as you know, I am editing departments in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Christian Herald.*

"About my literary methods? I usually work six hours a day; I am an early riser, and most of my writing is done in the morning. I never work after four o'clock. I usually map out each day's work in advance, and think out what I am going to write, almost to the very words, before beginning. When I once have started, I work at a rapid pace, and can usually trust myself to write three thousand words a day. Frequently I produce more, very rarely less. When working on a novel I usually write two or three chapters and then put them away for a few days. When I take them up again I revise thoroughly what I have written before sending the sheets to the typewriter. Meanwhile, of course, I am at work on other chapters, so there is no delay. The general plan of the story is all arranged before I begin to write, but sometimes the characters get away from me and persist in doing what they please, despite all my efforts to make them conform to my plan. I like to have several different kinds of work on hand at the same time. Then, when I am tired of one, I can put it aside and take up another.

"It has been my rule all through my literary career never to let my work crowd me. I always keep well ahead of it, especially when I am writing for newspapers. The result is that when I promise to have a piece of work ready at a certain time I can almost absolutely be depended on to have it done. For me the one fatal thing would be to feel hurried. I provide against it by being very systematic."— *Newark Sunday News.*

**Seawell.**— Molly Elliot Seawell has made a practical success of writing,— practical because she began without name or fortune; in fact, she has told the writer that she had no means of support except that derived from her pen. What she wrote was not sold on recommendation or the strength of a letter from a friend to the publisher, but on merit.

She was but little more than a girl when she took up her pen with the determination to live by its products; but she was a practical girl and not given to dreaming of what she was going to do at some future time. She began doing immediately. For fifteen years she has been doing with unbroken regularity, and today she is more than ever convinced that "there is no excellence without great labor."

Not long ago the writer asked Miss Seawell why she chose the profession of letters.

"Because," was the quick reply, "I had to earn my living and I thought that, in my case, it was the most available. When my father died," she continued, "I felt that I must do something at once. I decided that I was perhaps better equipped for writing than for anything else, so I began in earnest. What did I write? Everything I thought would be of interest to the public. I wrote for newspapers and publishers and sent my wares to whatever market I judged they would suit. The first year I wrote I earned $700; the second year I earned twice that amount."

It must be remembered that Miss Seawell worked. She toiled unceasingly for her art. "So many persons," she says, "imagine that writing requires no special training, no hard work. In my opinion there is no line of writing but requires a special training and adaptability.

"Soon after I began to write I had the good fortune to be introduced to Longfellow. He told me whatever I was doing, no matter how small the work or the expected reward, to throw myself into it without reserve. I have profited much by his counsel.

"I believe that I may say that I have been unusually successful. Very few of my articles were returned by publishers. In this I know I am an exception, but I must remind you that I have always been an indefatigable worker and that I exact the very best there is in me when preparing a manuscript. I rewrite most of my manuscripts at least three times.

"My first distinct encouragement was a $500 prize from the *Youth's Companion* for my story, 'Little Jarvis.' But I think almost anyone could have written that: it is such a lovable character that the story almost wrote itself. Then my 'Sprightly Romance of Marsac' won me a $3,000 prize from the *New York Herald.*

"If I am capable of giving advice to writers,

I would say make a specialty of some line of writing—something of which they can write with facility—and pursue it diligently. I know a young man who earns a fairly comfortable living by writing on financial topics only. He began a few years ago on a New York newspaper and so mastered his line that whatever he wrote about it was interesting and absolutely reliable. This is the age of the literary specialist.

"I believe with Anthony Trollope that it would be a good thing if some who are trying to live by writing were glued to their chairs. They have no conception of concentration and application. Without drudging we cannot achieve distinction in any art. The price must be paid in full.

"A great deal of time and toil is wasted in trying to get into the magazines by those who are not sufficiently skilled to meet the critical requirements of those publications. Many writers would do well to try first to please the newspapers—a field that is broader and in which the standards are not so sharply defined."

Miss Seawell is in love with her work and has found it the source of all her happiness. She usually puts in about six hours daily and brooks no interruption while engaged. She has earned a reputation for promptness, and when an editor or publisher has her agreement to furnish copy by a certain time he knows it will be forthcoming. When Miss Seawell went to her publishers, her work days were longer; now she receives them in her cozy Washington home. For her latest book she was paid an advance of $7,500, which, the writer is informed, was the largest advance ever made by an American publisher.—*James Ravenscroft, in the Household-Ledger.*

**Wilkins.**—Mary E. Wilkins, who is now Mrs. Freeman, was only about eighteen years old when she wrote her first story. A Sunday-school publishing firm had offered a prize, and on reading the conditions she said, half in jest, she believed she could write a good story to fulfil the requirements. Her friends urged her to try, and the story she produced easily carried off the prize. From that time her efforts have been uniformly successful, and she has never had difficulty in finding a market.—*Newark Sunday News.*

**Wilson.**—*Puck*, the New York weekly paper, has been edited from the wilds of Taney county (Mo.) for many months. Harry Leon Wilson, the editor of *Puck*, and his accomplished wife, known to the public best as O'Neill Latham, are both at Day, a little place of the usual general store, postoffice, and blacksmith-shop type. Day is the girlhood home of Mrs. Wilson. It was here that she found that she could write and draw. After trying her hand awhile in the rural press she contributed illustrated jokes to the magazines and weeklies. Then she went on to New York, where she found a market for her work. She married Mr. Latham, a broker, but she came back to Taney county and Judge Neville of Springfield granted her a divorce. Then she went back to New York, where she married the editor of *Puck*.

Mr. Wilson and his wife are the heaviest contributors to the paper, but practically all of the matter used goes to Day, and is approved and edited by Mr. Wilson before it is published. Running from Springfield is a little branch of the St. Louis & San Francisco railway, which ends abruptly in the Ozarks.

This train carries a combination mail and passenger coach. One mail clerk handles the business with ease. When *Puck* is in Taney county the clerk has to work a little harder than usual, coming and going. He takes down with him great packages of letters, jokes, and newspapers, which arrive in Springfield from New York. This mail is delivered at Chadwick to an old-time stage coach, which carries the jokes into the fastnesses of the Ozarks at Day, off the railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines. Waiting at Chadwick for the train is the combined output of the Wilsons, a large portion of it in tubes in which the pictures, ready for the artist, are rolled.

Mr. Wilson, since the great success of his novel, "The Spenders," is now writing another story. Mrs. Wilson has often been spoken of as a native of Taney county, a girl without advantages and one who jumped at a single bound out of obscurity. The fact of the matter is, Mrs. Wilson had lived in Omaha and Nashville before she went to Taney county and knew

considerable of the world before she attempted any literary work. The Wilsons are in Missouri strictly for business. While Mr. Wilson has often been in Springfield on his way to and from New York, he has not made an acquaintance in the city, and hardly half a dozen people in Taney county know him.

Since Mrs. Wilson has been successful in her particular line she is pushing forward a younger sister in the same path. She, too, shows considerable talent and is gradually making her way in New York.—*Denver Republican.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Rapid Literary Production.** — Sir Walter Besant's autobiography records the fact that he wrote eighteen novels in eighteen years. It is calculated that this output meant the writing of about a thousand words each secular day of the year, basing the calculation on the average length of his novels. This is far behind the achievements of some of our contemporary novelists, Marion Crawford, for instance, who often writes two novels in one year, and who once wrote four in twelve months. Probably this latter achievement entitled Mr. Crawford to the record for the rapid production of novels that are worth reading.—*Boston Herald.*

**The Chances of an Unknown Writer.**— A glance at the magazine indices for the past ten years shows that new writers are continually getting in, and staying in. Again these magazine files show that after all, the great majority of articles are signed by names which are practically unknown to the reading public. These facts refute the idea that editors are not ready to see merit in the unknown writer. This is the true relation between the editor and the new writer. The unknown man must force his way in by hard, continued work; not being too depressed by defeat, nor too elated by success. The most important sense for success, outside of unquestioned genius, for the newcomer is the "journalistic instinct," whether he writes stories, travel articles, or social studies. The writer who acquires the reputation for doing something better than his fellows, soon rises. The unknown writer can never tell in advance what manuscripts will stick and what ones will come back. The only thing that is in his power is to persevere and bide his time, encouraged by the fact that never has the public been so quick to recognize merit as to-day; that never has there been so great a market for the literary worker.—*The Era.*

**Coincidence not Plagiarism.**— How, pray, are we going to know that some one else, in another place, is not writing a poem, a story, or a book like ours, that will be published before our own and give us the appearance of thievery? There is known to the writer of this screed a young woman who achieved a tale for the *Youth's Companion* the theme of which was painfully evolved from her own consciousness. The *Companion* people, on returning it, assured her they would gladly have taken it but for the fact that they had just accepted, from Mrs. Margaret Deland, a story of precisely the same subject and precisely same attitude toward that subject. This unfortunate author, a few years ago, wrote a poem about a little child which she sent to various editors — without success. While the manuscript was still on its peregrinations there appeared in one of the prominent magazines a poem on the same subject, and of like order, one of the chief points of which was also a chief point of her poem and was expressed in words almost identical with her own. Had hers been published after that — oh, what a plagiarism was there, my sisters! — *Louisville Post.*

**What a True Parody Is.**— A parody should certainly be an addition to literature, if it is to be welcomed, not a subtraction from it. If it is designed to spoil our enjoyment of a great work by suggesting undertones of triviality, it is an outrage which should be strenuously resented. For our own part we are furiously resentful, since we have to make a fierce effort to forget the travesty before we can return to the original with the usual zest.

What, then, are the limits of legitimate parody? Shall we not say that the first rule of the game is that no masterpiece shall be turned into verbal triviality? A travesty of the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount would offend the most unemotional agnostic.

Shakespeare seems to be immune, for no one has ever even tried to travesty his style — he is above style — and the innumerable travesties of "To be or not to be" have left the great monologue serenely uninjured. But for the rest, criticism or suggestion marks the limit; and the warning bell should ring when the parody passes from the spirit of the author to the letter, when the parodist deliberately takes a masterpiece and degrades it, so that the infernal tinkle of the parody rings in our ears as we strain to listen to the music of the spheres.

Many instances of the legitimate parody occur as the pen runs. The late Bret Harte's "condensed novels" never took a moment of pleasure from the reader of the stories he burlesqued. His was not verbal parody, not of the letter which kills. He took the method and produced it in a straight line till it met absurdity. Nor did any one find "Lothair" spoiled by the reading of "Lothaw." The same may be said of Sir F. Burnand's "Strapmore," and the man who laughed over the burlesque could go back to "Strathmore" with unimpaired emotion. Calverley, with his acute literary sense and his amazing power of rhyme, was one of the finest parodists that ever wrote. Yet he worked entirely by suggestion — and criticism of the method. Take the "Ode to Tobacco," which is cast in the metre of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." There is just one hint of the original: —

> I have a liking old
> For thee, though manifold
> Stories, I know, are told,
> Not to thy credit.

"I was a Viking old." It is a mere allusion that would despoil no one of any enjoyment he could get from the "Skeleton in Armor." And was there ever a better parody of a great poet — and a more innocuous one — than Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull"?

> You see this pebble stone? It's a thing I bought
> Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day —
> I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
> As we curtail the alread curtail'd cur,
> (You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
> Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
> And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
> By way o' chop, swop, barter, or exchange —

*And so on. But though* you recognize merely a humorous criticism of Browning — Browning's method produced to absurdity — and no single poem is dragged in the mud of travesty, you return to Browning with a sane consciousness of the spots on your sun. Coming to contemporaries, we find Owen Seaman following the same course in the "Battle of the Bays": —

> Washed white from the stain of Astarte
> My verse any virgin may buy.

Do we need to quote further to indicate the sensuous swing of Swinburnian verse? Yet the parody is not verbal, it fastens parasitically on no masterpiece; it is critical; it adds to our insight and does not subtract from our literary enjoyment.— *The Academy.*

**The Future Editorial.**— What will be the future newspaper editorial? Or will the editorial page disappear entirely?

A few modern newspapers cling to the old, heavy, archaic editorial department, filling a complete page. They can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. When so conservative a newspaper as the *Chicago Tribune* cuts out half its editorial space the tendency is apparent to every observer.

The editorial will not disappear. The newspaper will always reserve a limited space for the expression of opinion. But it will be different.

Note this fact: There are very few political organs now-a-days. The organ is the sort of a newspaper that prints editorial that will help and not harm the party. Its point of view is the party's. Its editor colors his views to suit. Every one knows what such a newspaper will say editorially and there is no special anxiety to read its utterances. Besides, the man who wants to go deep into politics and economics reads the reviews. He gets the opinion of experts in those periodicals.

Will there, then, be no editorial on politics?

There will be. But it will be an honest expression. Politics is a part of our national life. The old-time editor made the mistake, however, of supposing it is the only topic in which newspaper readers are interested.

Therefore the advent of the "human interest" editorial.

The reasons why the editorial page has lost prestige are not far to seek. It has not kept pace with the news columns. It is not up-to-date. It is largely what it was a hundred years ago. It appeals to a small constituency; the masses do not read it. The average man skips it.

The coming editorial will reflect the life of the people as do the news columns.

It will cover all the interests of society. Women as well as men will read it. It will be written and printed so that he who runs may read. It will be eloquent in brevity. There will be short words and short sentences. There will be no padding. The style will be the direct, nervous style.

The coming editorial will be ethical.

The editor will not be afraid of a preachment — even to the verge of "slopping over." He will err on the side of sentiment. He will write from his heart and reach the heart. The pulpit is losing its hold on the people. Where will they get their morals save from the press?

The coming editorial will be "featured."

It will be displayed as the news is displayed — saving the dignity supposed to attach to editorial matter. Why should the reporter's stuff be displayed and the editor's hidden?

In modern newspapering it is a choice between modernizing the editorial and its disappearance. Is that radical? It is true. Moreover, the newspapers that have made the appeal to human interest from the first page head-line to the last line of the editorial page are the great and growing newspapers of to-day. — *Kansas City World.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. 418 pp. Cloth, $1.50 New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. 1902.

"Little Miss Sunshine" is a pleasant story of an attractive girl, just past fifteen, who sees good in everybody, who is always doing something for somebody, and whose influence tends to make everybody better. She is a little overdrawn, perhaps, but her moral effect is good, and her experiences are related in such a bright, entertaining way that boys and girls everywhere will be glad to read about her. She is skilfully contrasted in the story with a striking character, a crabbed old Yankee farmer whose eccentricities make him — in a book — an unfailing source of joy.

W. H. H.

### BOOKS RECEIVED:

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW. Printed in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography. 31 pp. Paper 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1902.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN: HIS LIFE AND LABORS. By Benn Pitman. 201 pp. Cloth. Cincinnati: Benn Pitman. 1902.

ADDRESSES ON WAR By Charles Sumner. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. 319 pp. Cloth. Ginn & Co. 1902.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BRET HARTE AND THE ARGONAUTS. Illustrated. Albert E. Hancock. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

SOME MEMORIES OF THE LATE RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Joel Benton. *Criterion* (13 c.) for July.

THE ETHICS OF BIOGRAPHY. Edmund Gosse. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for July.

OLD LOVE-STORIES RETOLD. V. — Shelley and Mary Godwin. Illustrated. Richard Le Gallienne. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for July.

HERMAN HENRY KOHLSAAT. With portrait. Elliott Flower. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for July.

THE FIRST AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY. Illustrated. Clifton Johnson. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL. James Ravenscroft. *Household-Ledger* (13 c.) for July.

AN OLD-TIME SONG WRITER (Stephen Collins Foster) George Birdseye. *Household-Ledger* (13 c.) for July.

THE EMERSON CENTENARY. Illustrated. Hayes Robbins *World To-Day* (28 c.) for July.

MORE ABOUT BARBARA FRIETCHIE Illustrated. R. M Cheshire. *Book of the Royal Blue* (8 c.) for July.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. I. — Irving Bacheller. E. F. Harkins *Literary World* (13 c.) for July

SANITY AND ART Bliss Carman *Literary World* (13 c.) for July

A LITERARY TRUST John D Barry *Literary World* (13 c.) for July.

THE CATHOLIC IN FICTION John J a'Becket *Reader* (28 c.) for July

THE MANIA FOR DETAIL IN FICTION W S Dunbar *Reader* (28 c.) for July

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AN INTERVIEW William Wallace Whitelock *Reader* (28 c.) for July

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERVIEWER III. — Joseph Jefferson Ellen Terry Sir Henry Irving. *Reader* (28 c.) for July

WRITER'S THOUGHT CRAMP Sewell Ford. *Reader* (28 c.) for July.

THE SHORT STORY. Isidore G. Ascher. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for July.

DRAMATIC CRITICS AND GREAT EXPECTATIONS. James M. Graham. The *Author* (London) (18 c.) for July.

THACKERAY'S KINDNESS TO CHILDREN. Mary King Clarke. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

ARTIST LIFE IN NEW YORK IN THE DAYS OF OLIVER HORN. Illustrated. William Henry Shelton. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.—X. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG WRITER. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

THE NOVELS OF LORD LYTTON. Francis Gribble. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

ALEXANDER DUMAS. With portrait. Francis Grierson. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

CERTAIN OVERLOOKED PHASES OF AMERICAN LIFE. M. H. Vorse. *Critic* (28 c.) for July.

NOVELIST POETS. (Owen Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson.) Reprinted from *London Academy and Literature* in *Book News* (8 c.) for July.

THE BOOK CRITIC. *Book News* (8 c.) for July.

LETTERS FROM RUSKIN TO A YOUNG LADY. Adam Scot. *North American Review* (53 c.) for July.

THE RECENT DRAMATIC SEASON: A STUDY IN THEATRICAL EVOLUTION. Henry Tyrrell. *Forum* (53 c.) for July-September.

PAUL DU CHAILLU. With portrait. *National Geographic Magazine* (28 c.) for July.

THE NEWSPAPER — ITS USEFULNESS AS A FACTOR IN THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION. Annie M. Cannon. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for July.

THE USE OF CUTS FOR NEWSPAPERS. Lon Sanders. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for July.

THE SPEECH REPORTER AS A SPEECH REVISER.—Concluded. David Wolfe Brown. *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

THE WRITING OF THE BOOKLET AND FOLDER. E. St. Elmo Lewis. *Book-Keeper* (13 c.) for July.

THE "READER" AND THE MANUSCRIPT. Robert Adger Bowen. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for July.

WHAT IS "COMPARATIVE LITERATURE"? Charles Mills Gayley. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF THE PACIFIC COAST. Herbert Bashford. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.—I. Horace G. Hutchinson. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

LITERATURE AND DIPLOMACY. Topics of the Time. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

THE BRONTË NOVELS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE. Edward Hutton. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. J. K. Hudson. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.—IV., V., VI., VII. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH FICTION. A review of "A Century of French Romance," edited by Edmund Gosse. Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for July.

SHORT STORY ESSENTIALS. Leslie W. Quirk. *Editor* (13 c.) for July.

MILTON AND DANTE. Harriet B. Bradbury. *Mind* (23 c.) for July.

THE BOOK TREASURES OF AN ANGLER (John G. Hecksher). Ernest Dressel North. *Literary Collector* (18 c.) for June.

TOLSTOY AND CO. William Henry Thorne. *Globe Quarterly Review* (53 c.) for June.

PROFESSOR HERMAN GRIMM. Elizabeth von Heyking. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for June-September.

A THEORY OF THE COMIC. William Norman Guthrie. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for June-September.

THE DRAMAS OF PAUL HERVIEU. Edouard Rod. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for June-September.

THE GONCOURTS. (The late) L. Marillier. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for June-September.

JOHN MUIR. Illustrated. Ray Stannard Baker. *Outlook* (13 c.) for June 6.

SOME MORE LETTERS OF MRS. CARLYLE. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 13.

THE INTERPRETATION OF DANTE. S. Udny. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 20.

THE NEWSPAPER. "J. G. L." Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 20.

THE LITERARY ASPECTS OF THE PRAYER-BOOK. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 20.

MAX MÜLLER. Cornelia Sorabji. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 27.

THE COMPLACENCY OF THE WORDSWORTHIANS. "H. F. C." Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for June 27.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Henry James is to visit the United States after an absence of twenty-five years.

Albion W. Tourgee, consul at Bordeaux, France, has been promoted to be consul-general at Halifax, N. S.

Marie Corelli is to have a biography written by T. F. G. Coates.

A memoir of the late Dean Farrar, authorized by his family, is now in course of preparation by his eldest son, Dr. R. A. Farrar.

"Margaret Fuller's Love Letters," with an introduction by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, are published in book form. They were written in 1845-46, and were addressed to James Nathan, a young business man of New York. Reminiscences of Margaret Fuller, written by Emerson, Horace Greeley, and Charles T. Congdon, are included in the volume.

A biography of John Fiske is to be published by the Macmillan Company.

Arthur Goodrich has resigned as managing editor of the *World's Work*, to become associate editor of *Outing*.

Eugene L. Didier, author of a "Life of Edgar Allan Poe," is collecting his various Poe articles for publication in book form next autumn.

R. H. Russell is now the editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, with Perriton Maxwell as assistant. The magazine is to undergo changes which will make it a sort of illustrated *Smart Set*.

A magazine devoted to the interests of children and mothers will be started soon in Boston. It is to be called the *New Mothers' Magazine* and the editor will be Jean Kincaid.

*Twentieth Century Boys and Girls* is a new juvenile magazine published by Francis E. Mason in New York.

The *Business Woman's Magazine* (Denver) is a new monthly, devoted to the interests of business women and women in general. Miss Louise Lee Hardin is editor, with Mrs. Robert Balfour as associate editor.

The *California Ladies' Magazine* (Oakland, Calif.) is the only magazine for women published on the Pacific coast.

*Modern Philology* is a new magazine, devoted to research in modern languages and literature. It comes from the University of Chicago press.

The *Review of Catholic Pedagogy* is a new magazine published in Chicago. Professor Thomas E. Judge is the editor.

Michael Monahan of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is about to publish the first number of the *Papyrus*, a new monthly magazine of literary character.

Beginning with the September number, the *Ladies' World* will be enlarged, and new departments will be introduced.

*Gunton's Magazine* (New York) has enlarged its range of subject matter, and will hereafter print articles of general literary interest as well as articles discussing economic and public questions.

Beginning with the September number, the *International Studio* will devote more space to notice of the progress of art in the United States.

Mrs. Dore Lyon of New York has purchased the *Club-woman*, and has transferred its headquarters from Boston to New York. She announces that her policy will be "broad and liberal," and will endeavor to appeal to women in general. Especial prominence, however, will be given to the affairs of clubdom. Mrs. Lyon will be editor-in-chief, Miss Helen Winslow, founder of the publication, acting as first assistant.

The July *Delineator* shows a considerable change in make-up from preceding issues; the literary matter has been brought to the front of the book, then come the fashions, and lastly departmental matter. The number is in many respects superior to any previous one.

The *Week's Progress* (New York), formerly known as the *Great Round World*, will make its first appearance under the new name with the issue of July 4.

The *New York Medical Journal* and the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* have been consolidated.

The *Designer* (New York) has reduced its price from one dollar to eighty cents a year.

The *Olympian Magazine*, started in Nashville in January, is doing so well that the Olympian Publishing Company has increased its capital to $50,000. Dr. J. H. Stevenson is chairman of the editorial committee, and Theodore H. Brewer is managing editor. The stockholders include the strongest capitalists of Nashville, who are able to back the magazine to any amount that may be necessary.

The editorial policy of the new *Everybody's Magazine* will be to have cheery and wholesome articles. There will be no place in its pages for the morbid, the mawkish, or the unreal. Good short fiction is what its editors want.

The *Sunny South* (Atlanta) offers prizes of $120, $70, $50, $25, $20, and $15 for the six best short stories of from 3,500 to 5,000 words submitted to the "Story Contest Editor" before August 15. "No story will be considered from any individual generally recognized as a professional author." Stories that do not win prizes will be paid for, if accepted.

The *Household-Ledger* (New York) offers prizes of $100, $50, $25, and $25 for the four best short stories, from 1,000 to 2,500 words, submitted before September 1. The *Household-Ledger* also offers $1,000 in prizes for descriptions of thrilling episodes "which have never been told beyond the family circle, and which the public would be glad to read." Manuscripts should be labeled, "When Wits Won," and should be submitted before October 1.

*Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.) offers $1,000 in 244 prizes ranging from $250 down to one dollar for the best letters telling of actual experiences in meeting emergencies in practical life. The contest will close November 1. Letters and manuscripts must be clearly labeled with name and address, and accompanied by stamps if return is desired. Stories must deal with personal experience, or that of acquaintances, and if ever in print before must be so labeled.

*Browning's Magazine* (New York) offers a monthly prize of five dollars for the best photograph made by an amateur, and sent in by a subscriber to the magazine. A second prize of three dollars and a third prize of two dollars are also offered, while one dollar apiece will be paid for any other photographs retained.

The *Book-Keeper* (Detroit) offers $35 in prizes for the best true story of "how you saved for a home." Each manuscript must be accompanied by a photograph of the house, and must be limited to two hundred words. The competition will close November 1.

The *Oaks* (Chicago) is conducting a prize-story contest to end November 1, the highest amount offered for the best short story being $300 and the least award $25.

*Sunset Magazine* (San Francisco) wants contributions "relating to western development, to the arts, industries, and resources, to be accompanied, wherever possible, by good, clear photographs." Charles Sedgwick Aiker is the editor.

The Outlook Company (New York), which publishes the *Outlook*, is now publishing books as well.

The Chicago Madrigal Club offers a prize of $25 for the best setting of the poem, "What the Chimney Sang," by Bret Harte. The setting must be for chorus of mixed voices, to be done without accompaniment. The manuscript is to be in the hands of the judges not later than October 15. Each composition will remain the property of its composer. Communications should be addressed to D. A. Clippinger, 410 Kimball Hall, Chicago. The competition is open to any musician residing in the United States.

An "International Encyclopædia of Journalism" is in preparation in England under the editorship of William Hill (*Westminster Gazette*), Alfred Harmsworth (*Daily Mail*), and Maurice Ernst (*Neues Wiener Tageblatt*). It will be provided with a full index, and it is to be published at a popular price, probably in two handy volumes on thin paper. A bureau has been opened for the organization and accomplishment of the idea, which is to produce for the first time an authoritative history and comprehensive handbook of journalism in all its phases. Communications in furtherance of this object addressed to the Secretary, "Encyclopædia of Journalism," Granville House, Arundel street, Strand, W. C., London, England, are invited.

Mary Anne Watts Hughes, to whom Sir Walter Scott addressed the letters, hitherto unpublished, which appear in the July *Century*, was the wife of Dr. Hughes, canon of St. Paul's, and grandmother of Thomas Hughes, author of the "Tom Brown" books. There is a pretty story of how the friendship between this interesting woman and the great novelist began, in 1806, when Sir Walter Scott was in town enjoying his first fame after the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The letters begin in 1808, lapse entirely between 1813 and 1821, and then continue at fairly regular intervals to 1831. They are full of personal chat and were evidently highly prized by Mrs. Hughes.

The Boston Book Company has issued a bibliography of the small periodicals, or freak magazines, compiled by Frederick Winthrop Faxon.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1903. No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## THE FORMS OF LYRIC VERSE.

Every poet who has a rhyming dictionary is familiar with the feet of his verse, if not the basic principles of art. Most of us learned at school that an iamb was a metrical foot of two syllables with the accent on the second; a troche, a foot of two syllables with the accent on the first; an anapest, a foot of three syllables with the accent on the first; a dactyl, a foot of three syllables with the accent on the third; and a spondee, a foot of two syllables equally accented or not accented at all. We also learned that trimeter was a line of three feet; tetrameter, a line of four feet; pentameter, a line of five feet; and hexameter, a line of six feet — iambic, trochaic, dactylic, anapestic, or spondaic, as the case might be, though the true hexameter consists always of dactyls and spondees.

With these as tools, not forgetting the rhyming dictionary, the poet practises his art, many times without knowing that the form of his verse should depend upon his subject. The stately hexameter and the difficult sonnet form are fitted only for serious verse. Four feet to the measure make a light and tripping movement which may often be sold to a funny paper if the editor needs it to fill out the page. There is always scope for fancy in the arrangement of verse, and happy is he who invents a new rhyme method, but it is not in good taste to tamper with established forms.

Nearly all of our verse forms are of French origin. The sonnet comes to us from Italy, and the Spenserian stanza from England, but the Ballade, Double Ballade, Chant Royale, Kyrielle, Pantoum, Rondeau, Rondeau Redoublé, Rondel, Rondelet, Roundel, Sestina, Triolet, Villanelle, Virelai, and Sicilian Octave are all French forms, and many of them are very old.

The strict Italian type of sonnet is by far the finest form, and Shakespeare's couplet at the end destroys the majesty of the lines. Spenser's experiments with the sonnet also weakened rather than strengthened the form.

The perfect sonnet consists of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter, subdivided into an octave and a sestet. It contains one, and only one, mood, idea, or emotion, introduced in the first quatrain, explained in the second, which ends in a full point, and carried to confirmation and conclusion in the two tercets which make up the sestet. Contrasted rhymes must not play on the same vowel, and there must be no pauses in the lines. The normal pauses come at the end of the first quatrain, at the end of the second, the end of the first tercet, and the end of the sonnet. A comma may be used anywhere, but a perfect sonnet will have no period, save at the end of the octave and the end of the sestet. Semicolons or dashes are used at the end of the first quatrain and the first tercet. Sonnet rhymes, also, must play upon different vowels, according to the strict

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interpretation of the form. If the rhyming words of the octave turn upon "a" and "o," they must not be used in the sestet, and so on, through endless variations.

Except for the repetition of the "e" vowel in the sestet rhymes, which perhaps is unavoidable, the second of the two sonnets prefixed to the Purgatorio is absolutely perfect: —

"With snow-white veil and garments as of flame
She stands before thee, who so long ago
Filled thy young heart with passion and the woe
From which thy song in all its splendors came;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain height, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.

Thou makest full confession, and a gleam
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoe — the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow — bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace."

1221-1221-345-345 is the accepted rhyming standard, although 1221-1221-34-34-34 and 1221-1221-345-435 are also technically correct. Shakespeare's form was 12-12-34-34-56-56-77, and Spenser's Amoretti are written 12-12-23-23-34-34-55.

The Spenserian stanza is written in iambic pentameter, 12-12-23-23, as: —

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare
Such as at once might not on living ground
Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere.
Right hard it was for wight which did not heare
To read what manner musicke that mote bee
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree."

The Ballade is written in iambic or trochaic tetrameter, and the rhyme method is 12-12-23-23. This is repeated in the two stanzas following, the rhymes being mutual, or interchangeable, and the Envoy, which usually begins with the word "Prince," consists of four lines, 22-33 or 25-23. The double Ballade contains six stanzas, rhymes interchangeable, the rhyme form being the same, and the Envoy containing four lines, in the 23-23 rhyme form. Swinburne used iambic hexameter in a double Ballade.

The Chant Royale is the most difficult form we have. It consists of five verses and an envoy, in iambic pentameter; the last line of each verse and of the envoy is the same, and the rhymes are all interchangeable. The form is 12-12-33-44-45-45, followed by four stanzas repeating the rhymes in exactly the same form. The envoy has seven lines, also interchangeable, 33-445-45. Rhyme 1 occurs ten times; 2, ten times; 3, twelve times; 4, eighteen times; and 5, twelve times. It is said that he who writes one Chant Royale is forever master of the sonnet.

The Kyrielle is written in iambic tetrameter, and there may be three, five, eight, or ten verses, the last line of each being the same. The rhymes are the same in each verse, and the rhyme method is 11-22. It is a tiresome and difficult form.

In the Pantoum, the lines themselves are repeated. It is written in iambic tetrameter, four lines to the verse, the rhyme method being 12-12. In the second verse, the second line of the first verse becomes the first line, and the last line of the first verse becomes the third line. This is continued throughout the ten verses, each borrowing two lines from its predecessor.

The Rondeau Redoublé consists of six verses of four lines each, the first two feet of the first line being repeated in a separate line at the end of the poem, and the rhymes being interchangeable. The lines are also repeated. The rhyme method is 12-12. The last line of the second verse is the same as the first line of the first verse, the last line of the third is the second line of the first, the last line of the fourth is the third line of the first, the last line of the fifth is the last line of the first verse. The sixth verse has no repetition except the first two feet of the first verse in a line added to the complete verse — usually the title.

The Sicilian Octave is a dainty form in iambic pentameter, and consists of eight lines, as its name implies. The rhyme method is 12-12-12-12.

In the Rondel, the rhymes are interchangeable, and the first two lines are also the last two of the first eight and the last two lines of the poem — in other words, the first two lines are repeated at the end of the octave and sestet. The rhyme method is 1221-1212—122111. Lines of three, four, or five feet may be used.

The form of the Rondelet can best be explained by the poem itself: —

"The summer's gone — how did it go?
And where has gone the dogwood's show?
The air is sharp upon the hill
And with a tinkle sharp and chill

The icy little brooklets flow —
What is it in the season, though,
Brings back the days of old, and so
Sets Memory recalling still
The summer's gone?

Why are my days so dark, for lo
The maples with fresh glory glow;
Fair shimmering mists the valleys fill
The keen air sets the blood a-thrill;
Ah, now that you are gone, I know
The summer's gone!"

Lines of three or five feet may also be used.

In a Roundel, the title, the first two feet of the first line, the last line of the first verse, and the last line of the poem are all the same. The rhyme method is 1212-212-1212. The rhymes are interchangeable.

A Sestina consists of six verses of iambic pentameter, and the rhymes are interchangeable, the same words being used throughout as rhymes. The rhyme method is 12-12-12. The second verse is a reversal of the order, though the words are the same, 21-21-21. At the end there are three lines as an envoy, 212.

The triolet is a familiar form, using two, three, or four feet to the line. The rhyme method is 12-1112-12. The first, fourth, and seventh lines are the same, as also the second and eighth.

The Villanelle consists of six verses of three lines each, in iambic or trochaic tetrameter, the rhymes being interchangeable and certain lines repeated. The rhyme method is 121, the second verse, 212, then 121 again. The end of the second verse is the first line of the first, the end of the third the last line of the first, the end of the fourth is the first line of the first verse, the end of the fifth is the last line of the first verse, and the end of the sixth is the first line of the first verse, with the last line of the first verse repeated immediately after it.

The Virelai, on account of its difficulty, is seldom written. It consists of nine verses of nine lines each, written in iambic tetrameter, and with certain rhymes repeated. The rhymes are the same all through the first two verses, but the positions are changed, and a new word is introduced. The rhyme method is 112-112-111. In the second verse, rhyme 2 takes the place of rhyme 1, as 221-221-222, but rhyme 2, in the second verse, is a new word, though rhyming with rhyme 2 in the first verse.

Any one who does not wish to follow the beaten path may construct his own forms, avoiding always the eight-line verse of trochaic tetrameter, alternate lines rhyming, which has been done to death. Iambic tetrameter has dignity, and iambic pentameter has majesty, but trochaic tetrameter has worn the same old clothes far too long. A musical ear will enable one to tell exactly where his line is rough, and, oftentimes, the difference between trash and art is a simple matter of two or three synonymous words. *Myrtle Reed.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

## A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SONG-WRITING.

From the fact that Music appeals to the emotions in a more direct manner than Poetry, there are more people friendly with her than with her more deliberate sister, Poetry. Some prose-poet once said: "Music is Love in search of a word." That "word" is Poetry, and when they find each other, all is said.

Cowen, the English composer, was complaining of late that there is a great dearth of musical poets. True — but there is a far greater dearth of poetic musicians. I would recommend, most emphatically, for every school in this broad land, that a certain portion of time be set apart each week — each day were better — for the memorizing of the best dramatic and lyric poems, classic and modern. The average man and woman does not recognize a poem when he or she hears one. Many singers before the

public to-day cannot phrase a song with any idea whatever of bringing out the beauty of the words. What exquisite pleasure to listen to a singer who feels the value of both words and music!

It is not enough for us to be musicians only. we must be men and women of general information, of liberal education — we must be men and women of culture.

A composer who writes very good things picked up my volume of Mrs. Browning's poems not long ago, and after glancing carelessly at one or two of the Sonnets from the Portuguese, returned the book with the remark: "Is this woman any relation of Robert Browning?"

"No blood relation, merely his wife," quoth I, wanting both to laugh and cry.

Take, for example, the study of the Sonnet, the highest form of verse. The study of the Sonnet alone would be, in my opinion, far more uplifting and interesting than that maddening daily wrestle with algebraical problems which our schools insist upon, indiscriminately, whether a pupil has a natural inclination to mathematics or not. The minds of scholars who detest the higher mathematics may be quite as well disciplined by the study of Latin, Greek, German, French, and poetry. Mathematics and a marked love of music and poetry rarely go hand in hand. When I speak of poetry, I do not mean those atrocious "selections" that have far too long been the text-books of the average elocutionist — the product of so-called Schools of Oratory. I mean the best anthologies made by the poets qualified for such work.

When you shall have studied instrumental music for many years, then make a conscientious study of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Larsen. When some day you feel an overwhelming desire to create a song, choose a refined lyric. If you are gifted, perchance, with the power to create in poetry as well as melody, then get down on your knees and thank God, for you are indeed blest. Be humble, and, I charge you, esteem your gift as a trust of ineffable sacredness — for you need envy no creature. The lyric should inspire love at first sight. Your melody leaps to greet it warmly. They are to be lovers, nay — more than this, they are to be married lovers, as congenial at every point as were Robert and Elizabeth Browning.

A simple ballad can move a multitude, but — it must be perfect of its kind. Do not always seek in the open, i. e., the magazine, for a poem. Very often you'll find a dear little violet of a poem, a perfect heart-breaker, down in the corner of an over-crowded newspaper. And sometimes — the pathos of it — you can never, though you hunt for years, find the name of him who wrote it.

If you have within you the sense of poetry, no one will need to select for you. A well-known man composer wrote to me recently: "I *don't* see where you find so many good poems." I find them because I know the dear nooks where they are born. I find them because I search always by the light of enthusiasm and love. And, after all, without this light we would even pass by the delicate flowers that spring for us in the spiritual world — too often trodden under foot, unrecognized until too late! Natural gift may produce a rhymester, but he is not invariably a poet any more than a rag-timer is a cultivated musician. He is simply a tunester, and very often in this confusing day, I find the tunester is the better fellow of the two. One of the pleasant experiences of the person who has written a successful song or two is the weekly deluge of poems (!) from poetasters ranging from the missionary in India to the school-girl in Skowhegan.

The refrain of a lullaby which came to me the other day from the far West was: —

> "The goose flew east and the gander flew west,
> Sweetheart, angels will tell you the rest
> While you go to sleep on Mother's breast."

In "Vesty of the Basins" we are told by a lovable old deacon in prayer-meeting that "a good disposition" is the main thing requisite to start up a tune. This advice if followed too literally by the poet or the singer might eventually lose him his audience.

If your taste runs to serious love-ballads with the thrilling, human touch in them, the warmly personal note — cultivate just that line assiduously, because in your hand you hold the key to the great human heart all the world over. Concentrate yourself, body, heart, and

soul, upon the making your song a beautiful thing. Say to yourself: "I want this song to be the friend of all the ages." If your thoughts are white, your motives unselfish, you may hear your song in heaven one day, interpreted with a perfect appreciation of all the joy and all the grief you may have infused into it. If you can only see the stars on nights when for the world they do not shine; if you can suddenly hear the whisper of Spring's sandals when she comes, undreamed-of by others, to wake the crocus; if you feel a sudden aching 'neath the lids because the shadow of a bird falls athwart the window of your sick-room; if you, all your days, long to catch all lonely, suffering things to your breast for shelter—you are a poet, and you will write for the mere joy of creation and self-expression. You will give such happy expression to what you think and feel that you will have it in your power to enrich the multitude of less gifted persons with those precious trophies which they could never win for themselves.

Spend hours on hours at the piano or organ humming your melody—giving it every conceivable fascinating touch for an accompaniment. Your poem and your melody are lovers, your accompaniment must be the priest who marries them—though in many instances it would seem the reverse is true. Nine-tenths of the songs by men whose knowledge of the study of harmony is unquestioned are wretchedly unmusical things because so many men lack imagination to soften the hard corners in their irreproachably correct accompaniments. They are so conventional they bore you. George Eliot in describing a person of their sort exclaims: "A wrinkle in his glove would have been a relief!" Here, at this point, is a chance for woman to shine. She has a richer, and more musical play at fancy, a nimble intelligence, a warm sympathy. Haweis says: "To accompany well you must not only be a good musician, but you must be mesmeric, sympathetic, intuitive." So remember that no one can possibly be all these fine things in playing a dull, conventional accompaniment. Think while making your accompaniment, just as when you are playing one, of the *singer*. Make her pleasantly conscious that you are there, yet always keep "to heel." Chadwick's accompaniments are very beautiful. Mrs. Brach thinks far more of the piano than of the singer, but the same was said of Wagner! A good model for any American composer in the matter of accompaniments is Ethelbert Nevin—peace to his soul. Nevin is the greatest melodist of them all. I always associate Nevin with this quotation: "Harmony is a beautiful problem of which melody is the solution."

Lose no opportunity to talk with singers—men and women. Ascertain their vocal ranges, and do not make the grave mistake of placing the wrong word or syllable on a very high note, for several well-known male composers offend on this point, and wonder why a certain otherwise well-written song is a failure. It is the very best education possible to discuss these points with singers. They are not always accessible, but when you have found them they aren't a bit shy, and they love to talk of their own voices, for the singer's voice is the singer's baby, and each one thinks her own, of course, the finest going. If you desire to be invited a second time, have tact, and do not—if you value your future—become frenzied to one soprano about the merits of another! The same rule applies to tenors, only more so. The most malignant cases of self-consumption by conceit are invariably to be found in the very small tenor with the big voice. Say nothing of yourself to these, just listen.

You may not know that the very greatest artists like to have a song dedicated to them—and, if it be worth the singing they will give that special number a "heap of doing" over better numbers on their program. And a truly great artist will ask you, very simply, if you have any suggestions to make as to its interpretation. This is the moment of your life when you are undecided whether to faint or laugh.

Never use your talents triflingly. Of Tennyson, the faultless poet, it is said: "His sense of the divine service of this gift was almost awful to him, since he felt that every word of his should be consecrated to the service of Him who had touched his lips with that fire of heaven which was to enable him to speak in God's name to his age." *Kate Vannah.*

GARDINER, Me.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

***THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. AUGUST, 1903. NO. 8.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

All editors see frequent evidence that many verse writers do not know the rule regarding the indentation of poetry. The rule is simple: Lines that rhyme should be indented equally; that is, should begin at the same distance from the left-hand margin of the paper. The rule applies whether the lines are together, as in couplets, or are separated by one or more lines ending with other rhymes. In making manuscript the verse-writer should always indent his lines according to this rule, so that they will be in the manuscript as they will be in print. If he — or she — fails to do so, the easiest way for the editor to indicate to the compositor how the lines should be indented is to mark a small square — like that used in proofreading to indicate an em quad — before each line to be indented. If a line should be indented more than one em, this may be indicated by making the square an oblong divided by perpendicular lines into spaces to indicate the number of ems the compositor should indent the line.

* * *

The boy or girl of no more than grammar school education who can speak their own language grammatically is a rarity.— *New York Evening Post.*

This will do to go with the rule once published in a Rhetoric: —

Never use a preposition to end a sentence with.

* * *

Some time ago a correspondent of THE WRITER criticised the announcement in *Comfort* of the methods of the editor in dealing with contributors. The announcement in *Comfort* now reads: —

TO CONTRIBUTORS: All literary contributions should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they are not available. Manuscripts should not be rolled.

That is as it should be.

* * *

The extracts from the article on cartoon drawing reprinted in this number of THE WRITER are no less interesting to newspaper writers than to would-be artists, because many of the suggestions made apply to editorial writing as well as to cartooning. A cartoon is a graphic editorial, and the rules that govern it govern also the writing of all editorials — particularly paragraphs.

* * *

If you have written something in copy that you are particular to have printed just as you have written it, you may easily instruct the compositor to "follow copy" by making a line of dots underneath the letter, or word, or words in question. Such a line of dots under a word

calls the attention of the compositor particularly to it, and warns him that he must be careful to set it exactly as it is written, even though at first glance it seems wrong. This device is particularly useful to newspaper paragraphers making puns, or to careful writers who wish to have Lilian spelled with only one "l," or Macpherson without a capital "P." It is also useful in distinguishing such similar words as "therefor" and "therefore," which are frequently confounded. W. H. H.

## THE SCRAP BASKET.

In his recent brochure on Zola, M. Faguet, of the Académie Française, says: "Zola began to write too soon. Every man who writes before he is thirty, and who does not devote the golden age of his life—from the twentieth year to the thirtieth—to reading, observing, and thinking, without writing a line, runs the risk of having no brain and of being but a journeyman author. There are some exceptions, but they are rare."

Dialect tempered with slang is an admirable medium of communication between persons who have nothing to say and persons who would not care for anything properly said.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in the August Century.*

## WRITING SENSATIONAL STORIES.

The task of putting into readable shape stirring tales about Jesse James, Alkali Pete, Gentleman Jim, Wild Bill, the Gold King, the Boy Detective, and other heroes whose exploits thrill small boys, is not done by writers of the same heroic and fire eating type as the characters portrayed. Men who write such stories need principally a fertile imagination, a capacity for hard work and the ability to turn out thousands of words of readable stuff a day, to make them successful.

They have never rescued imperilled maidens, tracked Indians and murderers over deserts and mountain trails, or recovered lost fortunes. Many of them have never seen a live Indian or a cowboy, have a bare speaking acquaintance with the detectives at headquarters and carry no six-shooters in their back pockets.

More than one dime novel publishing firm has made a fortune at the business of providing literature for Young America, and that in the days when they paid a writer from $75 to $250 for a story. Things are done differently now.

Each dime novel publishing house employs a staff of writers, who receive a regular salary. Besides the staff of regular contributors, persons who can furnish a large amount of copy every week, each publishing house has a list of workers who can write a story to order and at short notice. When a regular writer falls ill or takes a vacation, or when some special event happens which makes a foundation for a plot for a popular novel, one of these special writers is communicated with and is ordered to dash off a story on three or four days' notice. Inspiration forms a small part of the dime novel writer's stock in trade, for nearly all his stories are written to order. In these cases a writer follows a plot suggested by the publisher and does not even select the title.

Stories of sensational crime or adventure in the daily newspapers that offer a possibility of being dressed up into an interesting boys' story are eagerly seized upon by the publishers as the subjects for a novel. This is particularly true if the incident is of national interest.

A few years ago a producer of this class of literature made a record for himself in the way of rapid production, writing 40,000 words of copy in thirty-six hours. To do this he was compelled to go without much sleep and to take his meals in bites between sentences.

The necessity for such rapid work arose over an incident in the South American city where several sailors from the United States cruiser Baltimore were attacked in the streets by a mob. Through the industry of this trained writer his publishers were able to put on sale two days after news of the event reached New York a story in which the murdered boatswain's mate of the cruiser was the hero.

When Admiral Dewey won his victory in Manila Harbor, there were a score of stories, in which that battle formed the chief event, on the news-stands within a week. And so it goes. A disastrous railroad wreck, a thrilling escape from death, a national catastrophe—

all furnish material for the dime-novel writer.

Many people who denounce such fiction as wholly bad may not know that the publishers will not allow a suggestive sentence or a line in the stories or a word that any boy or girl might not read. The heroes may perform some rather remarkable exploits and exterminate a good many bad people, but it is generally an outdoor life the writers tell about, the heroes are self-reliant men or boys, and the bad people who get killed deserve it. The moral of the stories must be good. Virtue always triumphs and vice is overthrown.

Said a successful writer of boys' stories the other day: —

"We writers of dime novels do not attempt a polished style of English, as a rule, and the pages we write are rarely re-read or edited by ourselves. The publishers want action, plot, incident, dialogue, and thrilling situations.

"In order to write successful dime novels the author must possess at least superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects. He must be able to depict life in the slums of a great city, or the free, roving existence of the cowboy on the Western plains; he must lay his scenes in Cuba or the Philippines without making any material error in the descriptive sections.

"That the plot and incidents must be plausible is a rigid rule. No matter how improbable the deeds of the hero seem, the author must be sure that what he does is not absolutely impossible or absurd. If Brandywine Pete scalps an Indian in the Black Hills in the morning and cleans out a faro bank in Deadwood at night, the story must explain satisfactorily how he made the journey from one point to the other in the time specified."

It often happens that the dime novel writer must take up a character created by another individual and carry this hero along through new adventures without changing his habits or permitting him to repeat himself in any of his daring deeds. One central figure is often carried along through twenty or thirty numbers of a library, and while the same name may appear on the title page of each separate story, a dozen different authors may have contributed to the series, each one taking up the thread of the story where his predecessor left off. This is considered hard work, but is one of the things that come to the professional dime-novel writer.

"A publisher who had created a romantic Western adventurer with a name that proved popular with the boys contracted with one of his weekly writers for a series of twenty stories," said the man quoted from above. "The writer worked industriously for thirty-two weeks, getting out a complete story bi-monthly, when he was taken ill.

"The publisher was in a quandary, but laid the case before one of his special writers, who arranged to take up the work where the other left off and carry on the central characters unchanged. This man was employed in the day time, and could give only his nights and one day a week to the extra work.

"In order to prevent any discrepancies in the stories, he had to read up what the original writer had written about the characters. He did this and wrote four novels of 40,000 words each in twenty days without interfering with his regular work. The stories were dictated to a stenographer, and were thus written at the rate of 2,000 words an hour."

It is said that regular writers of dime novels, men who do no other kinds of work, are able to produce a story of from 40,000 to 50,000 words a week, and to keep it up for six months in the year. The writer cannot attempt to think out his plot and arrange the events in the hero's life before sitting down to write, as that would take too long. Instead, he must be able to take a title and plot and develop his story as he progresses. — *New York Sun.*

## HOW CARTOONS ARE DRAWN.

The work of a cartoonist differs essentially from that of other workers in art, in that he must have several qualifications besides the ability to draw. First, he should be able to draw well enough to express his ideas; secondly, he should have a sense of humor; thirdly, he should have a fairly clear idea of what is happening in the world of politics,

society, and finance; fourthly, he should know something of the Bible, of history, of mythology; and, fifthly, he should have the ability to grasp the importance of a news item when he sees it, so that he may draw from it a logical idea that may be expressed clearly in a drawing. These various requirements are lost sight of by most beginners, who seem to feel that the ability to draw a man with a turned-up nose constitutes the chief requisite of a cartoonist. Many beginners in art aspire to be cartoonists because it looks so easy. They do not reckon with the other qualifications. They know that they can draw, and usually think that they have a keen sense of humor because fond relatives have informed them that certain of their drawings were "perfectly killing"; but it generally develops that they lack the other essentials.

The mere ability to draw has about as much to do with making a successful cartoonist as the choice of stationery has to do with making a strong editorial. A very wretchedly drawn cartoon may express an idea so cleverly that the cartoon is immensely successful. In cartooning, the excellence of the idea excuses all shortcomings in technique; and it happens often that an artist may make his cartoons so artistic that the humor and the idea are wholly submerged in the artistic quality of the drawing. If a cartoonist is a clever draftsman, very well; but he should realize that his work is to be judged by the idea and not by artistic standards.

His drawing should have in it the spirit of caricature and his idea should be expressed simply and directly. Every part of the picture should strengthen the central idea and nothing should be added that would detract from it. When any one looks at the cartoon he should not think that here is a fine drawing, but that here is a cartoon pure and simple. If the cartoonist can do these things he is almost ready to begin drawing for the paper.

Let us assume it is morning and the cartoonist must have a cartoon ready for the following day's paper. His first work is to evolve an idea, and in doing this he is influenced by several cardinal principles of journalism, paramount of which is the necessity of keeping a weather-eye on the counting-room of the paper — which is to say, he must weigh carefully whether his cartoon will offend an advertiser or lose a subscriber. No humor that is likely to cut down the subscription list is humorous to the publisher of the paper — therefore the artist must avoid subjects that are likely to reflect unpleasantly upon any race of people that happens to be largely represented in the circulation lists or advertising columns. He is at liberty to lampoon Americans all he wishes, because Americans are a rather uncertain mass that lacks cohesion, but he must not hit the Irish, the Germans, the Jews, or the Swedes, all of whom may be found in the subscription list of the average American daily and all of whom are quick to resent any slur against their nationalities. The cartoonist is not required to be so considerate in his treatment of the French, the English, the Chinese, or the Turks, for the reason that these races are not so numerously represented in the circulation books. It is a golden rule that when somebody must be lampooned, let that somebody be a distant foreigner who does n't take the paper.

The cartoonist also learns that he must not make a cartoon that runs counter to the religious principles of any church denomination, and that, for reasons of propriety, it is well to avoid any reference to the Deity and sacred Bible characters, as well as anything suggestive or vulgar, or anything horrifying in the way of human suffering. It is usually considered in bad taste to employ some great calamity, such as the Mont Pelée disaster, as a theme for a humorous cartoon, even though the cartoon may be intended to express an idea entirely foreign to the disaster itself. Another fixed rule is that the cartoonist shall not picture wives or children of national celebrities who may be before the public — and, in fact, never draw a woman in any way unless it be distinctly complimentary.

Suppose it is morning and there is not an idea anywhere in the world. The first move a cartoonist makes is to read the morning papers carefully, taking note of the news that is uppermost in the public mind. If conditions are such that everybody is interested in a certain

piece of news then the cartoonist endeavors to build a cartoon that treats of that subject. Nearly every day brings forth one big piece of news that demands more attention than anything else before the public. One day it may be a great election; the next day it may be a war scare; the next day a notable speech; the next day a widely-advertised prize-fight, and so on through an endless variety of changes.

From the one dominating piece of news the cartoonist endeavors to derive his idea. Sometimes it happens that there are other ideas suggested by news of slightly lesser interest, and so he carefully makes a note of them. By the time he has digested the papers he may have a half-dozen or more suggestions equally good—or poor, as the case may be. One may be an idea that deals with a topic of broad national interest, another may appeal to that class of readers that is deeply interested in politics or legislation, still another may have the domestic interest that will appeal to women and children. It always is desirable to make a cartoon that will appeal directly to the greatest number, but, of course, this is not always practicable. Cartoons that deal with subjects very close to home life have been found to be the most generally interesting, although it is not possible to draw these all the time.

With his list of cartoon suggestions the cartoonist goes to the editor and submits them for his editorial approval, or else if he has discretionary powers he selects himself the one that offers the greatest possibilities for a successful cartoon.

It sometimes happens that there is not an idea suggested by the news and it may be late in the afternoon before one is evolved. A nervous cartoonist might become anxious as the hours passed unfruitfully, but there is always the cheering consolation that the cartoon will be drawn because it simply has to be, and in the recollection that oftentimes the eleventh-hour idea is one of the best.

When the eleventh hour comes, however, and brings no idea, the cartoonist is obliged to "dig." He looks at the date of the following day, and asks himself if it has any significance. Is it the anniversary of any notable historical event; is it the birthday of any of our country's great, either dead or living; or is it of any particular interest as to the weather, the length or shortness of the day, or of anything relating to fashions in dress? What is happening in Washington? What is the President doing? If he is doing nothing, then that in itself is noteworthy and might form the nucleus of a cartoon. All these things are canvassed fore and aft, up and down, inside and outside, until finally the glimmer of a suggestion beams through the clouds.

If the subject that is selected admits of humorous treatment, the cartoonist handles it in that vein; if it does not, he handles it in a serious way. Broadly speaking, all cartoonists might be classified in two groups—the humorous and the serious. There are some subjects that should not be treated frivolously, and there are some evils that demand more stinging rebukes than can be given with ridicule or good-natured satire. A club in certain trying moments is more productive of unwholesome results than a reprimand.

There is perhaps more to be avoided in drawing serious cartoons than there is in drawing humorous ones. Some serious cartoons are savage and venomous and doubtless do far more harm than good, for they cannot but create a feeling of sympathy for the persons whom they attack. They have an unpleasant effect upon the one who looks at them, and in doing so react against the attacking party. The cartoon that is charged with malice or venom might just as well be left undrawn, so far as any beneficial effect on the public goes. Another type of the serious cartoon is the one that appeals to class prejudices and strives to arouse the passions of one element of society against another. This class of cartoons is distinctly unwholesome. Take, for instance, the cartoon policy of representing capital as a devouring monster whose only purpose in life is to throttle the poor workingman. Such cartoons have no effect upon people who think, but in the minds of the ignorant they nourish a spirit of hostility to capital that is undesirable.

The other school of cartooning is the one which strives to attain its end in a good-

natured way, eliminating the sting as much as possible. It is not so powerful or direct as the serious school, but a great deal of good results from its influence. It is insidious and sinks deep without one's suspecting. The cartoons of this school "hit off" the existing evils and abuses with good-natured ridicule or satire, and, like the sugar-coated pill, are pleasant while you are taking them.

Up to this point I have written chiefly of the creation of the idea and not of the manual labor of putting the cartoon on paper. When the cartoonist has his idea selected he "lays it out" roughly in tabloid form on a small piece of paper, so that when he begins the cartoon he knows exactly where he is going to place every figure and how he is going to illustrate his central idea. This being done, he carefully draws it out in a much larger form on cardboard, usually two or three times the size it will be when it appears in print. Then, with black ink, he makes his drawing, cutting out everything that will not strengthen the idea. If the idea is a good one, there is lots of fun in drawing it, particularly if it is along the humorous line. Anatomical accuracy in drawing the figures is abandoned and everything reduced to simple forms. A correctly drawn figure is very seldom amusing; and also a figure that is too grotesquely drawn is often likely to be offensive. If the cartoonist desires to express surprise, incredulity, anger, joy, or any of the many changes of the human face, he does it boldly and without any attempt to be anatomically correct. He uses as little shading as possible, for the more he uses in a face, the further he gets away from making a funny picture. Any emotion can be shown in eight lines so convincingly that there can be no doubt as to what is intended. The slightest turn of one or more of these lines will change gladness to misery. A few lines will suggest President Roosevelt so that no one could mistake the intention even though the picture does not look like him. An old-fashioned plug hat and some straggly whiskers suggest Mr. Kruger, just as a military mustache and a helmet suggest Kaiser Wilhelm. Instead of being portraits they are merely symbols that mean certain people — symbols which newspaper readers become familiar with and which never fail to suggest the people they stand for. The portrait of a man drawn carefully and true to life would look stiff and formal and would be completely lacking in humor and spontaneity. Brevity in drawing is the soul of humor in a cartoon.

Just as certain symbols mean famous men, so other symbols stand for imaginary people. For instance, a fat man generously besprinkled with diamonds, gorgeously adorned with side-whiskers and a silk hat, is the symbol used to express "capital" or "trust." He is always corpulent, which is assumed to be indicative of wealth, especially when the corpulence is garnished with a few large diamonds. The latter are usually shown busily shooting out streams of radiance. It is not known why bankers and capitalists and rich men are represented as wearing side-whiskers, but it is probable that the early American pioneer cartoonist used the elder Vanderbilt to typify great wealth. It may be remembered that these first very rich Americans wore side-whiskers, and that one, at least, expressed some disregard for the rights and feelings of the public in general. Later cartoonists stick to the type because the average reader has been trained to associate side-whiskers with great wealth.

An anxious-looking man loaded down with bundles stands for a suburbanite; a man with a checked suit, a fierce overhanging black mustache, a huge diamond, and a gaudy hat tipped down over the eyes, stands for a gambler or a confidence man. By adding a horseshoe watch-charm the same man is changed to a race-track sport. Congressmen are symbolized by chin whiskers and slouch hats, although in real life you see few such men. Old maids always wear spectacles and ringlets; family men usually are wheeling a baby-carriage, club-women are shown with high foreheads, contracted brows and ample avoirdupois. Uncle Sam is always the tall, gaunt gentleman with an old-fashioned beaver hat, a wisp of beard trimmed à la capricorn, and trousers a few inches too short.

A cartoonist is seldom a good judge of what will strike the popular fancy. Frequently the drawing that he labors over and considers ex-

ceedingly successful will never bring forth a single word of commendation, whereas some little feature that he regards as inconsequential may appeal to popular favor with mighty force and unanimity.— *John T. McCutcheon, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Hermon Lee Ensign, whose story, "Union Square Jim," appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion* for July, was born in Pennsylvania in 1849. In his early boyhood he removed to the West and was a telegraph operator. When about twenty years old, he entered the Phillips Andover Academy in Massachusetts, intending to study for the ministry, but his health failed him and he went to Chicago and was connected with the American Bridge Company. Later he entered journalism with a paper called the *Alliance*, in which he was associated with such men as Rev. Robert Collyer and Rev. David Swing. In 1881, Mr. Ensign removed to Rochester, N. Y., and in 1884 he went to New York City. He had meantime adopted advertising as his business, and was very successful in it until his death in 1899. He was a great lover of animals, especially of horses, and although he published little, he was constantly interested in literary matters, and wrote much. Besides "Union Square Jim," the *Woman's Home Companion* has published three stories by him, "Lady Lee," "Gentleman Jack," and "My Friend, the Elephant," and a collection of his animal stories has been published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, under the title of "Lady Lee."

Minnie Reid French, whose story, "Cupid at Camp Meeting," appeared in the *National Magazine* for July, is a native of West Virginia, her childhood having been spent in the beautiful valley of New River, which has been taken as the scene of a great many of her stories. Although only in her twenties, Mrs. French has been writing for a number of years, her first check for published work having been received at the age of sixteen. She is the author of a novel, "A Little Court of Yesterday," published a few years ago, which treats in a humorous but sympathetic manner the present status of the so called aristocracy of Virginia. She is now engaged in writing another novel of Southern character.

Helen M. Givens, whose story, "In the Twinkling of an Eye," was published in *Short Stories* for June, is a native of California, and has had some experience in newspaper work, having contributed a series of illustrated travel articles, collected during a European trip, to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Denver Republican*, and other journals, in 1901 and 1902. Her first attempts in short-story writing were disposed of to syndicates, but of late she has had a number of stories accepted by the magazines, among others "An Arrested Reincarnation," which the *New Metropolitan* will soon publish.

S. H. Kemper, whose poem, "The Love of the Day's Work," appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for July, is a railroad man, and writes only in such spare time as he can get from his business. He is a Virginian, the son of General Del Kemper, a distinguished Confederate officer, and was with his father when he served as United States Consul at Amoy, China, during President Cleveland's second administration. Mr. Kemper has had articles published in *Munsey's Magazine*, *Everybody's Magazine*, and *McClure's Magazine*.

Ewan Macpherson, whose story, "The Lost April Twin," appears in the *New Metropolitan* for August, was born in Jamaica, British West Indies, and came to this country in 1886. After spending some time in teaching, he obtained employment successively on three of the daily papers published in Louisville, Kentucky, and soon afterward had his first effort in fiction, "Two Graves," published in *Harper's Weekly*. Since then he has had stories published by *Harper's Monthly*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, the *New York Evening Post*, McClure's Syndicate, and the R. H. Russell Syndicate. Two of Mr. Macpherson's best stories were "Cupid's Ku-Klux," published by the McClure Syndicate, and

"The Christmas Eddie Forgot Santa Claus," published by the R. H. Russell Syndicate.

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Dorothy Lord Maltby, whose story, "White Orchids and Cypress," is printed in *Short Stories* for August, lives in New Haven, the home of her ancestors since its founding. She began writing about a year and a half ago, and it was the impression made by various places she saw and people she met while spending several years abroad that gave her the idea of putting into print for others what she herself had enjoyed so much. Her first article was a sketch of "Good Friday in Menton," which appeared in the *Perry Magazine*, and which was followed by several articles on the lives and works of the "Great Masters" of painting, and sketches of different foreign places. Miss Maltby has written children's stories, and some "nature" articles for *Birds and Nature*, but "White Orchids and Cypress" is her first story for adults. It is in every essential a true story. The characters were drawn from life, which necessitated the changing of names of places, etc. The character of Reggie Fitzgerald was drawn from an Englishman who met his death while gallantly leading his men in the charge of Spion Kop. Miss Maltby also writes under a pseudonym, and has had very few rejected manuscripts, although she was wholly unknown when she began to write, and her success has been due to no "pull." In the case of almost every rejected manuscript, there has been some kind little word written by the editor, either of encouragement or saying that the work was good. She now has a novelette nearly completed, "Luigi, an American Gondolier," a quiet little tale of a Venetian summer.

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Emily Huntington Miller, whose story, "Angelica's Lover," appeared in the *New England Magazine* for July, is a native of Connecticut and comes of old Revolutionary stock. She was educated at Oberlin and has lived West since her marriage. She began writing for publication in her school days and has written a great deal, both prose and fiction. Her songs, "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking," "My Good-For-Nothing," and "Song of the Bluebird," have been published all over the world. For ten years she was editor of the *Little Corporal*, published in Chicago, which was afterward merged with *St. Nicholas*. She has had nineteen books published, most of them for young people, and two volumes of poems, the latest, "From Avalon," being published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. Mrs. Miller was for seven years Dean of Women in the Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, where she now lives.

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William Hamilton Osborne, whose story, "Shaughnessy and the Turnpike Toll," is printed in the *Cosmopolitan* for August, is a busy New York lawyer, thirty years old, and does all his writing evenings at his home in Newark. He began to write in May, 1902, when he wrote a 4200-word bank story, which was accepted within ten days by *Munsey's Magazine*. Since then he has written 130 short stories, of which 108 were accepted before he had been writing a year. His work has been accepted by *McClure's Magazine*, the *New Metropolitan*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Success*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Argosy*, the *Red Book*, McClure's Newspaper Syndicate, the *New York Sun*, *Herald*, *Press*, *Times* supplement, and others. He writes mostly stories of business, bank, and law, and has written more than twenty stories about swindlers, some of whom actually exist. "Shaughnessy and the Turnpike Toll" is based upon a bit of legislation of a year or so ago, affecting the charter to the turnpike which runs between Newark and New York, and which has always been a toll road with very heavy traffic. Mr. Osborne says he succeeds best with the stories that he writes at one sitting of about three hours and upon which he makes no after corrections. In the first year of his literary work he wrote more than 370,000 words. Now he has stopped writing so fast in order to turn out the best work possible.

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Agnes Louise Provost, whose story, "Jacky," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, has been writing for about five years. She began by writing an occasional isolated story

for the pure pleasure of working it out, gradually increasing the number as the writing fever became virulent. She writes each story three times, once by hand, and twice on the typewriter, before submitting it to an editor. While not confining herself to any particular style of story, she has made somewhat of a study of the legislative conditions in her own state, and has published several political stories, one of which, "Senate Bill No. 22," appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for May. She has also written for the *New England Magazine*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, the *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Overland Monthly*, the *Smart Set*, and the *New Metropolitan*, in the July number of which her story, "An Elopement Up-to-Date," was printed.

M. G. Sampson is a new writer, but from the attention which her story, "Judy," in the July number of *McClure's Magazine*, has attracted, it is evident that she has found a path that suits her. She is a native of New York, but a niece of James Hamilton, Esq., deputy-lieutenant of the County Cavan, Ireland, and years spent there at Castle Hamilton have given her an Irish style, and imbued her with Irish tints and ideas. In writing her stories, Miss Sampson says she lets her people alone and waits for them to speak for themselves, so enjoying the effect of their sensations that she forgets it is herself who invents them.

Elliot Walker, who had a story entitled "Jackson's Thirst," in the *New England Magazine* for July, and a sketch, "The Watch Cat," in the July *Criterion*, commenced to write prose about two and a half years ago, and has been very successful, having had stories in the *New York Independent*, the *Christian Endeavor World*, the *Argosy*, *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Era*, the *Black Cat*, the *Book World*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Housewife*, *Farm and Fireside*, the *Bohemian*, and other publications. McClure's Syndicate and some of the newspapers also have accepted work from him. He is most interested in the American home, and he prefers to write country stories about "folks" as he sees them, but he also writes humorous sketches, love stories, and sometimes serious matter. In 1900 he published a little volume of rhymes, entitled "Cat Tales in Verse," which met with a successful sale, and as he himself says, "pleased the cat lovers and did no harm," Mr. Walker began literary work after a business experience of twenty-five years, divided between stock brokerage and silk manufacturing, and has hardly yet got over his surprise at finding he could write.

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Why Not Speak English?** — Is cherub an English word? If so, its plural is cherubs, and not the Hebrew cherubim. Is lexicon an English word, and criterion also? If so, their plurals are lexicons and criterions, not the Greek lexica and criteria. Is appendix an English word, and index, and vortex? If so, the plurals are appendixes and indexes and vortexes, and not the Greek appendices, indices, and vortices. Is memorandum an English word, and curriculum, gymnasium, medium, and sanatcrium? If so, their plurals are memorandums, and curriculums, gymnasiums, mediums, and sanatoriums, and not the Latin memoranda, curricula, gymnasia, media and sanatoria. Is formula an English word, and nebula also? If so, the plural is formulas and nebulas, and not the Latin formulæ and nebulæ. Is beau an English word, and bureau? If so, the plural is beaus and bureaus, and not the French beaux and bureaux. Is libretto an English word? If so, its plural is librettos, and not the Italian libretti. Why not speak English? Crisis is thoroughly acclimated in the English language, and so is thesis; and yet there are those who prefer crises and theses to the normal and regular crisises and thesises. Perhaps they are seeking to avoid the unpleasant hissing of the English plural; but none the less they are falling into pedantry. — *Brander Matthews, in Harper's Magazine.*

**Country Training for Journalists.** — How to get a position on the staff of the *Tribune*, or the *Sun*, the *Times*, or some other good paper? Certainly, there is no rule at all about that. For my own part, I am a great believer

in country training. I think newspaper work in a smaller town or city affords the best opportunity for the beginner to learn all parts of his trade. He will get on much faster afterward in the city for having learned all that a country newspaper office can teach him. On the other hand, I am also a great believer in the country as a place for the able and self-respecting city newspaper man who has grown weary of the burdens and exactions of work in a metropolitan newspaper office, and who yearns for a little more chance to develop his own personality. I have known various cases where such men, still young, took what they had saved out of their salaries, bought newspapers in smaller cities or country towns, soon became leading men in their communities, learned to keep early hours, and "lived happy ever after." — *Dr. Albert Shaw, in the June Cosmopolitan.*

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE LATER YEARS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. (Unpublished letters to Mrs. Hughes. — II.) Illustrated. Horace G. Hutchinson. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

A DAY AT CONAN DOYLE'S HOME. Illustrated. Day Allen Willey. *National Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF "JOSH BILLINGS." Joel Benton. *New Metropolitan* (18 c.) for August.

THE GOVERNMENT'S NEWSPAPER (The *London Gazette*). Illustrated. Arthur Hill. *Strand* (13 c.) for August.

SHAKSPERE IN MODERN SETTINGS. Illustrated. Frank C. Drake. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for August.

JACOB A. RIIS. Reporter, Reformer, American Citizen. With portrait. Lincoln Steffens. *McClure's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

EMERSON: POET OR PHILOSOPHER. Lillienne A. Hornor. *Mind* (23 c.) for August.

A LITERARY LUNCHEON. Carolyn Wells. *Good Housekeeping* (13 c.) for August.

SOME MORE LETTERS OF MRS. CARLYLE. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

THE NEWSPAPER. "J. G. L." Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

THE "FORMER" AND THE "LATTER." A PROTEST. "G. G. G." Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for August.

THE COMPLACENCY OF THE WORDSWORTHIANS. "H. F. C." Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Eclectic* (28c.) for August.

THE DEMOCRACY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. D. W. Working. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for August.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. Mrs. Edward Stuart-Wortley. *National Review* (75 c.) for July.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS FOR BIRD-BOOKS. Illustrated. Dr. R. W. Shufeldt. *Professional and Amateur Photographer* (13 c.) for July.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS DECORATIVE ART. Lewis F. Day. Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 11.

THE ETHICS OF PARODY. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 11.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CRITICS. "An Ungrateful Author." Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 18.

THE NOVELS OF PEACOCK. Herbert Paul. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 18.

A CHELSEA MENAGE. (Mrs. Carlyle's servants.) Emily Cook. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for July 25.

MAX O'RELL: A SATIRIST AS SEEN BY A CARICATURIST. Illustrated. Harry Furniss. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for July 11.

THE LITERARY CHAPERON. Lucy Monroe. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for July 25.

THE FAVORITE AUTHOR OF OLD NEW ENGLAND. (Isaac Watts.) Collins G. Burnham. *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for July 16.

A CHRISTIAN WRITER. (Charlotte M. Yonge.) *Youth's Companion* (8 c.) for July 23.

MAKING A DAILY NEWSPAPER IN INDIA. Illustrated. H. Craig Dare. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for July 23.

NEWSPAPER MEN IN LITERATURE. Reed Carradine. Reprinted from the *Tammany Times* in the *Journalist* (13 c.) for July 25.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Samuel L. Clemens and his wife and two daughters are going to Italy in September, and will buy a villa in Florence, where they will settle down for an indefinite stay. The change is made on account of Mrs. Clemens's health.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has left Ponkapog for Saranac in the Adirondacks. His forthcoming book, "Ponkapog Papers," is to contain, among other essays, a biographical and critical study of "Robert Herrick, the Man and the Poet."

Robert J. Burdette has become the pastor of a Baptist church in Los Angeles.

Norman Duncan is about to sail for the Labrador coast to complete the collection of material for a novel dealing with life in that locality.

Owing to the weakness of Booth Tarkington, resulting from his attack of typhoid fever, the trip that he and his wife had planned to take abroad has been postponed until autumn. They will spend the summer at some quiet resort.

Josephine Dodge Daskam was married July 25, at Stamford, Conn., to Selden Bacon, a New York lawyer.

The Ford Publishing Company, of Springfield, Ohio, is to start a new woman's magazine, to be known as *Madame*.

The *Gateway* is a new magazine to be started in Detroit.

The *Social Review* is a new weekly published at Galveston, Texas.

The *Household Ledger* (New York) has absorbed two more publications — the *Piano Music Magazine*, established by J. W. Pepper in Philadelphia in 1900, and *Literature, Art, and Music*, first published in 1902.

F. T. Neely, the New York publisher, who failed in October, 1899, has been petitioned into bankruptcy. The petition states that he has been doing business as Frank Neely, the Neely Company, the Home Savings Bank Company, and the Anglo-American Press.

*Short Stories* (New York) offers four prizes of $100, $50, $25, and $25 for the four best original stories submitted before December 1. Regular rates will be paid in addition to the prizes awarded, and the editor will also make special offers for such contributions as seem available for *Short Stories*, but do not secure prizes. Manuscripts should not contain more than 5,000 words.

*Good Housekeeping* (Springfield, Mass.) offers $100 in prizes for the best photographs of "The American Mother" submitted before October 1. The magazine also offers three additional prizes, as follows: Fifteen dollars for the best photograph of a rustic arbor or picturesque garden nook; $15 for the best photograph of the exterior of a summer cottage; and $20 for the best set of photographs showing the interior of a summer cottage. Photographs for this contest should be submitted before November 1.

The *Professional and Amateur Photographer* (Buffalo) is offering prizes in photographic equipments to professional and amateur photographers for descriptions of practical methods of working.

*Collier's Weekly* (New York) wants photographs for its department, "The Focus of the Time." Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of $10 will be awarded for the best photograph published during the month. The magazine also offers a prize of $1,000 cash to the reader who, during 1903, makes the most helpful suggestion.

*Leslie's Weekly* (New York) offers prizes of $10 each for the most attractive Thanksgiving Day photograph and the photograph best representing the spirit of Christmastide. It also offers a weekly prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph submitted. The news feature is important.

The *Youth's Companion* offers a prize of $100 for the best set of pictures, not less than five in number, in which the human figure is the chief point of interest. For the six next best sets, prizes of $50 and $25 each will be given in the men's class and women's class, respectively, and prizes of $35 and $15 will be given in the young people's class. Three additional prizes of $25 each are offered for the best photographs of working interiors, out-of door sports, and studies of plant life. The competition will close October 31.

The *Century* for August has a paper of random observations on life and literature by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

John Paul Bocock died at Wayne, Penn., June 17, aged forty-seven.

Edward L. Wilson, editor and publisher of *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*, died at Vineland, N. J., June 23, aged sixty-five.

William Ernest Henley died at Woking, near London, England, July 12, aged fifty-four.

James McNeill Whistler died in London, July 17, aged sixty-nine.

George Frederick W. Holls died at Yonkers, July 23, aged forty-seven.

B. L. Farjeon died at Hampstead, England, July 23, aged seventy years.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 9.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## DESCRIPTIVE WRITING.

Regarding the writings of those who have become noted as observers and descriptive writers, it has been remarked how singular it is that eminent success in those lines should be so rare, for apparently one has but to observe closely and record accurately in order to be sure of literary success. This, however, must not be accepted as a comprehensive definition of what is needed to secure literary recognition: the very fact of the rarity of complete success indicating that there must be something more than these simple requirements.

In the first place, to observe closely is not always to observe accurately. Artists tell us that it is much more difficult for beginners to *see the thing as it really appears* than it is to make the necessary lines by which to represent that appearance. Our perception of the object seen is so much modified by preconceptions as to what it is or should be, that it becomes difficult to note and record its actual appearance. Doubtless the same is true in regard to a record to be made in writing. The first requisite, then, in descriptive writing, is not so much close observation as *accurate* observation.

In addition to this, there must be what I shall term the selective instinct. The writer must be able to select those striking points which will be of interest to the reader, for it is as impossible to tell of everything observed as it is for the artist to put all the details of the scene before him on his little canvas. In each case the highest talent is his who succeeds in depicting the most in the fewest lines. The second requisition for descriptive writing, then, I shall name as that quality which enables the writer to select from the mass of his observations that which will interest and instruct his readers.

Besides these talents, his efforts must be supplemented by the imagination. Even as the sculptor sees in advance the life-like figure in the block of stone, before it is released by the chisel, just as truly the writer also must have the magic glasses of imagination through which he may see the picturesque, the tragic, the comic, or the pathetic, in the commonplace. He must be able to reach out and grasp the ultimate thought, of which the fact itself is but the symbol. Of course he who would convey this thought by writing must do so by use of language, and to reach the best success must become accomplished in its use; just as any workman must learn to use his tools skilfully.

To summarize, then, the descriptive writer needs, first, to observe closely, but more especially to observe accurately. Second, he must select carefully just those vital points which form the life of the picture, rejecting the immaterial. Third, he must be able to see, by the aid of the imagination, the striking, the beautiful, — in short the interesting, — in that

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which is to be described. To use these faculties he must become practiced in the use of the language, yet remembering that it is, at the most, but a means to an end. At the present day, when the world is flooded with printing, and the editorial offices are still worse flooded with manuscripts, the great public has no use for "fine writing" — with nothing in it. The writer must have something to write which will be worth the reading, and then he must set it before the reader in the fewest words and in the most simple and straightforward manner. To do this, I am assured by successful authors, is not always as easy as the careless reader supposes. But if the turning out of a well-wrought article involves labor, the writer may console himself by reflecting that (to use words attributed to one of our greatest dramatists) "easy writing's curst hard reading."

New Bedford, Mass. *Charles E. Benton.*

## EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XXVII. — By the Editor of the *Red Book*.

The *Red Book* is a monthly magazine of short stories and nothing but short stories. With its October number it will be six months old.

Manifestly a publication of this age has few office traditions to be overcome in filling its pages and developing its standards. The only thing required of manuscripts in order that they may find favor is that they shall be good short stories. The only puzzle, then, is as to the interpretation of that phrase, and that, in this office as elsewhere, finally depends on the personal appeal a given manuscript makes to the editor's judgment. It is always a difficult matter to define things in which the personal equation enters so largely. Nevertheless, it is possible to outline a few affirmative and a few negative conditions which help or hinder manuscripts from reaching publication in the *Red Book*.

There are few magazines that have been less heralded in advance of publication than the *Red Book*. It has depended upon its own pages to speak as to its purposes and its character. In the first number appeared the only editorial expression to the public, and from this certain phrases may be taken to serve the present purpose.

"The *Red Book* wants to make friends of its readers, and it is the simplest of axioms to say that the best way to gain friends is to deserve them. It is the aim to give intelligent readers what they desire, and always it will be a pleasure to receive, and a satisfaction to defer to, suggestions from such readers as to what will please them best. But certain standards are established, to any infraction of which the *Red Book* will not yield. It is to be invariably interesting, wholesome, decent, and cheerful. It expects to win friends among those whose preferences are for the interesting, the wholesome, the decent, and the cheerful. It is believed that these standards need not in any way conflict with each other, but rather are of mutual support. Stories need not be of shady morals or gloomy spirits to be interesting. The *Red Book* is no place for preaching, except as its clever stories of clever people, by virtue of their cleverness, preach the gospel of cheerfulness and good will. If ever there be printed here a story of sadness, it will be but to accent more strongly some phase of happiness, material or otherwise, that is made conspicuous by contrast."

In common with some other publications the *Red Book* often falls below its standards, but these exist, nevertheless. The established

rule is that stories must be short and good. Any clean, original story may be available. There is no purpose to limit the field to one form. Romance, history, adventure, character-study, or any other variety of good short fiction is acceptable. Any story between 1,000 and 5,000 words in length may serve the needs of the *Red Book*. Those of more than 5,000 words are not likely to be available.

There are some things that are not wanted under any circumstances: The risqué and the religious story are equally outside the plans of this magazine; nor are juvenile stories printed. Some other forms of short fiction have a prejudice to overcome, and are not likely to be available, although manuscripts might be acceptable if so good as to force a purchase; among such are those of extreme and obscure dialect; stories purely fantastic and based on unreasonable and unnatural violations of natural laws, and stories that are highly melodramatic. No market exists here for the cheap, tawdry love story.

In this day when the occult enters so largely into numbers of manuscripts submitted, and into the minds of many reading people, it is well to define the exactions of the magazine in this direction. Ghost stories which are nothing but ghost stories are not wanted under any circumstances. In order to be available for the *Red Book*, those stories whose mysteries depend upon the occult must be very cleverly handled, and must permit of some explanation through the application of reasonably recognized forces. That is to say, thought transference, hypnotism, and mental influence are recognized forces operating in our personal relations, and a phenomenon which might be naturally credited to one of those forces is not unreasonable. An example of what is intended to be conveyed will be found in Charles Belmont Davis's story, "On the Bay Road," which leads the July *Red Book*. This rule, however, in common with others, no doubt has been violated in the pages of the magazine.

Manuscripts submitted are judged entirely upon their merits, according to the standards established. Translations and reprints are not of service under any circumstances. Nor are manuscripts entirely outside the short fiction field in any way available at this time. The *Red Book* in its present form uses no poetry, history, biography, travel, description, essay, or editorial, and the submission of such matter is therefore useless.

It is the purpose to give editorial judgment upon manuscripts as promptly as possible, but conditions have been such as to make manuscript reading always from two to four weeks behind. It has been necessary, therefore, to ask that much indulgence from writers. A receipt is sent to every writer on the day his manuscript arrives, so that no one is left in doubt as to the safety of his matter. All manuscripts are read in the sequence of their arrival, and judgment is made very promptly after the first reading. An offer is invariably made to the author of any manuscript which proves acceptable to the editor, before the purchase is regarded as made, and immediately upon receipt of an affirmative reply from the author a check is forwarded. The rates at this time vary greatly. We are very glad to have writers indicate the price of manuscripts in the letters of transmission. If that is not done, we make such an offer as we think the manuscript deserves, measured by our own standards as to its value to the *Red Book*. Our minimum rate is no higher than the column rate paid by the best newspapers, but there is a wide range of fluctuation above that, according to the author and the story.

We need about two hundred stories a year, and we want good ones. Although the manuscript receipts, beginning with nothing six months ago, have now reached nearly 1,000 manuscripts a month, there never has been a time when we have had enough of the stories that fully served our purpose.

Writers who have their reputations yet to gain, as well as those of established fame, are therefore invited to offer such matter as they believe to meet the exactions. We are just as unwilling to buy poor stuff from famous authors — sometimes they write it — as we are delighted to receive treasures from those whose names are unknown.

*Trumbull White.*

CHICAGO, Ill.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

***THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for t in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. SEPTEMBER, 1903. NO. 9.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In view of the separation of Jack London and his wife, renewed interest is given to the report that "The Kempton-Wace Letters," which express radical ideas about love and marriage, are the joint work of Mr. London and Annie Stransky. Mr. London is said to have written the Wace letters, and Miss Stransky the Kempton and Hester letters.

* * *

An American magazine editor has been trying to induce Thomas Hardy to write a new novel, but Mr. Hardy has definitely declined the editor's proposal. It is refreshing once in a while to see the tables turned.

* * *

Readers of THE WRITER who wish to compete in any of the prize contests announced in the "News and Notes" department should first write to the editors offering prizes for the rules governing the contests. It is impossible to give the details of such offers in a brief paragraph, and frequently the details are important.

* * *

The movement to secure cheaper postage for manuscripts, which was begun by THE WRITER in September, 1891, now has the support of the Society of American Authors, which is taking a lively interest in the matter. The society has mailed to all authors whose addresses could be secured and to the editors of large papers throughout the United States a circular showing the injustice of the present postage rate on manuscripts and urging recipients to join in bringing pressure to bear on congress to secure a change. The circular sets forth the fact that while authors and newspaper correspondents in the United States have to pay two cents an ounce for mailing their manuscripts to publishers in this country, if they wish to send these same manuscripts from the United States to the most remote parts of the world, they can do so at the rate of one cent for every two ounces — one-fourth of the cost of mailing to points within the United States. As THE WRITER said in October, 1891: "It is actually cheaper for a writer in Boston to send a book manuscript by mail to a London publisher than to a publisher in his own city. If the manuscript weighs fifty ounces, it will cost him one dollar to mail it to any point in the United States; he can mail it to any foreign country in the Universal Postal Union for twenty-five cents. There is no reason that writers can see why the United

States post-office should not carry a manuscript from New York to Chicago as cheaply as from New York via Chicago to Hong Kong."

* * *

Similarly, as the circular of the Society of American Authors shows, writers living in the remotest parts of the world, or, to make the statement more striking, just across the border in Canada, can send their manuscripts to points within the United States at the rate of one cent for every two ounces, or four times cheaper than they could if residing in the United States. To quote the circular: —

"Within the United States manuscripts rank as private communications and pay letter postage — two cents for one ounce; outside the United States manuscripts rank as commercial papers and pay printed-matter rates — one cent for two ounces.

"Cuba, Hawaii, Guam, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Tutuila (in the Samoan group) are now subject to the United States' rulings, hence have slipped back from former advance.

"Haiti is now more liberal than Porto Rico.

"The Cook Islands are now more liberal than the Philippines.

"The Samoan group is liberal or illiberal according to the owner of the individual island or port. German Samoa is liberal. United States Samoa is illiberal.

* * *

"The Universal Postal Union regards as commercial papers the following: All instruments or documents written or drawn wholly or partly by hand, which have not the character of an actual or personal correspondence, such as papers of legal procedure, deeds of all kinds drawn up by public functionaries, waybills or bills of lading, invoices, the various documents of insurance companies, copies of or extracts from deeds under private signature written on stamped or unstamped paper, scores or sheets of manuscript music, manuscript of books or of articles for publication in periodicals forwarded separately, corrected tasks of pupils excluding all comments on the work, etc.

"The following countries are more liberal than the United States in relation to manuscripts for books and newspapers: —

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Greenland, | Terra del Fuego, | French Colonies, |
| Persia, | Venezuela, | German Colonies, |
| Soudan, | Congo, | English Colones, |
| Falkland Islands, | Zanzibar, | Spanish Colonies, |
| Liberia, | North Borneo, | Italian Colonies, |
| Nubia, | Korea, | Netherlands Colonies. |

"In fact every civilized and many uncivilized points the world over."

* * *

Now, everybody knows that good manuscripts are frequently declined by the editors to whom they are first offered, and that the author's bill for postage in selling any manuscript may prove to be considerable. In this respect manuscripts are unlike other merchandise, on which generally transportation charges are paid only once. The publisher who sends a printed book to a customer pays postage one way at the rate of one cent for two ounces. The author offering a book manuscript for sale may have to pay postage both ways, at the rate of two cents an ounce, eight or ten times or more before the sale of the manuscript is effected. Obviously the drain on the author's purse is considerable, and every one must admit that the discrimination against him, as compared with all other sellers of merchandise, is unjust.

* * *

A book manuscript is merchandise, just as much as a pound of tea. There is nothing in it of the nature of personal correspondence, and there is no good reason why the author should be compelled to pay letter rates of two cents an ounce to send it through the mail. It would be only just for congress to take action reducing the rate of postage on manuscripts for publication, so that they may be mailed at the same rate as a printed book, and at the rate at which manuscripts are mailed now in other countries and from the United States to other countries.

* * *

The circular of the Society of American Authors says: "For four years this society has been endeavoring to secure to American writers the same rights as are possessed by foreign authors in their own countries, and by foreign

authors when sending manuscripts here, and by American authors when sending manuscripts abroad. Eighteen months ago, at our request, the late Amos J. Cummings introduced in congress a bill to this effect. It did not pass before his untimely death.

"We expect to secure the introduction of a bill simultaneously in both senate and house at the next session of congress, and we write therefore to you and to others associated with the literary productivity of the United States. We ask from you three lines of assistance. First, that you will notify us of your interest in this effort; second, that you will correspond at the favorable moment with your congressman and senator; third, that you will advise us of others who might be interested in receiving similar circulars.

"The importance of this matter to all who use their pens is so great, and the reform, if secured, will be so far reaching throughout all future time, that we urge you to let us hear from you at the earliest possible moment, as there is a vast amount of correspondence to be done in order to bring upon congress a pressure so uniform and so wide-spread that there shall be no hesitation in granting the plea."

* * *

The secretary of the society is G. Grosvenor Dawe, 128 Broadway, New York City, who will gladly supply circulars to all who may apply for them. W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| The most wonderful woman in the world lives in Boston. Though wealthy, she is always more simply gowned than any of her guests. — *Duluth Herald.* | The most wonderful woman in the world lives in Boston. Though rich, she always dresses more simply than any of her guests. |
| We will know to-night. — *Brockton Times.* | We shall know to-night. |
| It is a queer fact but true that the news of the death of Pope Leo reached London via of New York. — *Nashua Daily Telegraph.* | It is strange but true that the news of the death of Pope Leo reached London by way of New York. |

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

"Dorothy Canfield" (Dorothea Frances Canfield), who had a story, "The Man with a Country," in the *New Metropolitan* for August, and another, "One Result of the Martinique Disaster," in *Harper's Bazar* for August, is a daughter of James H. Canfield, librarian of Columbia University. Her mother is an artist of note. Miss Canfield graduated from the Ohio State University in 1899, and has spent much time abroad as traveler and student. She reads, writes, and speaks fluently five languages. Her first printed work was "Essential Qualities of the Work of Emile Augier," which was privately printed, and which was said by Brander Matthews to be a genuine contribution to the literature and criticism concerning Augier. Miss Canfield has frequently contributed fugitive pieces to special editions of the *New York Times*, and she has nearly ready for the press a volume, "The Influence of Racine and Molière on the English Drama." She is secretary to the Horace Mann School, New York.

Patrick Leopold Gray, whose sonnet, "Kansas," appeared in the *National Magazine* for August, was born in a prairie cabin in Kansas, in 1864, and now lives on a farm at Bendena, Kansas. The house, forty years old, is built of stone, with walls twenty-four inches thick, and in summer is almost entirely hidden by vines. Mr. Gray published his first book — "verses, of course," he says — before his nineteenth year. The edition consisted of fifty copies, which he gave away. Later, he says, he bought them in — every one. His second book was a story for boys and girls, published by John B. Alden in 1888. Mr. Gray spent ten years at local newspaper work, five of which were passed at the pine desk of his own little "journal," which enjoyed a circulation of about seven hundred copies. This experience, he says, left him poor in health and poor in pocketbook. He was gray at a very early age, and now, at thirty-nine, his hair is entirely white. His latest book, "In a Car of Gold," was published last year by the Saalfield Publishing Company, and he has just finished a fifth book, "Prairieland," a story for boys and girls, telling of pioneer life, and giving an account of home adventures on the high prairies of Kansas in the great grass-

hopper year. Mr. Gray has written humorous jingles for the daily press, but the sonnet, "Kansas," is a fair sample of his serious work. He now contemplates making a collection of his verse, published and unpublished, to be put in a more enduring form.

Ella Lowery Moseley, author of the story, "The Amok of Wangsa," which appeared in *Short Stories* for August, is a native of Alabama, and lives in Birmingham. She is the widow of Dr. Robert A. Moseley, Jr., who was consul-general to Singapore at the time of his death, and it was during her residence there that she obtained the material for this story. She was for four years editor of the woman's department of a weekly newspaper, the columns of this department being devoted to current events and book reviews as well as to household economy, and she often wrote not only the political editorials in addition to this department, but got out the entire paper. She has had occasional articles in the *Washington Post*, the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, and in several other leading papers, but "The Amok of Wangsa" is her first literary venture — the beginning of writing as the one serious purpose of her life. She intends to write other stories characteristic of the Malay, which, considering the large percentage of Malays in the Philippine population, she hopes will be interesting to American readers. Mrs. Moseley has also at intervals written poems, which have been published in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *New York Home Journal* and her home papers, but she has never taken poetry seriously, and has not bombarded the magazines with it. She is now occupied with a novel, the atmosphere and plot of which is Southern and political. The theme of it, she says, may be expressed by the Japanese proverb, "A woman may not look upon two husbands," but the treatment is psychological and idealistic, and it will be in no sense a problem novel, nor will it contain any word that "the young girl" may not read.

Carroll Watson Rankin, author of "Cupid in the Elevator," which was printed in *Pearson's Magazine* for August, is Mrs. Ernest Rankin, of Marquette, Michigan, and her pen name is her real name, not a pseudonym. Mrs. Rankin was educated in the public schools of Marquette and at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis., and afterward spent two years abroad. Her first writing, a composition on "Cats," written when she was eleven years old, was published without her knowledge or consent in an educational journal. At seventeen, she was local editor of a daily paper, and wrote, besides, a great many verses, that were published, under a pseudonym, in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. Eight years ago her first attempt at a magazine article, a paper entitled "The Winter Window Garden," was accepted and promptly published by the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mrs. Rankin confesses that she has never spent the money that she got for this manuscript. "Nothing," she says, "ever seemed quite good enough to buy with that first astonishing check." A second article was declined, and she wrote no more for five years. Three years ago she wrote, for her own amusement, her first short story, and later sent it to the *Youth's Companion*, by which it was immediately accepted. Since then the *Companion* has published eighteen other stories of hers. Her specialty seems to be the humorous short story. Within the past three years she has had articles, essays, or stories published in the *Century*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Short Stories*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Black Cat*, the *Bookman*, and many other periodicals. She regards "The Doctor's Largest Fee," and "The Quest of the Hallowe'en Pumpkin," both printed in the *Youth's Companion*, as the best stories she has had published.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Ade.** — George Ade's own account of how he came to write the fables that have made him famous is given as follows in the *Literary World:* "In 1890," writes Mr. Ade, "having risen to a weekly income of fifteen dollars, I lit out for Chicago, where I got a job on the *Morning News*, later the *Record*, as a reporter. The following year I had pretty good assignments, and in 1893 I did special World's Fair

stories. When the fair closed up I became the father of a department in the paper called 'Stories of the Street.' I had to fill two columns every day, which, with a cut or two, meant from twelve hundred to two thousand words. My stuff was next to Eugene Field's 'Sharps and Flats.' When Field died I got his desk. I used to get desperate for ideas sometimes. One lucky day I wrote a story on a church entertainment, in which Artie was the spokesman. That was in 1895. I heard from that story so much that Artie was given a show once a week. In 1898 I ran up against the fable of the old serio-comic form. I had learned from writing my department that all people, and especially women, are more or less fond of parlor slang. In cold blood I began writing the fables to make my department go, but I had no idea that those fantastic things would catch on as they have. My first one was entitled 'The Blond Girl who Married a Bucket-Shop Man.' Soon other papers asked permission to copy the fables, and then to share them with the *Record*, and by-and-by a publisher collected them and made up a copyrighted book. There you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

**Chesterton.** — England is developing a new style of humor as well as America, and it is quite as different from the old humor as the new American humor is different from Artemus Ward and the earlier Mark Twain. The most conspicuous of these newer humorists is Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton is one among those writers who have graduated from journalism, — hardly graduated from it, perhaps, for he is still a regular contributor to the *London Daily News*, having the same position on that paper that Andrew Lang held for a number of years. A sort of go-as-you-please column is conducted by him in that journal. He writes on any subject that interests him, and the way he treats the subject, no matter what it may be, interests his readers.

It is rather interesting to know that Mr. Chesterton when he left school intended to adopt art as a profession and studied for some time in well-known London studios. Even now, though he has laid aside the pencil for the pen, he usually carries a bit of crayon in his pocket, and wherever he sees a blank wall he proceeds at once to decorate it with some fantastic idea that has possession of his mind at the time. In appearance Mr. Chesterton looks more like an artist Bohemian than a man of letters. He has been described as belonging to the untidy type of genius. Dress is the last thing that he thinks about. He wears a broad-brimmed slouch hat, something rarely seen in the streets of London, and his whole appearance is in keeping with his hat. — *Jeannette L. Gilder, in the August Critic.*

**Gilman.** — Rev. Bradley Gilman of the Church of the Unity, Springfield, intends to close his pastorate there within a year, and his letter of resignation will probably be presented at the annual church meeting in December. Success in the field of literature, especially through his recent novel, "Ronald Carnaquay," has led him to plan to give more of his attention to this line of work than is possible in so important a parish. He consequently has decided to retire from his pulpit before another summer, when he will have completed a service of twelve years. Mr. Gilman came to Springfield from Concord, N. H., in 1892. He was born in Boston, January 22, 1857, was graduated at Harvard College in 1880, and from the Harvard Divinity School in 1884. He was settled over churches in Belmont and Waverley for two years, and from there went to his pastorate in Concord. — *Boston Transcript.*

**Henley.** — When I went to London in 1894 I had not heard much of W. E. Henley; but I had not been there long before I heard a great deal of him. What I there heard has not been repeated on this side of the Atlantic, and certainly ought to interest us. To us Mr. Henley was a poet, a critic, an editor, assuredly not of the first rank and perhaps not even of the second. To the young men in London, however, he was master, and all spoke of him in terms of reverence.

The truth is, Henley was never especially successful in literature. Only so short a time ago as 1894 he was barely able to make scant living by his pen. Life was still the desperate struggle to him that it is to most hopeful young

men who are trying to enter the profession of letters, but to a man of Henley's "unconquerable soul" there were compensations that made the struggle for bread seem a matter of small moment. In his case the compensation was the worship of the successful young writers whom he had discovered and taught how to write successful and truly artistic short stories and poems.

So far as I know, Mr. Henley never wrote a short story in his life; but as editor, first, of the Scotch paper the *National Observer*, and later of the *New Review* in London, and of other periodicals, he scented out and developed nearly all the best English short-story writers. He was one of the very first to see the merit of Kipling's work, of Barrie's, of Gilbert Parker's, of Arthur Morrison's, of W. D. Lowry's, and of many others. These young men sent him their best stories even when they could have sold them to other editors for three times what Henley could afford to pay. They knew that commercial value in a story was nothing to him, that he would not have a story, whatever its price in the market, if it were not artistically worthy.

And they felt in their souls that he knew what a truly artistic short story was. Often by crossing out half a line here, a word there, a sentence in another place, he turned a story not wholly successful into one that was entirely so. He was a teacher, and he taught the art of short-story writing to those in whom he saw promise — he developed many a finished genius out of the raw material.

Mr. Henley was also a critic of poetry. It is said that he retouched all of Kipling's early poems. — *Sherwin Cody, in the Boston Transcript.*

One of Mr. Henley's "young men" writes in the *London Express* about his former chief as follows: —

"I must tell you," he wrote when he had accepted two manuscripts which had been rejected by many editors, "that my hands are very full, and that my staff is a fairly complete one, so that if you make your way in, you must do so by sheer writing. . . . I do not propose to print your signature as yet, as I want to see how people are taken by your stuff." Can you imagine how the young man who received that letter (he was still at Oxford) worked after that?

The first two manuscripts were printed exactly as they had been sent in. The third came back so cut that he had some hours of indignation. One did not send careless work to Henley, and this had already been rewritten twice. But it was returned, and with the request that he would return another which had not been produced without the same care. This was rewritten twice more, and cut remorselessly, and one had learned a lesson. He was sometimes a terrible man with the copy of his contributors and with his own proofs.

When the *National Observer* was dead, and we "waked" it at "Solfy's," he said in the course of his reply that as he looked round the room he saw no man with whose copy he had not taken great liberties, and that he was not going to apologize, because he knew that he had always been justified by the results.

**Hugo.** — Victor Hugo always wrote standing at a high desk especially constructed for him, throwing off sheet after sheet as fast as he filled it till he would be quite snowed up in leaves of foolscap. He often rose in the middle of the night to note down an idea or a verse. He got up for the day usually at six o'clock and would devote from six to eight hours a day to his work. He made but few corrections, his poems being thought out complete in his brain before he put pen to paper. It is a well-known fact that he indulged in the arduous task of composition while traversing the streets of Paris on the top of an omnibus. When working out some great conception, he would spend hours in this way. — *Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

**London.** — Jack London has had a varied experience, although only twenty-seven years old. He was born in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. His father, John London, a nomadic trapper, scout, and frontiersman, arrived in San Francisco in 1873, and Jack was the youngest of ten half-brothers and sisters. He lived on California ranches until his tenth year, when his parents moved to Oakland, and he had the opportunity to acquaint himself with books from a public library, and to go to school.

But a few months later he "dropped into an adventurous life alongshore," and "became in turn a salmon fisher, an oyster pirate, a fish patrolman, a 'longshoreman, and a general bayfaring adventurer." When he was seventeen he shipped before the mast, going to Japan and Behring sea, seal hunting.

Reviewing his mental and physical equipments up to the time he was eighteen, Mr. London says: "I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and I toiled in the open, at the hardest kinds of work. Learning no trade, but drifting along from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. Let me repeat, this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weaknesses, never turned down by the boss because I did not look fit, able always to get a job shoveling coal, sailorizing, or manual labor of some sort."

Swayed partly by interest in sociology and economics, partly by the fascination of the enterprise, Mr. London tramped many thousands of miles over the United States and Canada. "On rods and blind baggages I fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centers of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth."

He had more than one jail experience in the course of several thousand miles of tramping, because he possessed no fixed place of abode and no visible means of support. Later on he repeated his vagabond career in the East End of London, the result being his volume on "The People of the Abyss," which, after its serial run in one of the magazines, is to appear in book form in the autumn. Eventually he decided that tramping was not all beer and skittles, and returned to Oakland, where he entered the high school.

His college course in the University of California was limited to his freshman year, finances, or the lack of them, obliging him to turn to at the familiar grind. This was in 1897, and, impelled by the promise of gold and adventure, Jack London was among the first to join the fall rush to the Klondike.

It was in the Klondike that he gathered the material for his first books, which brought him before the reading public. His first magazine article was published in the *Overland Monthly* in 1899, and his first book appeared the following year.

He is a Socialist, and takes an active part in the propaganda of the Socialist party. His home is on the Piedmont Hills, overlooking San Francisco bay. Among his hobbies, other than Socialism, may be mentioned kite-flying and boat-sailing. Much of his writing is done on his sloop-yacht in San Francisco bay; at present he is writing a novel of the sea.

**Spencer.** — Herbert Spencer, who was eighty-three last April, after expecting for sixty years that each new birthday would be the last, is absolutely sound in mind, despite all the reports to the contrary. He is feeble in body, and a few months ago there was some uneasiness regarding his condition, but the advent of sunshine on the sands of Brighton after a long and depressing period of cold and rain has pulled him up wonderfully. He has finished his life work, however, and probably will never write another word that is intended for the public eye. Not long ago an enterprising American magazine asked me to offer him any sum that he might name for an article of any length whatever on any subject that might interest him. But the only answer was that while he appreciated the compliment of such an offer he regretted his inability to comply with it. He has received plenty of other offers almost as liberal in the last two years.

The aged philosopher is now practically alone in the world. Affairs of the heart never interested him, and he now has not one near relative living. Huxley and Tyndall are gone, and nearly all his other old friends, except John Morley, and he is said to feel his isolation keenly. The man who acts as his secretary and writes practically all his letters for him is almost his only companion in the lonely house at Brighton. All requests for interviews, for permission to take photographs, for auto-

graphs, and for everything else of that sort are declined — usually by stereotyped letter.

An intimate friend of Mr. Spencer's told me to-day the story of how the sage was "discovered" in America. He says he thinks the facts were never published before. The little book — I think it was "The First Principles of Sociology" — which had been published obscurely here, found its way to the tables of the famous old American publishing house for which the late E. L. Youmans was literary adviser. The author was unknown and the subject was dry, and no attention was paid to either until one day Mr. Youmans's sister happened to pick up the neglected volume in an idle moment. She read it from beginning to end with increasing interest, and told her brother that she had discovered a great philosopher. He was incredulous and said there was no public for books on sociology. Somewhat against his will, his sister persuaded him to read the book, with the result that he went to the head of his publishing house to say that an American edition of the book must by all means be published, whether it proved profitable or not. The advice was accepted, and although the book had no great sale, it attracted the attention of so many thoughtful folk in America that Mr. Spencer's audience was assured from that time forth. — "*H. C. P.*," *in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**Williamson.**— C. N. Williamson, one of the authors of "The Lightning Conductor," was, with the exception of Alfred Harmsworth, perhaps the youngest man who ever started an important London paper. He was the founder and first editor of *Black and White*, having previously been connected with the *Graphic*. As a boy he wrote a successful "Life of Thomas Carlyle," and at about the same time drew wide attention, in a series of articles which appeared in the *Graphic*, to Cumberland as a climbing centre. Mrs. Williamson, the other author of "The Lightning Conductor," was an American girl, a Miss Livingston of New York. She went to England on a visit eight or nine years ago, met Mr. Williamson there, and married a year or two later. She has written a number of novels which have been well received, but "The Lightning Conductor" (with the exception of some short stories which appeared in the *Strand* and other magazines) is the first work that she and Mr. Williamson have done together. "The Lightning Conductor" was suggested by a long tour which he and his wife took in their automobile through the various countries named in the book. Their method of constructing the story was for Mrs. Williamson to write all the American girl's letters, while Mr. Williamson wrote those of the English hero.— *The Critic for July.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**Do Illustrators Read?** — In the current *Bookman* Henry M. Baldwin raises the question, whether artists really read the texts they illustrate. He cites a number of examples which, with others that occur to the mind, would seem to require the answer that often they do not.

For example, in "The Two Vanrevels" the hero plunges into some bushes, captures a truant kitten and returns it to the heroine. He is described as wearing a white satin stock; yet in Mr. Hutt's picture the stock is changed to black.

The text of "Lady Rose's Daughter" clearly discloses that the action took place in the '70s; yet the men in Mr. Cristy's pictures wear the creased and turned-up trousers that did not come into fashion until a dozen years later.

"Elspeth flopped down on her knees," wrote Mr. Barrie in "Sentimental Tommy," "and put a babyish prayer for Jean Myles." But in the accompanying picture Elspeth is irreverently sitting on the floor while she prays.

Then look at the transformation that Mr. Birch wrought in Dan, in the new edition of Miss Alcott's "Little Men." Dan is certainly a typical rough-and-tumble boy, but the artist makes him decidedly Fauntleroyish.

Andre Castaigne's picture of the death of Philip of Macedon, published in the *Century* not long ago, shows the assassin holding his short sword — practically the American bowie knife — as bowie knives are held in popular-price melodrama, but never by men who use them in real life.

Military equipments are often a weak point

with the average artist. In one of Robert W. Chambers's grim war stories, published by many newspapers a few years ago, an officer was shown by the artist wearing his sword on his right side, and yet there was not a word in the text to show that the officer was left-handed.

Nor are the most eminent artists exempt from these blunders. In spite of the line, "heavily the low sky raining," Rossetti and Waterhouse, in their illustrations of "The Lady of Shalott," have candles burning brightly around the heroine's body as it floated down to Camelot. Holman Hunt's well-known design for the same poem evoked from the poet the justifiable protest: "My dear Hunt, I never said that the young woman's hair was blowing all over the shop."

Charles Dickens was notoriously fussy about the illustrations of his works, and once said that he would cheerfully have given £100 to have a certain picture kept out. Dickens had the true journalist's instinct for accuracy, and if publishers were as wise as they ought to be, they would insist upon it as persistently as he did. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

**Difficulties in Translation.** — An amusing blunder occurred in a French translation of J. Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Spy." The author, describing a scene in Westchester county, wrote of one of the characters in the story, that he rode up in front of a house, dismounted and tied his horse to a large locust — meaning, of course, the tree indigenous to that region.

The French translator, ignorant of any such tree, and taking the word locust literally, translated it by the word "sauterelle," which, when again rendered in English, read that the officer tied his horse to a large grasshopper.

Welsh rabbits always puzzle the French. Invariably they translate these dishes into animals, calling them "lapins du pays de Galles," or "rabbits of the land of Wales."

Where Shakspere makes one of his heroes say that, renouncing his inheritance, he will carve out for himself a fortune with his sword, a French translator renders that: —

"What care I for lands? With my knife I will make a fortune cutting meat."

The Firth of Forth was once translated "le cinquième de quatrième" — "the fifth of the fourth."

Victor Hugo rendered "peajacket" "paletot à la purée de pois."

"Out, out, brief candle!" was made by Jules Janin, "Sortez, candelle!" — "Candle, go away!" — *New York Tribune.*

**The Author as a Reporter.** — The author who has been a reporter knows how to go about the business of getting facts. Specific knowledge, technical names of things and intimate details he absorbs by instinct. Sewell Ford, whose recently published book, "Horses Nine," seems to show that he knows the horse thoroughly, has been through the journalistic mill. When he begins a story, about a truck horse, for instance, he visits the Bull's Head district, where heavy draughts are put up at auction; he haunts the big city stables, where hundreds of truck horses are housed, and he fraternizes with the men who drive the trucks. Finally, when he is sure of his ground, he writes the story. — *The Scribner Bulletin.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ART OF WRITING AND SPEAKING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Sherwin Cody. Vol. I. — Word study. 128 pp.; Vol. II. — Grammar and Punctuation. 127 pp.; Vol. III. — Composition. 128 pp.; Vol. IV. — Constructive Rhetoric. 126 pp. Cloth, 75 cents each: the set, $3.00. Chicago: The Old Greek Press. 1903.

Mr. Cody is a safe guide in matters of language study and literary composition, and these four books of his have interest and value. The volume on "Word-study" takes up spelling, a study of letters and words, word-building, and pronunciation, and even well-informed people can learn a good deal from it. The volume on "Grammar" gives in simplified form the laws of sentence-building, and twenty pages at the end include the essential rules of punctuation. The volume on "Constructive Rhetoric" takes up business-lett r and advertisement writing, short-story writing, and creative composition of different kinds, such as verse-writing, essay-writing, novel-writing, etc. The volume on "Composition" undertakes to teach the art of effective writing, largely by analysis of the work of the masters, fixing attention on the rhetorical element that each writer best illustrates. The books are all of handy pocket size, convenient

for daily study. They are well worth their price. W. H. H.

YOUNG IVY ON OLD WALLS By H. Arthur Powell. 57 pp. Antique Boards, $1.00. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1903.

That Mr. Powell is a versatile verse-maker is shown by the fact that in this collection he reprints contributions to periodicals so unlike as *Town Topics* and the *Christian Advocate*. Other verses are reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*, *Munsey's*, the *Independent*, and other leading periodicals. As a matter of fact, Mr. Powell's aptitude is general, and he shows talent in writing various kinds of verse. Occasionally a false rhyme — like "silence"–"violence" — mars the effect of his work, but as a whole it is in good form, and it shows much poetic feeling. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

CAREER AND CONVERSATION OF JOHN SWINTON. By Robert Waters. 84 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Boston: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1902.

BEYOND THE REQUIEMS, AND OTHER VERSES. By Louis Alexander Robertson. 65 pp. Cloth. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 1902.

THE LEFT SIDE MAN. By Margaret Blake Robinson. 266 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

THE KING OF UNADILLA. By Howard R. Garis. 124 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

LETTERS OF AN AMERICAN COUNTESS. 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 1902.

OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. By W. J. Ghent. 202 pp. Cloth. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE "LITERARY CENTRE." M. A. DeWolfe Howe. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS. — I. Sir Leslie Stephen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

"CHRISTOPHER NORTH." (John Wilson.) William Aspenwall Bradley. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD: W. E. HENLEY AND JOURNALISM. H. W. Boynton. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE SECRET OF WORDSWORTH. (Review of Walter Raleigh's "Wordsworth.") Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

A QUERY CONCERNING UP-TO-DATE NOVELISTS. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

EMERSON. Joseph H. Choate. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

JAMES MARTINEAU. Mrs. Humphry Ward. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

PHIL MAY. Illustrated. Christian Brinton. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. — XII. Illustrated. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

LINGUISTIC LAZINESS. Herbert W. Horwill. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

WHISTLER'S BOYHOOD. A. J. Bloor. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. Randall Blackshaw. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

FICTION, NORTH AND SOUTH. Mrs. L. H. Harris. *Critic* (28 c.) for September.

A CHELSEA MÉNAGE. (Mrs. Carlyle's servants.) Emily Cook. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

THE NOVELS OF PEACOCK. Herbert Paul. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

A CHALLENGE TO THE CRITICS. "An Ungrateful Author." Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

THE ETHICS OF PARODY. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for September.

THE LATE FREDERICK WILLIAM HOLLS. With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for September.

A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE. — I. *Dial* (13 c.) for August 1.

THE LITERARY METHOD OF TEACHING ENGLISH. Sherwin Cody. *Dial* (13 c.) for August 16.

HOW DICTIONARIES ARE MADE. Illustrated. William Curtis Stiles. *Success* (13 c.) for September.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ IN ENGLISH. Brander Matthews. *Smart Set* (28 c.) for September.

JOSEPH PULITZER. The Man Who Revolutionized American Journalism With portrait. Frank Lane Carpenter. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT A GREAT POET. Illustrated. Klyda Richardson Steege. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for September.

AVOWALS. Being the First of a New Series of "Confessions of a Young Man." George Moore. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

CHARLES LAMB'S ONE ROMANCE. With fac-simile of a portion of a love-letter. John Hollingshead. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

THE STANDARD OF PRONUNCIATION IN ENGLISH. T. R. Lounsbury, LL. D. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c) for September.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN COMPOSER. Natalie Curtis. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for September.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. With portrait. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for September.

"PHIL MAY." Illustrated. F. E. Waska. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for September.

WHISTLER: SANE AND UNSANE. Illustrated. James William Pattison. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for September.

MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. Samuel E. Moffet. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for September.

JOHN WARD STIMSON: A Biographic Sketch. With frontispiece photograph. Charles Brodie Patterson. *Mind* (23 c.) for September.

A CHINESE PAPER IN NEW YORK. Illustrated. George Grantham Bain. *Strand Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. III.—Arthur Sherburne Hardy. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for September.

DOES COPYRIGHT COPYRIGHT? Concluded. Samuel J. Elder. *Literary World* (13 c.) for September.

THE BUYING OF BOOKS. Bliss Carman. *Literary World* (13 c.) for September.

THE DECLINE OF STYLE. Albert S. Henry. *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

THE NOVEL—WHAT IT WILL BECOME. "J. G. L." Reprinted from the *London Academy and Literature* in *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

DID SHAKESPEARE WRITE BACON? Leslie Stephens. Reprinted from the *National Review* in *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

GENIUS AND MORALS. Harold van Santvoord. Reprinted from *Literature* in *Book News* (8 c.) for September.

EMILE ZOLA. Henry James. *Atlantic Monthly* (38 c.) for August.

THE YOUNG MAN IN FICTION. G. K. Chesterton. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. "The Lounger in London." *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

WHISTLER. With portrait. Christian Brinton. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

PAUL VERLAINE. Illustrated. Francis Grierson. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

MAURICE HEWLETT AS A POET. Milton Bronner. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

BROWNING AND THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK.—XI. Illustrated. Charles Hemstreet. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

WAS THOREAU A LOVER OF NATURE? Jennette Barbour Perry. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

INSANITY IN CRITICISM. James E. Routh, Jr. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

A SUMMER VISIT TO CONCORD. Illustrated. Katharine M. Abbott. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB. (Review of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas) Illustrated. William Archer. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

MAETERLINCK AND "JOYZELLE." Grace Corneau. *Critic* (28 c.) for August.

LETTERS FROM EDITORS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT. "The Literary Aspirant." *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

JACK LONDON: AN INTERVIEW. Fannie K. Hamilton. *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE.—IX. The Otherwise Men. *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. "A. E." *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

FICTIONSHIRE, ENGLAND. Sewell Ford. *Reader* (28 c.) for August.

ON THE BEST PROSE STYLE. "H. P. C." Reprinted from *London Academy and Literature* in *Book News* (8 c.) for August.

REALISM IN LETTERS. Bliss Carman *Literary World* (13 c.) for August.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. II.—George Ade. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for August.

DOES COPYRIGHT COPYRIGHT?—I. Samuel J. Elder. *Literary World* (13 c.) for August.

JAMES ABBOTT M'NEILL WHISTLER. Illustrated. Ernest Knaufft. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

THE BOY IN FICTION. Julia R. Tutwiler. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

BEING AN AUTHOR. William J. Burtscher. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for August.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CARLYLE. L. H. Dyer. *Wilshire's Magazine* (13.) for August.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Doctor Bruno Franchi. *Wilshire's Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

THE DRAMATIC ART. Réjane. *National Review* (78 c.) for August.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN AND HIS SHORTHAND. With portrait. David Bailey. Reprinted from the *Journal of Orthoepy and Orthography* in the *Phonographic Magazine* (13 c.) for August.

WRITING AND ARRANGING CATALOGUES. E. St. Elmo Lewis. *Book-Keeper* (13 c.) for August.

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated. John P. Murphy. *Men and Women* (13 c.) for August

THE DEMOCRACY OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. D. W. Working. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for August.

WHY USE SPECTACLES? *New York Medical Times* (13 c.) for August.

HOW WE LOST A GREAT SCOOP. Harry Dare Craig. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for August 27.

ESSENTIALS OF SUCCESSFUL JOURNALISM. S. J. Thomas. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for August 20.

JOURNALISM AS A CAREER FOR YOUNG MEN. John Temple Graves, H. H. Cabinnis. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for August 6.

HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL NEWSGATHERER. George H. Wilson. *Newspaperdom* (13 c.) for August 6.

J. MCNEILL WHISTLER. "N. N." *Nation* (13 c.) for August 20.

EDUCATION AND JOURNALISM. *Nation* (13 c.) for August 27.

A VISIT TO SAMOA. "The Countess of Jersey." *Youth's Companion* (13 c.) for August 6.

MILLION-DOLLAR BOOK MAKING. Norman H. White. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for August 1.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY FICTION. Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 1.

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR. R. C. Lehmann. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 1.

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER. Frederick A. Talbot. Reprinted from *Chambers's Journal* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 8.

GLIMPSES OF RUSKIN. R. Wilkins Rees. Reprinted from the *London Quarterly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 15.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. "H. B. M. W." Reprinted from the *Athenaeum* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 15.

THACKERAY. An appreciation. Charles L. Eastlake. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 22.

A REVIVED SCANDAL. (The Carlyle controversy.) Reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 22.

NEW EDITIONS OF CHARLES LAMB. Augustine Birrell. Reprinted from the *Speaker* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 29.

WHISTLER. Reprinted from the *Athenaeum* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for August 29.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has left London for her charming old-fashioned country residence, Stocks House, at Tring, with the intention of beginning work on her new novel.

Muriel Dowie, the divorced wife of Henry Norman, has married Edward Arthur Fitzgerald, a lieutenant in the British army.

Albert Lee, author of children's stories, has been divorced from Blanche C. Lee, who is also a writer of children's stories.

At picturesque Kittery Point, Me., is W. D. Howells's equally picturesque summer home, a cluster of rambling buildings, surrounded by fine old trees and set on a hill commanding the sea to the Isles of Shoals. The dwelling-house was originally a small, plain farm-house, added to — a room here, a wing there — as need required. Then Mr. Howells bought it and turned the barn into a detached library and workshop, lined with books and pictures. It has been the scene of much of his recent work, for he remains in Maine from spring to the late autumn.

Jules Verne is almost blind. An operation for the removal of a cataract is necessary, but he declines to undergo this on the ground that it would be too dangerous at his age. He is seventy-five years old.

"Pierre Loti," who is Captain Viaud of the French navy, has been assigned to duty in the torpedo destroyer Vautour at Constantinople.

Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, author of the "Pa Gladden" stories, is literary editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and wife of Frederic H. Waltz, financial editor of the *Louisville Herald*. Their home is in Meadowbrook, a suburb of Louisville.

The editor of *Punch*, Sir Francis Burnand, will publish in October "Reminiscences of My Life." His associates on the staff of *Punch* and his notable acquaintances in and out of society will, of course, be commemorated.

The Outlook Company announces "Tolstoy the Man," which Professor Steiner of Grinnell College has in preparation.

A biography of Tom Moore is to be written for the English Men of Letters Series by Stephen Gwynn. The series will also be increased next season by Alfred Ainger's biography of Crabbe and, it is hoped, by Dr. Van Dyke's life of Lowell.

A notable addition to the American Men of Letters Series is the "Life of Sidney Lanier," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce is to be written by Professor Edward Mims of Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.

A memoir of the late Edwin L. Godkin is in preparation, and any who may have preserved letters from him available to that end are asked to send them to Lawrence Godkin, 56 Wall Street, New York. They will be returned in all cases when merely loaned.

The man who wrote "Hiawatha," Charles Daniels of Kansas City, whose pseudonym is "Neil Moret," sold the air for $10,000, and has been given a place as composer in the biggest music publishing house in the United States.

*Men and Women* (New York), a little magazine, scarcely six inches by four in dimensions, just started, is an illustrated periodical of personalities, and is edited and published by Mattie Sheridan.

The *Public Library Monthly* is a new magazine published in Boston by the American Architect Company. It is to be a periodical "devoted to Libraries, Books, and their Makers."

The *American Cartoonist Magazine*, just started at Denver, announces itself as the official organ of the newspaper artists and newspaper writers. Walter Juan Davis is the editor.

The *Review of Catholic Pedagogy* is a new magazine published in Chicago. Professor Thomas E. Judge is the editor.

S. S. McClure has been spending the summer in Switzerland with his family, and when he returns he will personally edit *McClure's Magazine*, which he says has been edited by the whole staff.

W. F. Kellogg, publisher of the *New England Magazine*, has accepted an offer from the *London Times* and has gone to England. The *New England Magazine* has been sold to the American Architect Company, of which J. D. P. Wingate is manager.

Victor H. Smalley of St. Paul has changed his *Northwest Magazine* and now publishes it bi-monthly as the *Northwest Farmers' Magazine*, and in addition puts out a ten-cent magazine of short stories.

Beginning with the September number, the *New Metropolitan* will be known as the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

*Poet Lore* (Boston), now a quarterly, has resumed its old name.

Manzi, Joyant, & Co. have resumed the publication of *Paris Illustré*, which was issued successfully for more than twenty years, and discontinued only on account of the other engagements of its editors.

The *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco) increases its price with the September number to fifteen cents a copy. The publishers say that the magazine will undergo a change in policy; its field will be broadened and its contents improved in all directions.

*Ainslee's Magazine* offers prizes of $500, $250, $150, and $100 for the four best love stories of from 1,000 to 3,000 words, the only requirement being that they be American in setting and coloring.

The *Four-Track News* (New York) will pay from twenty-five to fifty cents each for photographs suitable for reproduction. The subjects desired are scenes and objects of interest, especially those possessing life; also unique pictures of any sort.

The Book-Lover Press (New York), which publishes the *Book-Lover* and the *Book and News-Dealer*, and which is to begin publishing books this fall, is owned by the Consolidated Retail Booksellers, a corporation represented in 237 cities and towns throughout the United States by leading booksellers, who are stockholders in the company and under contract with the corporation to co-operate in all practical ways for their just advantage.

The Neale Publishing Company has transferred its editorial and publication departments from Washington to New York.

An anonymous book soon to be published under the title of "The Truth About an Author" is expected to give an amusing account of actual experiences in literary and newspaper offices and in novel-writing.

"Backgrounds of Literature" will be the title of Hamilton W. Mabie's new book, which is to be brought out shortly by the Outlook Company, New York. Wordsworth, Emerson, Goethe, Scott, Shakspere, Irving, and other poets and prose writers will be studied, and the book will be profusely illustrated.

Robert J. Burdette is now pastor of a Baptist church in Los Angeles.

The Periodical Publishers' Association of America, with principal officers in New York City, has been incorporated to promote the interests of publishers and to stimulate social and friendly relations. The directors are: John Brisben Walker of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, F. N. Doubleday, Arthur T. Vance. Theron McCampbell, John Adams Thayer and Lewis Klopsch of New York city; William B. Howland of Montclair, N. J.; Frederick B. Colyer of Tenafly, N. J.; Oscar W. Brady of Orange, N. J.; R. J. Cudahy of Brooklyn and Edward E. Higgins of Tarrytown.

Shortly before the death of Benjamin L. Farjeon, *St. Nicholas* secured from him a story for children, which will be the chief serial of *St. Nicholas* for the coming year.

George Moore has in *Lippincott's* for September the first of a series of literary papers, in which he asks and answers the question, "Why is it that England has failed to produce a first-class work of fiction?"

Phil May died in London August 5, aged thirty-eight.

Noah Brooks died at Pasadena August 16, aged seventy-two.

Major C. H. Smith ("Bill Arp") died at Cartersville, Ga., August 24, aged seventy-seven.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1903. NO. 10.

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## INSTRUCTION IN JOURNALISM.

The announcement that Joseph Pulitzer has given to Columbia University a million dollars for the establishment and endowment of a School of Journalism connected with the university is Mr. Pulitzer's practical answer to the old question: "Can journalism be taught in schools?" Mr. Pulitzer thinks that journalism is a profession as much as law, medicine, or theology, and that there should be a well-equipped professional school, that will put the profession of journalism "upon a level with others in supplying a definite educational course for students, and in affording the newspapers an opportunity to recruit their staffs from men adequately prepared for the duties of that service." Since the announcement of the gift there has been general comment from editors all over the country. Some of them think, as Mr. Pulitzer apparently does, that the art of journalism can be taught in a properly-equipped professional school, while others declare that newspaper men must be made in newspaper offices, and cannot be made anywhere else. Very many editors, taking a middle ground, have said in effect that while such a school as Mr. Pulitzer has planned may fit men to become good journalists, they must still learn the principles of journalism in active experience in daily work on newspapers.

Whichever of these varying opinions may be right, it is interesting to see what Mr. Pulitzer will do. The official announcement by the secretary of Columbia University says:—

"This generous gift puts into effect a purpose which Mr. Pulitzer has long had in contemplation, namely, the provision of an opportunity to secure in a great university both theoretical and practical training for journalism considered as a profession. The School of Journalism of Columbia University will take rank with the existing professional schools of law, medicine, engineering, architecture, and teaching. Subject to the general jurisdiction of the University council, its course of study will be formulated and its administration carried on by a faculty of journalism, the members of which will be appointed by the trustees in the near future.

"The erection of a suitable building to accommodate the new school will be begun at once. A provisional site for the building has been chosen in the University quadrangle. It is hoped that the building may be pushed to completion so that it may be occupied in the autumn of 1904. The estimated cost of the building, fully furnished and equipped, is about $500,000.

"Both Mr. Pulitzer and Columbia University recognize that, with the establishment of a School of Journalism of university grade, a new academic field is entered upon, and in

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order that the best ability and experience of the profession of journalism may guide the new undertaking, an Advisory Board has been provided for, the first members of which are to be appointed by the university upon the nomination of Mr. Pulitzer. The president of the university is to be ex-officio a member of this Advisory Board. Mr. Pulitzer will nominate the members of this Advisory Board in time for action by the trustees of the university at their next stated meeting on the first Monday in October.

"A meeting of the Advisory Board will be called as soon as possible after its members are appointed, and the fundamental principles which should govern the School of Journalism will be discussed and agreed upon. After the suggestions of the Advisory Board have been communicated to the University council and to the trustees, the work of organizing the school will proceed with all possible speed, in order that instruction may be given just as soon as the building is ready for use.

"A committee, consisting of President Butler and Professors Burgess, Peck, Brander Matthews, G. R. Carpenter and Giddings, has already been appointed to frame a report for early presentation to the University council regarding the organization and academic relations of the School of Journalism.

"The length of the proposed course in Journalism and its content will be decided upon after the Advisory Board has expressed an opinion on both matters. Thorough training in written English, in logic, in the elements of economics and of political science, in the history of the United States and the contemporary history of Europe, will certainly be included. The more technical courses will comprise instruction in newspaper administration, newspaper manufacture, the law and the ethics of journalism, the history of the press and related subjects.

"If, at the end of three years, the School of Journalism is in successful operation, Mr. Pulitzer will give to Columbia University an additional million dollars, the income of one-half of which will be devoted to the maintenance of the School of Journalism. The income of the remaining half million will be expended for purposes to be hereafter agreed upon between Mr. Pulitzer and the University."

The selection of members of the Advisory Board is obviously a matter of great importance. Mr. Pulitzer has already designated seven members, as follows: Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, ex-officio; Hon. Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Tribune*, Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, Hon. St. Clair M'Kelway, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Hon. Andrew D. White, Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, Victor F. Lawson, of the *Chicago Daily News*, and General Charles H. Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*. Four of these are practical newspaper men, actively engaged at the present time in the conduct of great newspapers. Others will be added to the list.

Good judgment has been shown so far in selecting the members of the Advisory Board, particularly in the choice of the practical newspaper men who have been chosen. Mr. Lawson and General Taylor, especially, are men who know all there is to know about newspaper work in every department of the business.

The detailed plan of instruction has not yet been arranged. President Eliot, of Harvard — who has never had any newspaper experience — was asked to submit an outline for a practical scheme, and here is the result: —

SUBJECTS APPROPRIATE TO A COURSE OF STUDY LEADING TO THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM.

*Newspaper Administration* — The organization of a newspaper office; functions of the publisher; circulation department; advertising department; editorial and "reportorial" departments; the financing of a newspaper; local, out-of-town, and foreign news service; editorial, literary, financial, sporting, and other departments. (The methods of carrying on some or all of these departments would probably be the subject not only of a general survey under the heading of administration, but of detailed exposition and training in separate courses.)

*Newspaper Manufacture* — Printing presses; inks; paper; electrotyping and stereotyping

processes; type composition; typesetting and typecasting machines; processes for reproducing illustrations; folding, binding, and mailing devices.

*The Law of Journalism* — Copyright; libel, including civil, criminal, and seditious libel; rights and duties of the press in reporting judicial proceedings; liabilities of publisher, editor, reporter, and contributor.

*Ethics of Journalism* — Proper sense of responsibility to the public on the part of newspaper writers; to what extent should the opinions of the editor or owner of a newspaper affect its presentation of news? Relations of publisher, editor, and reporters as regards freedom of opinion.

*History of Journalism* — Freedom of the press, etc.

*The Literary Form of Newspapers* — Approved usages in punctuation, spelling, abbreviations, typography, etc.

*Re-enforcement of Existing Departments of Instruction* for the benefit of students of journalism: In English — reporting of news, news-letters, reviews, paragraph writing, editorial writing; in History — emphasis on contemporary history, government, and geography; in Political Science — emphasis on contemporary economic problems and financial administration.

Beyond this, little that is definite is known. "It is probable that the scheme of instruction will include several of the academic courses now taught in the university, but will also give special prominence to the other side of the study — to the endeavor to impart by thorough teaching and training what has been hitherto acquired in the hard school of actual practice. The newspaper men who will define the precise detail of this part will themselves recognize and attach a proper value to each division of this study." It has been said that the school will have a practical newspaper plant, and it may be that a newspaper will be published. In that case, the students will obviously have all the advantages of actual work in newspaper making, under the direction of competent men, and, in addition, the benefit of special education to fit them to do this work. At all events, the Columbia School of Journalism will tend to raise the standard of newspaper-making, and its graduates, whether they are journalists when they graduate or not, will be better fitted to become journalists than those who have had only haphazard training.

BOSTON, MASS. *William H. Hills.*

## JOURNALISM AS A CAREER.

There has never been a time, I think, in the history of colleges in this country, when so many of their students were looking forward to the possibility of a newspaper career. There is a feeling on the one hand that the professions are overcrowded, and on the other that newer fields to which applied science and business beckon offer at the outset slower advances and less attractive experiences. The idea of being brought into contact with all forms of public life, of seeing great transac-

ons and watching the actors in them, of t

writing from day to day the history of a marvellous age — all this naturally fascinates the ardent and aspiring mind. It is true, too, that the young man of good qualifications gets quicker returns in newspaper work than elsewhere. If he studies law, three or four years more must be taken out of his life after graduation before he can enter upon his vocation; and then he has the cheerful prospect of starvation for as many more before clients begin to find him out. A similar duty confronts the medical student, and patients often display a

similar backw rdness about coming forward to the your doctor's office. But the college graduate who once gets a chance assignment on a busy day in a city editor's book, may find himself with as many more as he cares for within a fortnight, and may presently secure a modest salary that, with health and industry, at once puts him beyond want. Then there are fascinations in the sense of influence, in the power to reach the public attention or shape public opinion, even in the facility for coming in contact with important men and getting somewhat behind the scenes in transactions that interest the whole community. The notion is spreading, too, that a newspaper is beginning here, as long since in France, to take the old place of the lawyer's office as a path to entry on public service. The very name by which (for want of a better) foreign newspaper writers have taken to designating themselves, "Publicists," seems to many a hint at a more attractive pursuit than defending a rogue or prescribing pills or potions.

It cannot be denied that there is a certain justice in many of these considerations. And yet the first advice a competent and experienced newspaper man is apt to give a young aspirant will be the old one, "Don't." It is an irregular, exacting, exposing, tempted life. It demands intense and long-continued application; breaks into all manner of engagements; entails its hardest work at moments when everybody else is at leisure; and requires, even when pursued by gentlemen, under the direction of a gentleman, occasional situations from which a gentleman's first impulse is to shrink.

Besides, there are, after all, fewer prizes in it than in the old professions. Any of you can count up forty or fifty men now in New York who have won distinction and fortune in the law. Can you count half as many who are doing as well in both particulars on the newspapers? Nor can it be said that the tendency in the law appears yet to be toward diminishing the number or value of these prizes. Among the newspapers it does seem to be that way. Great success does not always bring esteem, or fortune, or permanence. The lower walks of the business are enormously overcrowded: competition is not always scrupulous, and the pay is apt to be very small. Within the lifetime of the boys now in the preparatory schools the changes have been almost revolutionary. While they were largely physical at the outset, they necessarily opened the way to moral changes as striking.

The cost of raw material has been reduced from two-thirds to three-fourths; the cost of composition one-half, the cost of printing in a greater proportion than either. Meantime the supply of the raw material has become almost unlimited; the speed with which news can be put in type has been so greatly increased that columns of new matter, and pages if need be, can be set within an hour of the time when the paper must reach its readers; and the speed with which printing can be done has been so revolutionized that it is easier to catch mails and news companies and newsboys at the earliest hour desired with an edition of a hundred thousand now than it used to be with an edition of five or ten thousand.

Obviously the business results from these revolutionary changes in the methods of the business were inevitable, no matter what the sentiments, or wishes, or even principles of the men engaged in it. Nothing could prevent either a great reduction in price or a great increase in size, or both; and nothing could then wholly avert the moral changes which soon began to accompany this unexampled facility of production.

It would be unjust not to give the other side of the picture. While evil traits of the American newspaper have been increasingly developed under the cheapness of production, an expansion of facilities, and craze for mere circulation, there are other changes as marked and most beneficial. The flippancy of our newspapers, which so vexed the soul of Matthew Arnold, certainly continues, as well as their deplorable addiction to the use and invention of slang. But they are more generally well written than they were fifteen years ago, and are often more attractively arranged. The number of young college-bred men whom they enlist grows steadily larger. They are better informed on the subjects they discuss, or at least they have acquired and organized far better means of gathering information. They

glean news with amazing thoroughness, and they exhaust it from the most secluded and guarded hiding places with the mysterious energy of an air pump. Whoever has had to do with public affairs has learned that as all nature is in conspiracy against a vacuum, so under the guidance of the newspapers the whole world around them is in conspiracy against a secret. They cover the earth with their correspondents. They study the progress and even the politics of all nations. They give foreign news by cable with tenfold the fulness of a few years ago. Almost every first-class paper has its own special cable letter from London or Paris. In fact, the ocean lines are used as freely now by the press as the line to Washington formerly was. A rate of fifty-five cents a word from China, and of far more from the Philippines, does not check the full daily reports.

We have seen the startling changes of the last twenty years. What are you to expect and prepare for in the next twenty?

It is safe to predict that the better class of daily newspapers and their readers may come to a mutual understanding that less quantity and better quality would be mutually advantageous. The *Saturday Review* once called Macaulay the father of picturesque reporters, and Dickens has often been called their prince. No doubt these are ambitious models; but the press that sent MacGahan to a European war and Harding Davis and Bigelow to an American one, and has developed so many of our most popular authors from its ranks, can rise above the present wordy and tedious level of telling the news whenever the editors and their readers agree that it is desirable. In that direction lies one of the best hopes for the future of the best newspapers. Fewer words, shorter stories, better told; fewer eight dollar-a-week reporters, who write only by main strength and awkwardness, and more men who have learned the capacities of the English tongue; fewer men whose chief idea is to rake in all the rubbish they can and label it with startling headlines, and more men who know what is worth telling and know how to single it out from the mass of rubbish; fewer mere photographers in nonpareil whose sole idea is to set down in fine type everything they see, and more artists who know what to see and how to make, in words, a picture of it — that is the line of progress for an intelligent press, worthy of an intelligent community. But first of all, the public must make up its mind that the merit of a paper, its enterprise, its resources, and its importance are not determined by the number of its pages — that paper is made out of cordwood and costs two cents a pound; that type is set by steam, and that white sheets can be run through printing machines in any number you want in any big office at the rate of 100,000 an hour. If the people continue to want quantity, as they certainly seem to do now, the quantity will no doubt continue to be printed — though Sheridan's ghost should hiss in every editor's ear that easy printing, even more than easy writing, makes curst hard reading.

If now, among students who have done me the honor to follow these remarks, there should be some still unwise enough to persist in an intention to take up newspaper work, the simplest advice to give them, and about as practical as any they are likely to follow, is to imitate Lord Bacon, and take all knowledge for their province. The average newspaper man on the great dailies is far better educated to-day than twenty years ago, but the standard of qualifications is likely in the next twenty to be higher still. Like most of my colleagues on the press, I have little faith in "schools of journalism," or in "courses of journalism," or, if you must have the truth, in lectures on journalism, either. The only place to learn the newspaper business is in a newspaper office, and you have to be caught tolerably young to learn it at all. But the place to acquire some of the qualifications for the work is the place where you can get the best general education the world affords. Above all, it must be an education that teaches you to see straight and to think straight, and, therefore, its very foundation must not be undermined by too eager a search for easy electives.

We may next look for whatever will facilitate wide acquisition and persuasive expression. You must first know things, and know where to find things, and next know how to

interest people in your way of telling these things, and in your reasoning about them. Knowledge, real knowledge, not a smattering of the history of your country, is indispensable, and no historical knowledge will come amiss. Constitutional and international law, at least, you must know, and if you can take a full course, so much the better. Modern languages will be most helpful, and in our great newspapers a reading knowledge of at least three of them — French, German, and Spanish — becomes every year more desirable. The literature of your own language should be studied until you learn to use the noble tongue to express to the best advantage and in the fewest words whatever you have to say. You should know your own country, and, above all, grasp intelligently the fact that the part worth knowing is not confined to a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast. You should know foreign countries, and thus chasten the notions that wisdom began with us, and that liberty and intelligence hardly exist elsewhere. You should know the people, the plain, everyday, average man, the man in the street — his condition, his needs, his ideas, his notions — and you should learn early that he is not likely to be overpowered by your condescension when you attempt to reason with him.

Finally, let me remind you that the man who succeeds is a man who has not undervalued what he is undertaking. This work we have considered is as varied, as exacting, and as responsible as any known to our modern civilization, if not also the most potential for good or ill. It calls for patience, for moderation, for quick and accurate perception, for deliberate judgment, for resolute purpose and for what the politicians call staying power. No man who cannot, like the pugilist, "take punishment," has any business in it. No man who lets his nerves or his passions run away with his ice-cold judgment has any business in it.

But to him who is called, the opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods — powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet, but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest, but his words carry wider and farther than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king, but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinion he evokes and shapes. If you value this good land the Lord has given us, if you would have a soul in this marvellous civilization and a lifting power for humanity, look well to the nurture and training of your king.

*The New York Tribune.* ***Whitelaw Reid.***

## THE CARD SYSTEM FOR WRITERS.

Use the card system. It is easily enlarged and easily kept clear of dead material.

For each manuscript use a single card, preferably of standard library size, as cards of this size are the most easily obtained and handled. At the head note the title, with the subject, form, and length. Below note places sent, with dates of mailing and return, and if any comment should be made by an editor, be sure to file the letter and refer from the card to the file. The unfinished record will show where the manuscript is at any time, and there are spaces below for acceptance, date, amount received, and date of publication. In order to

save reweighing manuscripts, the amount of postage required may be added in the lower right-hand corner. When the manuscript is sold the card may be filed with those of others already sold.

Here is an example of a card filled out:—

"Joan of Arc." Humorous labor union story. 3600 words.
McClure's, Aug. 16, 1901. Sept. 18, 1901.
Harper's, Sept. 18, 1901. Oct. 12, 1901.
Scribner's, Oct. 13, 1901. Nov. 5, 1901. See letter.
Century, Nov. 6, 1901.
Accepted. Century, Nov. 30, 1901. $50.
Published. Century, July, 1902.
4 cents.

Another very convenient use for the card index is in keeping lists of periodicals. At the head give the common name of the periodical, with information as to frequency of publication; below that the full name and form of address of the publishers, and any notes as to material used, when paid for, time of retention before return, if stamped envelope must be enclosed, etc.

Leslie's. Monthly.
Frank Leslie Publishing House,
141-147 5th Ave.,
New York City.
Stories, verse, sketches capable of photographic illustration.
Pay on acceptance.
3 weeks.

Several writers have carried the idea still further and have duplicated their lists, dividing them into several sections: periodicals that pay for fashion notes; games, recipes, suggestions for woman wage-earners, etc. The idea may be carried as far as the writer has time.

WASHINGTON, D.C. *S. C. Stuntz.*

## SOME NECESSARY COMPONENTS OF THE WRITER'S EQUIPMENT.

A successful writer must have:—

A varied knowledge of circumstances and occupations, even though one's own experience of them be brief and casual.

Sympathy, which comes partly from large observation and knowledge, partly from native warmth and vigor of imagination, but, most of all, from a generous and loving heart.

The perception of moral values, which comes partly by intellectual discipline and close observation, but chiefly by singleness of moral purpose and by unswerving spiritual rectitude.

Unselfishness, — of the sort that finds a great part of its own contentment in the happiness of others and one of its most frequent absorptions in entering into and augmenting such happiness. An hour spent with a child may put one in a fitter mood for artistic or creative work than the most careful mental preparation could.

Unconsciousness and spontaneity of attention and insight, with an instinctive grasp of the material they give. These are primarily an endowment of nature, but the keeping of them at their best estate is dependent largely on one's own faithfulness to high artistic and spiritual ideals.

And, last and chiefest, that largeness and warmth of nature which makes the work of authorship a secondary or minor thing — a thing quite forgotten when love comes to the soul or sorrow to the heart. Life is much more than any utterance of it, even the fittest and the finest, can ever be. The artist's work is at its best when it is the natural and half-unconscious expression of personal experience.

These last are imperishable things, that transcend the artist's expectation and often his desire. They do not come with seeking, or even with watching for them, but Life, far readier to give such gifts than most of us believe her, is waiting to bestow them all.

AUGUSTA, Me. *Olive E. Dana.*

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. OCTOBER, 1903. NO. 10.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

In the July WRITER the extent to which specialization in periodical publishing is carried nowadays was briefly referred to. The tendency of the times is shown still further by the news that New York is to have a daily medical paper. The Medical Publishing Company of America has been incorporated at $150,000, for the purpose of publishing the *Daily Medical Journal*. The first issue is scheduled for October 1, and the subscription price has been placed at one dollar a year, which also includes the *New York Medical Critic*, a monthly journal now in its second year. The prospectus announces a six-page journal, 12x15 inches in size, with full affiliation with the Associated Press and with an edition of 100,000 copies. The editorial staff has not yet been announced, with the exception of Dr. M. W. Curran, managing editor, 154 East Seventy-second street, New York.

* * *

There is also a project afoot to establish in New York a Roman Catholic newspaper, which is to appear semi-weekly at first, and eventually to become a daily publication. A woman's daily paper, conducted by women for women, is also to be started in New York, and in Philadelphia a political daily, devoted solely to politics, will soon appear. Perhaps the golf-players, too, will have their daily paper some day.

* * *

The baseball editor of the *St. Paul Dispatch* has rendered a service to the authors of Rhetorics by giving them in good faith this beautiful example of mixed metaphor:—

> The coming champions are now looking down on the League race from the dizzy height of a percentage of .670 games won. Forty-five rungs distant they can see the Brewers struggling mightily to breast the waves and steer clear of the rocks encountered on the road; still further back the Colonels are within comfortable range doggedly fighting their way up the pike. Indianapolis is gradually receding in the distance, and away off on the horizon Minneapolis is dimly descried, clinging to what, at a distance of 270 points, looks like a percentage of .400.

* * *

In his novel, "A Special Assignment," S. T. Clover advances his hero rapidly through successive steps in newspaper work, so that in five years he becomes managing editor of a great newspaper. The newspaper critics, immediately recognizing the improbability of this, have vigorously protested, the result being that Mr. Clover has replied that the story is a record of actual fact in his own experience, known to many who have been familiar with his rapid rise. The *New York*

*Times*, however, justly objects that, while truth can be as extravagant as it pleases, fiction must at least be plausible. "The truth of fiction," says the *Times*, "must commend itself immediately to the common mind."

* * *

Fiction writers will do well to remember this. The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction should be a warning to the novelist. No matter if the plot and details of a story are literally true, the story will fail to impress the reader if it seems improbable. The fiction writer must always be plausible, and it is often necessary to tone down the facts of real life considerably to make them proper elements for a fictitious story.

* * *

Every poet has been made to realize the urgent need of more rhymes for "love." Dove, glove, shove, above, unglove — there you have the whole list of rhymes available, and it is pathetically inadequate. Arthur Symons in a poem lately published in the *Athenæum* makes a brave effort to extend the list by rhyming "love" with "enough," but the experiment is not in every way successful.

W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the rule regarding the use of "beside" and "besides"? M. K. P.

["Beside" means "by the side of"; "besides" means "in addition to." For instance, "She was sitting beside him, and her mother was there besides." — W. H. H.]

## IN THE WRITER'S FALLOW YEARS.

One of the commonest experiences of an editor is the prevalence of literary aspirations and the scarcity of literary ability. Men and women, even boys and girls, think themselves competent to write for the best journals and magazines though they have n't even mastered the a b c of literary production, to say nothing of their lack of style, experience, knowledge, and original thought. This reflection was suggested by a recent letter to an ex-editor — doubtless suggested by a chance copy of a magazine now several years deceased. The letter reads: —

> Do you purchase original poems for your magazine. I have disposed of some to *Ideals*, but have several more on hand, and Mr. B —— advised me to send to other magazines as it will be some time before he can dispose of part of them. Mr. C —— also advised me to send to magazines.
>
> I should like to become a regular contributor at a reasonable price, to several magazines, or papers.
>
> If you do not wish to purchase, will you be so kind as to write me who you think may.

Observe the punctuation, also the grammatical construction of the last sentence; also note the undue prominence given to the financial consideration, and the innocent hope of the writer that she may be employed as a regular contributor, without having given evidence of her ability to contribute anything acceptable.

The density of the ignorance behind this letter is well-nigh hopeless. And yet, not a few successful writers can recall similar letters — either sent *or withheld* — written by them in the fallow years of their early youth.

Des Moines, Iowa. *Johnson Brigham.*

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Katharine L. Ferris, author of the story, "An Offer of Marriage," which appeared in the September number of *Short Stories*, has returned again to Brittany, where she spent last summer. At that time she met Theodore Botrel, the Breton bard, and she has since published an article about him in the *Critic*. The *Metropolitan* will soon publish another of her Brittany articles. Miss Ferris will make her home in France for the next few years, and her readers will have the pleasure of knowing how the French life appears to a bright American woman. It is interesting to note that the main points in "An Offer of Marriage" occurred in the life of a French peasant within the last year. Besides stories

and critical articles, Miss Ferris writes verses. She had some verses in the Editor's Drawer of the September *Harper's*.

---

May Harris, whose story, "The Rose of Spring," appeared in the September *Harper's*, lives with her father at "Thornfield," their home in the country, near Montgomery, Alabama. During the past three or four years Miss Harris has contributed short literary articles to the *New York Times Saturday Review*, also to *Town and Country*, and the *Era*. Her first story, "A Window to the South," was published in *Harper's Magazine* two years ago, and since that time she has had stories in *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, *Short Stories*, and *Town Topics*. Her story, "Whom the Gods Love," published in *Harper's* last January, attracted much favorable attention. Miss Harris inherits her literary tendency from her father, who is a poet of distinction. At present she is engaged in writing a novelette for one of the leading publishing houses of New York.

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Alden Arthur Knipe, whose story, "Please," was printed in the September number of *Everybody's Magazine*, is a grandson of T. S. Arthur, and so comes naturally by his bent for writing. Mr. Knipe was born in Philadelphia in 1870, and was educated at Haverford, and at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in medicine. While at the University of Pennsylvania, he was prominent in athletics, and was captain of the football team in 1894. He is now at work on a volume of college stories of Pennsylvania, and a number of his stories have been accepted by various magazines, and are now awaiting publication.

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Marguerite Merington, author of the story, "Toddykins," in the September number of *Scribner's Magazine*, is a well-known playwright. "Toddykins" is a humorous account of how an artist and a writer found a home on the top floor of a Fifth-avenue mansion, and concerning it Miss Merington says that while, of course, it is fiction, it by no means exaggerates the difficulties encountered by refined women of limited means in finding a place in which to live in New York City.

---

Mary Moss, author of "Miss Atherton's Wanderjahr," in *Lippincott's* for September, and "A Pompadour Angel," in the September number of *McClure's*, has written besides two novelettes, "Fruit Out of Season," and "Julian Meldohla," both of which were published in *Lippincott's*. She has also written a lot of signed reviews and critical work for the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Bookman*, and occasional special articles for newspapers. The *Atlantic Monthly* has recently accepted an essay, called "Machine Made," and *Ainslee's* will soon print one of her short stories, called "An Augur in Kimono." Her first novel, "A Sequence in Hearts," is just being brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Miss Moss says that her first efforts were rejected with perfect unanimity by every magazine on the Atlantic seaboard, with the exception of one, which she never tried. Then her work began to be accepted. She thinks now that the editors were correct in both decisions, but it was a severe trial to her at first, when she was thrilling over things that seemed most interesting and amusing to her, but could not manage to shape her ideas in any acceptable form. She hopes to learn enough to write a play some day, but she has never attempted verse, and says that she never shall attempt it. Her ambition is to write novels, stories, or plays about people of to-day as we know and see them, without holding a brief for any side or developing any particular theory. She has always lived in Philadelphia.

---

Harriet A. Nash, who had a story, "A Woman Hater," in the September *Red Book*, and another, "The Webster Curse," in the *New England Magazine* for September, is a resident of Skowhegan, Maine, and is well known in social and business circles of that state. Her literary work covers a period of about six years, her first story having appeared in the *New England Magazine* for March, 1898, since which time she has been a frequent contributor to that magazine, as well as to the *Youth's Companion*, *McClure's*, *Ainslee's*, and

many other periodicals. As the greater portion of Miss Nash's time is devoted to business pursuits, her literary work thus far has been almost wholly confined to the short story, the one exception being a book for girls, entitled "Polly's Secret, a Story of the Kennebec," which was published last year. Miss Nash confines her work to stories of New England country life and character, and says that the good old state of Maine, from its rocky coast to the little settlements scattered through its northern woods, is replete with character and incident peculiarly its own, and easily adapted to the field in which she has thus far worked.

---

Mary H. Peixotto, whose story, "The Clock Without a Face," was printed in the July *Cosmopolitan*, is the wife of Ernest C. Peixotto, whose illustrations and travel articles are so well known. Mrs. Peixotto is young, and it is only within the last two years that she has begun to write, but already many of her stories have appeared in leading American magazines, notably in *Scribner's Magazine* and in *Harper's Magazine*. She is a Californian by birth, but has lived for many years in New York and in Europe. The result of her long European residence is shown in the vivid local coloring of her stories. For instance, her "Summer in Sabots" tells of a sojourn in the tiny Dutch town of Rijsoord; "Mostar" tells of Turkish life in Herzegovinia; "Giuseppe's Christmas" portrays the pathetic wanderings of a little Neapolitan street waif at Christmas-tide; while "A Summer in a Sandolo" details the transformation of a Venetian *piccolo* into a full-fledged gondolier. The theme of "The Clock Without a Face" is based on fact; such a clock does exist in the town of Larchant. The characters, however, are fictitious, although drawn with such fidelity that they seem real.

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Ethel Sigsbee Small, whose story, "As Turns the Wheel," appeared in the September number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, is the daughter of Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee, of the navy, and the wife of Robert Toombs Small, of the editorial staff of the *Washington Evening Star*. In her schoolgirl days at the national capital, Mrs. Small spent most of her spare moments at the study hall in writing thrilling novelettes as seen through the imaginative eyes of a child, and she still cherishes a voluminous manuscript of fifty-two chapters as one of the unfinished novels of those days. At that time, however, she did not confine her ambitions to the writing of mere stories, but turned her talents to the drama, and evolved plays in which princes and beautiful maidens had many strange and exciting adventures. With her school chums she enacted these plays, much to the delight of large parlor audiences of parents and invited friends. She followed this writing merely as a girlish whim and for her own amusement, and as she grew up abandoned writing altogether. About a year ago she again took up the pen, and received the rare encouragement of having her first story accepted by the first magazine to which she submitted it. Since that time she has had stories in the *Smart Set*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *Munsey's Magazine*, and the *Metropolitan*.

---

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, author of "The Carhart Mystery," in the September number of the *Cosmopolitan*, has produced three books, "The Inn of the Silver Moon," "The Last of the Knickerbockers," and "Myra of the Pines," and is at present at work upon a fourth, a novel dealing with conditions in an American country town. He will also have a volume entitled "Random Verse" published this fall, and he has recently finished a play, which is under consideration by a well-known actress. "The Inn of the Silver Moon" has met with a flattering reception in England, and a German translation of it is to appear shortly in Berlin. Of late Mr. Vielé has given some attention to shorter fiction, and several of his stories have already appeared in the magazines, while others are listed for early publication. Mr. Vielé may be classed with the younger writers, though he has turned forty, and began his literary work with the experience of a successful professional career and the impressions of several years of travel. He is a versatile writer, and holds

that no man can attain his best by copying his first success. He is a brother of Francis Vielé-Griffin, the only Anglo-Saxon ever granted the Legion of Honor as a writer of French poetry, a fact that may give an added interest to the verses of the American brother.

---

Michael White, whose story, "Bobby's Garden," was printed in the *Delineator* for September, was born at Ahmednagar, Bombay, India, and was educated at the United Service College, North Devon, England, where he was a classmate of Rudyard Kipling. He has traveled extensively over Europe and the Orient, and came to America first from Australia. Mr. White lived for several years in California and Oregon, and says he learned there how easy it is to lose forty thousand dollars in different ventures, and how hard it is to make the same sum in literature. He adds that he literally bombarded the magazines and newspapers for three years with all kinds of material without making forty dollars. Five years ago he came East, and since then he has succeeded much better, having had matter printed in *Truth*, *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Smart Set*, *Leslie's Weekly*, the *Critic*, *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Independent*, the *Reader* the *Youth's Companion*, the *Four Track News*, the *Delineator*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *New Idea Magazine*, the *New York Herald*, and the *New York Press*, and he has also done considerable journalistic work for McClure's Syndicate, the *New York World*, and the *New York Evening Post*. Last year J. F. Taylor & Co. published a Hindu historical romance of his, entitled, "Lachmi Bai." After roaming about half over the world, Mr. White is now quite content to stay in the United States, although he looks forward "to one or two side trips to South America and other near-by places when funds will permit."

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Henry M. Wiltse, whose story, 'The White Elephant," appeared in the *Metropolitan* for September, is a native of Michigan, and was educated for the law at the University of Michigan. He practised law in Chattanooga for some years, and was city attorney four terms, assistant United States attorney four and a half years, and twice member of the state legislature. Mr. Wiltse always had a taste for literature, having held editorial positions two or three different times, and gradually drifted from law to literature. He went on the lecture platform for a while, and for the past eight years has given almost his entire time to literary work, writing a good deal for the magazines and for metropolitan newspapers. Mr. Wiltse has written two books; one a history of the illicit distillers of the South, called "The Moonshiners," which is a study into their lives and characters, and the other, a nonsense book, called "The Centennial Liar." He is now conducting a department of "anecdote and levity" for a daily newspaper.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Kipling.**— Kipling throws a good deal of his work into the waste basket. He feels that, having won a reputation, it is his duty to write up to it. On one occasion, when in a heroic mood, he destroyed a whole book. The title of this unborn work was "Forty-five Mornings." After it was finished he asked Robert Barr to read it. "As good as 'Plain Tales,'" was Mr. Barr's verdict. "Not better?" said Kipling. "I don't think it is," answered Barr. "Then it will never be published," was Kipling's unexpected reply, and it was destroyed forthwith.— *Columbus Dispatch.*

**O'Connor.**—I little knew when I started Disraeli's "Life" what a gigantic business it was going to be. Indeed, the book nearly killed me. To it, perhaps, more than to anything else, I may attribute the success and reputation I began from its publication to attain. It was bought at a price which few now would be able or willing to pay. In order to write the book, I had to go through forty years of "Hansard," and "Hansard" for one year usually consists of five or six big volumes. I had to read almost every line Disraeli ever spoke, whether it was at hustings at election times, or to his constituents during the Parliamentary vacations; I had to read all his own works — which amounted to something like a library in themselves; and, in short, I had to spend on this work almost as much time as

would have enabled me to write a considerable history All through this period I was so absorbed that it was difficult for me to seek or to do any other work, with the result that my entire income consisted of the occasional checks for £5 which Mr. Beeton gave me. And the result was that I was in black poverty.

Indeed, I was so poor part of the time that even paper was a consideration to me, and I was delighted when a friend of mine, who was a chemist, gave me large bundles of leaflets setting forth the merits of some plaster or ointment. These leaflets were printed on one side only; the other side I used for my manuscript. I was rather careless then in collecting anything associated with myself, and I don't believe I have the manuscript of a single book I ever wrote; but I did make an exception in the case of these chemical leaflets; I have preserved some of them still. They are in a drawer in my study, and now and then, when I am running through my papers, I come across them. In a trice I can see again the scene in which they were written; the little parlor in the south of London, and the faces of my companions — some of them passed beyond these voices — and the feverish and killing work, with the curious sense that, after all, the reward would come, sooner or later, or that, at all events, I had begun a task, and could no more escape from it than the convict from his appointed doom. — *T. P. O'Connor, in M. A. P.*

**Ward.**—Little is known of Mrs. Humphry Ward's methods of composition, but the following extract from one of her own addresses at the Passmore Edwards Settlement will be of interest to readers. Mrs. Ward said: "Time passes, and every scheme in which there is a germ of life develops in ways some expected, some unexpected, and makes its own character. It is like — if I may take an illustration from my own trade — it is like a character in a novel. The story-teller plans it in this way or that. You scribble down on your first sheet of paper such and such incidents. Your hero is to end badly or to end well. Marriage bells there shall certainly be — on that last far-off page. Or, if you are in a sterner mood, you see all the forces of the pit unchained about your poor puppets — shipwreck, a railway accident, some new disease with a long name; you write it down inexorably. But then you begin your work; and after a little while, as your grip tightens, as your characters come out of the mist, they begin to make themselves, to shape their own story. Your idea remains, if it had any virtue. Often one looks back with a strange thrill to see how near the thought of the end has been to the thought of the beginning. But on the way it has taken to itself a score of fresh forms and developments."

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**The Pulitzer School of Journalism.**— At the time of the last census there were in the United States 114,073 lawyers and 30,098 persons classed as journalists. The legal profession was provided with trained recruits by 100 law schools with 1,106 professors and instructors. For a fair proportion there should have been at least 26 colleges of journalism, with faculties 291 strong. There was not one. Not a single one of the 30,098 newspaper men and women in the country had enjoyed what a lawyer would call a systematic professional training.

It is the fashion in the newspaper world to say that this is as it should be — to ridicule the idea of training the recruits of the press for their work, and to insist that journalism, alone of all arts, sciences, trades, and professions in the world, cannot be systematically taught, but must be picked up as a boy picks up a knowledge of swimming when he is thrown into deep water. Some boys drown.

And yet every newspaper is a daily sufferer from the lack of training in its staff. The first question an editor asks of an applicant for a position is: "What has been your experience?" In other words: "Have you picked up some knowledge of your duties at the expense of some other newspaper, or must I waste my time teaching you the rudiments of your trade?"

In former years a boy began the study of law by sweeping out a lawyer's office, or of medicine by mixing pills for a country doctor. Instruction for newspaper work is still in the

same stage. That law and medicine are now studied in professional schools, while a knowledge of newspaper work must be "picked up" in an office, does not mean that journalism is any less capable than law or medicine of being systematically taught, but merely that the methods of preparation for one profession have stood still, while those for the others have advanced.

Of course no school can make a great editor, a great war correspondent or a "star reporter," any more than it can make a Millet, a Lorenz, or a Henry Ward Beecher. But it can teach the right methods, which the genius and the clod alike must observe; it can give protection against ignorant blunders, and it can show how to make use of the sources of accurate information. It is the function of a technical school to enable its graduates to handle the tools of their profession with correctness and facility — for force and originality they must depend upon themselves.— *New York World.*

**Fine Writing.**— The *Mount Morris* (Ill.) *Index* employs a word painter to describe for the benefit of its readers the events of general interest which transpire within its sphere of usefulness, and there are times when this word painter reaches the very dizziest heights that it is possible for an imaginative and realistic writer to attain without losing his balance. In a recent contribution he says: —

Your scribe attended the (Fourth of July) celebration at Leat River, which, like every event of the kind held at Leaf River, was a success. During the forenoon heaven's artillery rumbled through the cloudy vault, but, as even nature hated to throw a wet blanket over such an enthusiastic crowd of the wit and beauty of Ogle County, the loyal winds finally brushed the frowning clouds from old Sol's glorious brow, who, in his chariot of day, circumfused with his veil of light, determined once more to keep step with the drum beat of the ages, and join the picturesque procession as it moved with drum beat and brass band cadency, with waving banners, to the beautiful school yard, where, amid the twittering of birds and the rustle of the leaves of numerous loyal trees, as the shimmering sunshine fell through the numerous open spaces of the interlacing trees, in broad, golden patches of patriotic glory, the exercises were opened by a timely prayer by the Rev. C. W. Jaycox.

This extract, it should be explained, is really only a part of the sentence, which continues for twenty lines more, or until the word painter rounds it out with a reference to the charming manner in which Miss Edna Getchell "presided at the organ."

The celebrated Schiller Band then gave another of their inestimable selections, and, as the silvery cadency of their harmonious sounds floated through the salubrious air, it well might have charmed another Plato from his dreams of Elysium. Then the orator, the Rev. E. W. O'Neal of Aurora, was introduced in a graceful manner by Joel B. Bertolet, president of the day. If those sturdy heroes of the Revolution who followed Washington in his immortal crusade for liberty, and spent eight years amusing themselves by twitching the lion's tail to hear him roar, could have been present on this patriotic occasion, and have listened to the fervent, eloquent, patriotic, witty, and sensible address by the Rev. O'Neal, they would have been amply repaid for all their sanguinary exploits and privations and sufferings at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Ticonderoga, and Valley Forge, and would have had elucidated to their inner consciousness by undeniable demonstration the true object in achieving American independence.

And to conclude he says, in a mournful but impressive vein: —

The skyrockets have faded from the heavens. The Japanese fireflies and squids have flared out. The Chinese crackers have ceased their monotonous racket. The roll of the drums has died out and the cadence of the bands faded away in the distance. Historic shadows envelop us, and we remember that Egypt has passed away, and that Assyria is but a dream, and the owls and bats make their nests in the ruins of Nineveh, while Greece sits in sackcloth and ashes, and the glory of Rome is the theme of school-boys — but what of all that? Let the American eagle scream, for into the heavens, with unblinking eye to the sun, he still proudly clasps in his loyal talons the golden-pointed banner of the Union, pointing the serene and shining pathway to the stars.

There! Who will have the hardihood to say now that the best literature produced in our day finds its way into the magazines? — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CARE OF THE TEETH. By Samuel A. Hopkins, M. D., D. D. S. 150 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

Dr. Hopkins has done the world a service by writing this practical and useful manual. He is convinced that a large proportion of dental operations are preventable, and his ob

ject has been to show how the teeth should be cared for so that such operations will be unnecessary. He discusses in a plain, commonsense way the causes and prevention of decay, the proper care of the teeth, the best methods of brushing, the use of mouth-washes, proper methods of eating, the effect of different kinds of food, toothache and the means for its treatment and prevention, and other practical phases of the subject. A copy of the book should be in every household. W. H. H.

SOME VILLAGE VERSE. By Master Emery. 100 pp. Stiff paper, $5.00, net. Lima, Ohio: Published by the Author. 1903.

Now here's a poet who sets value on himself. His book is a manila paper brochure — editio princeps, limited to five hundred copies. At five dollars a copy, net, it will bring the author $2,500 (of course, provided). And yet some people say that poetry doesn't pay! Mr. Emery's ability to write poetry and his appreciation of it are both illustrated by these lines of his on Sidney Lanier, which are a fair sample of his work: —

His little poem on sunrise
Is a leader
An' a beautiful surprise
To the reader;
For the far faint voice, arising
From the Marsh-bed,
Seems to start the angels singing
O'er the dead.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography. 66 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1903.

THE STUMBLING BLOCK. By Edwin Pugh. Illustrated. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

THE WISDOM OF THE FOOLISH AND THE FOLLY OF THE WISE. By Minna Thomas Antrim. 106 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1903.

THE LAST WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN AND WOMEN. New edition. By Frederic Rowland Martin. 354 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company 1903.

VITTORIO EMANUELE, PRINCE OF PIEDMONT. A romantic play. By James Murmell. 123 pp. Paper, 75 cents. Philadelphia: Franklin Printing Company. 1903.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HOW SHAKESPEARE LEARNED HIS TRADE. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. Joseph Pennell. *North American Review* (53 c.) for September.

THE UNFORGOTTEN WHITTIER. Illustrated. John Wright Buckham. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

EDINBURGH AUTHORS OF TO-DAY. (Rev. Hugh Black, Eve Blantyre Simpson, "Gabriel Setoun" (Thomas N. Hepburn), Archibald Stodart Walker, Henry Johnstone, Jane and Mary Findlater.) Illustrated. Betty Harcourt. *Criterion* (13 c.) for September.

THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES LANE ALLEN. Illustrated. Laetitia Preston McCauley. *Criterion* (13 c.) for September.

MARGARET HORTON POTTER. With portrait. *Bookseller* (13 c.) for September.

THE HORACE GREELEY I KNEW. Joel Benton. *Wilshire's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

PERTINENT POINTERS FOR PROOFREADERS. J. W. Taylor. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for September.

A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER'S WAR EXPERIENCES. Illustrated. J. C Hemment. *Delineator* (18 c.) for October.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. Percy F. Bicknell. *Dial* (13 c.) for September 1.

A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE. — II. *Dial* (13 c.) for September 1.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF RHYTHM Mary Hallock. Reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly* in *Public Opinion* (13 c.) for September 3.

EYE-STRAIN FROM THE VIEW-POINT OF THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER. Edward Benedict Taylor, M. D. *Northwestern Lancet* (13 c.) for September 1.

STORIES OF CIRCULATION. Some of the tricks of the trade that sell newspapers. Robert John. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for September 1.

THE GONCOURT ACADEMY. J. H. Rosny. Translated by C. Heywood Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 5.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for September 5.

CONTEMPORARY FICTION IN GERMANY. Friedrich Spielhagen. *Independent* (13 c.) for September 17.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Henry James has completed his book on William Wetmore Story, and it will be published soon.

Two books about James McNeill Whistler are already promised. Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell is to write an official biography, which will presumably be some time in the making. Meanwhile, the Macmillan Company announces for the autumn a volume entitled "J. McNeill Whistler and His Work." The authors, Alfred G. and Nancy Bell, completed their work only a few weeks before the artist's death.

Lady Betty Balfour is editing a volume of the correspondence of her father, the late Earl of Lytton. It is said that it will show "Owen Meredith" in his more intimate moods.

The Life of Bret Harte in the American Men of Letters Series will be written by Henry C. Merwin.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's book on Henry Ward Beecher, his predecessor in the Plymouth church pulpit, is described as more intimate than formal.

A. S. Barnes & Company will publish "Recollections, Personal and Literary," by Richard Henry Stoddard, edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The Lippincotts have just published their biographical edition of the novels of Charles Dickens in twenty volumes. Each volume in the edition is supplied with a biographical introduction, giving a history of the book and its place in Dickens's life. The edition also includes Forster's "Life of Dickens," edited and revised by George Gissing.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney observed her seventy-ninth birthday September 15 at her home in Milton, Mass., and J. T. Trowbridge celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday September 18 at his home in Arlington.

Jules Verne was finally persuaded to have the operation for cataract. He is recovering and expects soon to resume his literary work.

Although Ibsen will never write again for publication, he is so far recovered from what was supposed to be his final illness that he is now making plans for an excursion to St. Petersburg and Finland, with the idea of seeing for himself what Russia is doing in the way of crushing out the rights and liberties of the Finns.

The first annual convention of the Society of American Authors will be held in St. Louis July 4, on the Exposition grounds.

Colonel A. A. Pope's new congressional bill prepared for the Postal Progress league provides for the consolidation of second and third-class mail matter, including authors' manuscripts, commercial papers and the like, and the extension of the present weight limit to eleven pounds.

The University of Kansas will establish a chair of Journalism this fall.

The New Amsterdam Book Company (New York) has made an assignment to Andrew G. Dickinson, Jr., who has been its treasurer.

The *Holiday Magazine* is a new periodical for boys and girls, published by the Holiday Publishing Company, 34 Union square, New York. Miss Katharine N. Birdsall is the editor.

*Latest Literature*, a continuation of *What to Read*, will be published by C. A. Huling, Chicago. It is intended for the average reader, and will be published as an adjunct to the *Bookseller* (Chicago), which is more strictly for the publisher, bookseller, and librarian. The first number will be issued October 20.

*Food Topics* is a new weekly magazine published in Milwaukee. Its editor is E. M. Maxwell, and S. E. Maxwell is the publisher. The scope of the periodical will include everything pertaining to domestic science.

*Footlights* (Chicago) is a new monthly theatrical paper, published by the National Theatrical Exchange, of which Charles J. Carter is the president and treasurer.

*National Progress* is a new magazine published in Chicago. Ira Jay McGee is the managing editor.

Bliss Carman is now sole editor of the *Literary World* (Boston).

The *American Home and Fireside* has removed its offices from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., and the name of the publication will hereafter be the *American Fireside*.

*Wayside Tales* (Detroit) is to be reconstructed and issued in improved form.

The Fortune Press is the name of a new publishing business in Boston, conducted by Ernest S. Briggs, of the former firm of Briggs Brothers, Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright died at Fulton, Mo., September 2, aged sixty three.

Albert Mathews ("Paul Siegvolk") died in New York, September 9, aged eighty-three.

Thomas Sedgewick Steele died at Swampscott, Mass., September 10, aged fifty-eight.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood died in New York, September 12, aged seventy-three.

Professor Alexander Bain died in Aberdeen, Scotland, September 18, aged eighty-five.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz died in Louisville, September 19, aged thirty-six.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## HOW NOT TO MAKE NOVELS.

In the wonderfully penetrating and complete analysis of Zola by Henry James in the August *Atlantic Monthly* is a passage that may easily be construed as a reproach to the major part of literary production to-day. Mr. James tells how Zola, after calmly confessing that Italy he knew only through a dash as far as Genoa, and a few days' stay, tells him just as calmly and more assertively that, having rounded out the careers of the Rougon-Macquart, he will begin "*Les Trois Villes.*"

"And which cities are they to be?" inquired Mr. James.

"Lourdes, Paris, Rome," responded Zola with fine promptitude. The answer, says Mr. James, left him gaping, and afterward unravelled many a mystery in the literary performances of Zola.

"He was an honest man — he had always bristled with it at every pore; but no artistic reverse was inconceivable for an adventurer who, stating in one breath that his knowledge of Italy consisted of a few days spent at Genoa, was ready to declare in the next that he had planned, on a scale, a picture of Rome. It flooded his career, to my sense, with light; it showed how he had marched from subject to subject, and how he had 'got up' each in turn — showing, also, how consummately he had reduced such getting-up to a science. He had success, he had a rare impunity, behind him; but nothing would now be so interesting as to see if he could again play the trick. One would leave him, and welcome, Lourdes and Paris — he had always dealt, on a scale, with his own country and people. But was the adored Rome also to be his on such terms. the Rome he was already giving away before having acquired an inch of it? One thought of one's own frequentations, saturations — a history of long years, and of how the effect of them had somehow been but to make the subject too august. Was *he* to find it easy through a visit of a month or two with 'introductions' and a Baedeker?"

After this prejudgment, Mr. James naturally found "Rome" a "presumptuous volume, without sweetness, without antecedents, superficial and violent, with the minimum instead of the maximum of *value.*"

Is it then a literary crime to plan a book before having absolute and complete knowledge of the matter to go in it? Must all such planning be reminiscent, the arrangement of experience gone through with no thought of possible future use, or is it only when Rome or Italy is the subject that such frankly avowed purpose is reprehensible? And there's Caine, just set off for Iceland, after pu announcing that he is going to write a

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with scene laid among its volcanoes and geysers. Has he, too, unlocked the crudely mechanical make-up of his mind to Mr. James's searching vision? Why, the whole industry of modern novel-making is threatened if this theory is put into practice. Think of Miss Runkle, who never saw Paris, or indeed, much else, and yet sold — how many editions was it? Then there is Stewart Edward White, who saw a blank space on a map to the north, and immediately blocked out there divers and sundry books which he worked out with canoe and rifle and woods tramp. Did Jack London have no malice prepense when he struck out for Alaska, thus escaping the ban against undertaking that which he knew as yet but vaguely? But why enumerate? Will any escape, save those who in the quiet of their cells evolve situation, setting, country, all, not even sitting three weeks before a stuffed parrot, as once did Flaubert?

Mr. James must remember that in this workday world writers cannot treat literature as a delightful recreation, but must treat it as a trade, and the supply of board and rent and clothes money has to be reasonably constant. That involves skirmishing for subjects before living the experience; it even involves "taking assignments," like vulgar reporters, and "doing," like a task, a book about that of which in advance one is hopelessly ignorant, and afterward little less so. Mr. James is cruelly strict. He would shut the door on all those unable to roam leisurely through Europe half a lifetime before thinking about writing a book. Why, soon one would have to begin preparation for a literary career two generations before one's birth, as for the trade of "gentleman" now figuring on our tax rolls, in order to secure the necessary fortune and leisure to gather data without conscious and purposeful designs on publishers and public.

It is pretty certain that Mr. James's ideals will not be followed by the hustling bookmakers of the day. In some ways that it will not is a pity. We should be spared so many unpleasant, unmentionable intellectual gripes and pains. *Ernest R. Holmes.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## ON MATURITY.

The word carries a hint of promissory notes, more or less unpleasant, but still it is the word for the idea.

Completeness, perfection, ripeness; the delicious, rare flavor that tells of fruit plucked at just the right moment; this is the quality, the virtue, of literature — which is a fruit of the mind and heart and soul — that I would write about. For of all the causes that work toward the disappointment of hopeful, clever young writers and bring down the slips of refusal immaturity, a hint of greenness, is, I think, chief.

Let any one who began writing several years ago read over and work over his first manuscripts. Try the experiment yourself. Many of these early efforts you will find striking in plot and sound in character sketching, for they were selected from your life experience — you had not yet learned the journalist's trick of turning everything into copy. But you will find that you must cut away, you must round off, you must add a certain flavor. That is, you will if you are progressing. The parts you will cut away will be the marks of the beginner. There will be false humor, exaggerated pathos, a making too much of certain points that pride of creation led you to rate too high; an outburst that tastes of youth; an explanation not

necessary; a running over of climax; and yet other faults,—all distinctively those of the beginner, the immature.

Good writing of any kind, from a newspaper story to a poem, is a matter of taste, and infinite pains in the selection of the fit—the right idea, the true proportion, the only words, the right arrangement. There is no moment in a period of composition when the little brain workers are not rushing about, now in the cells of memory, now searching the domain of imagination, now weighing words and testing word-pedigrees in an orderly bump of science, —fitting, shading, carving, building a temple of thought. The capacity for taking infinite pains is not genius; it is merely one necessity imposed by genius. If you have only a modicum of taste in an art work and you attempt to create along that line, you must use pains. True appreciation, genius, would force you to infinite pains.

But in the beginning our pains are not enough to secure the high excellence in small things that modern acuteness demands. The *taste* of the artist is not developed, not ready to agree with that of the world he would serve. In the exuberance of creative work even masters become less acute in their critical faculty, and the young writer is almost sure to lose his ballast of criticism altogether at times.

But we are young! And we can't help it; we're going to be young for years still and we're going to hold—we pray—the brave and cheery outlook. Sometimes we bubble over, and the slangy editors will say of the stuff we write them: "It slops over"; sometimes we are too despondent for anything but verses that are rather absurd. We are young, and too wise to want to get over it.

But surely one need not grow old to attain a touch of maturity in writing. Many a boy is spoiled by effeminate affectations which some older one fondly believes to be good manners. But a real boy can have good manners without losing any of those wonderful charms that belong to the real boy. Many a good story has been spoiled by a youth's affectation of age, but a young writer can attain sound judgment of men and a cultivated literary taste without losing his or her charms of the young heart and the awakening inner eye. It is these things, judgment, taste, sincerity, that young writers must strive for from the beginning. How are they attained?

First, you must live. Crowd into your life every inspiring experience you can. Physical action is but one small part of life; he liveth most who loveth most. To love is to understand, to see through and through, to appreciate. Put yourself into another's life. Scorn and hate bar you out of hearts you should explore. Sympathy opens the lock of every mystery; it is the greatest virtue for those who would create; cultivate your sympathy.

Live in your own mind; loaf and invite your soul to conference; work to know the various selves of which you are made up; find the use and good in each one and develop by using it. In a word, broaden, uplift yourself.

Live vicariously. By thoroughly understanding the nature of your friend and knowing the facts of his trials, his defeats, his triumphs, you gain, in some measure, the good of big experiences. By sympathy you can "Gain the gains of various men, ransack the ages, spoil the climes." Live many lives. For he who writes more lives than one more lives must live.

Cultivate your sympathy to extend beyond good men and women to mean ones, weak ones. Understand, pity. Go further—for most of us perhaps it is not further—and love all dumb creatures. Many years' love of gentle love of manhood gave to Goldsmith Dr. Primrose. Many years' love of dogs gave to Jack London his "Call of the Wild." There is no masterpiece that was not born of love.

Now, in matters of literary taste, how do you work toward maturity? Suppose you give more time to reading those works that are notably ripe, seasoned, mature. Of course, you do not read Marie Corelli, or Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, or "Ouida," or "the Duchess." Not even for amusement can you afford to do this. For a clever outlook on the world, its men and women, read more of Thackeray, George Meredith, Balzac. For a style that will not allow you to betray greenness, or run to the ultra mellow, soak yourself for a time in Stevenson, Irving, Thackeray, Goldsmith

(essays), and Daudet, even in translation if you cannot read French. Read the French masters for their art of novel structure. Read poetry that you love, and try — by reading often — to love the greatest.

All this does not apply to those alone who aspire to the heights of literature: it is for all who write. You need maturity of viewpoint, judgment, and taste even to write for the newspapers.

The popular writers of our age are read too much. It is necessary to read some of their books; it is necessary for us to keep up with the fads of our world. And when Mary MacLane came upon the market we had, perhaps, to nibble very green fruit with the rest of the world. But let us do it no more than we must.

Now look over your oldest manuscripts. Were they, to use popular language, plucked before they were ripe? What kind of fruit do you take to a market glutted with the green — the immature? *De te fabula.*

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Edward Broderick.*

## THE PASSING OF THE ITALIC.

Italics, my International tells me, are the invention of Aldus Manutius, a celebrated Venetian printer, and take their name from having been dedicated to the states of Italy. They were extensively used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In books of that period quotations are usually printed in italics, besides being set off with quotation-marks, not only at the beginning and the end, but also at the beginning of every line. At that time it was customary to distinguish, by a change of type, proper names, whether emphatic or not. Documents printed in German characters had such names set in Roman or Latin type, while in English, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian prints they appeared in italics.

My textbook on grammar, issued more than thirty years ago, says that italics as well as small capitals and large capitals are used for emphasis, their use being indicated in writing by underscoring. It further says that they are generally used to distinguish foreign words, common words spoken of merely as words, and names of boats, ships, newspapers, and magazines. The names or titles of books should certainly have been included in this list.

These rules were generally observed until about a dozen years ago. The dates of newspaper dispatches were usually prefixed in italics or small capitals; some journals used the latter in their editorials for all personal names. Foreign words and names of periodicals and books were put in italics; so were words which the writer wanted to be emphasized.

The advent of the type-setting machine has changed all this. To-day you may open almost any newspaper or magazine and not find a single italic outside of the headings and advertisements, which are usually set up by hand. Emphatic words, foreign words, phrases and sentences, titles of publications of every kind, are all on one dead level. Where it is still deemed necessary to distinguish a word, phrase, sentence, or title, quotation-marks are pressed into service. Many periodicals discard even these, when titles of newspapers, magazines, and books are concerned; they print all these in ordinary Roman, simply capitalizing, that is, beginning with capitals, the leading words thereof.

No doubt this is an improvement for the typesetter and his employer in saving time and labor — the great desideratum of our busy age; but we do not see why the general reader should favor the change, and certainly the old-fashioned proof-reader does not. In the first place, the monotony of the page becomes wearisome to the eye; what is more important, the reader misses the accustomed pointers along the way, the help formerly given by a

simple change of type. The following sentences, taken from late issues of *Current Literature*, may be clear enough to a well-informed reader, but must be more or less ambiguous to the reader who does not happen to know certain things: —

The name alone, Man and Superman, is suggestive of the author of Arms and the Man, and Cashel Byron's Profession.

By The Silent Maid we are carried back to the days when we read The Undine of Fouqué, although the present book may not reach the standard of that classic romance.

At a recent sale in London, Defoe's Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner, and The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, two volumes, . . . . realized $1,535.

I do not see the need of distinguishing the names of sailing vessels or animals more than the names of persons and places, which we simply begin with capitals. But when we come to names of periodicals and books, which are really quotations, I think a distinction should be made, and italics will serve better than quotation-marks. English words mentioned only as words and foreign words should certainly be thus marked. Some of our progressive journals even go to the extent of dropping the accents on French words, printing nee (without quotation-marks) for née and lese-majeste for lèse-majesté. Does not that look much like stripping a foreigner, whom we have invited to our company, of any ornament or peculiarity of dress which, among his countrymen, he is required to wear?

When the type-casting machines were first used, there was some reason for omitting italics, since there was no provision for them in the mechanism of the linotype, and they could be used only by putting matrices in by hand. The latest linotypes, however, provide for italics and small caps, and in matter set on these machines italics can be used as easily as not. There is, therefore, no practical reason of economy to be urged against them. In fact, italics can now be used more cheaply in proportion than they could in the old days of typesetting by hand, since distribution — always an expensive bother — has been done away with.

THE WRITER, I am pleased to see, still adheres to the good old rule of italicizing distinctly foreign words and the names of periodicals. When it comes to distinguishing English words and phrases, it prefers to use quotation-marks, as it does in printing titles of books. Quotation-marks, however, are apt to become burdensome and, when used to excess, will disfigure the page; hence, when somebody sends in a list of so many hundred new English words, THE WRITER very sensibly chooses the less of two evils and sets them out in simple Roman. My choice would be italics or some other change of type.

Mr. De Vinne, certainly one of the best authorities on modern typography, says in his book, "Correct Composition": "Readers have been slowly and somewhat unwillingly taught that the emphasis of italic and the modified display of small capitals are not really needed for the comprehension of printed matter. Yet it is not probable that small capitals or italic will ever go out of use. Of small service for display within a text they are of real value when used with discretion in differentiating some of the different divisions or features of a book." Speaking of the mechanical cost he says: "If seven per cent. of the words in a manuscript is marked for italic, its composition cannot be done to advantage on the ordinary type-setting machine. When ten per cent. or more is italicized, the compositor by hand rightfully claims an extra price for the additional labor it imposes."

As in speaking we try to make clear our thought by varieties of tone and stress, so different forms and sizes of letters have been invented to illuminate, as it were, the printed page. A perfect agreement as to the use of these, or of capitals and punctuation-marks, has indeed not yet been reached and likely never will be. The French saying, *Chacun à son goût*, applies here very well. But certainly it is worth while for a magazine like this to chronicle the growing disfavor of the italic letter, which the writer of this article would gladly reinstate in its old rights, if he could. Was there ever a proof-reader of any experience who did not wish that he had to make all the rules of his art and could compel all his professional brothers and sisters to follow them?

*H. A. Schuler.*

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. NOVEMBER, 1903. NO. 11.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Some beautiful examples of mixed metaphor have come to the attention of THE WRITER lately. Writing from Victoria, B. C., about the Alaska boundary decision, a correspondent telegraphed: "The general trend of opinion seems to be that the action of the British commissioners has started a wave of popular opinion which may be the opening wedge of the weaning of Canada from the patriotic reliance upon the mother country which has marked the Dominion in the past." Less remarkable, but still interesting, was the announcement of a temperance paper in Chicago, that "the fall campaign is already being launched in a blaze of enthusiasm." Lastly, there is a confusing triple suggestion in the declaration of the *Boston Transcript* that "the embattled farmers of New England are now preparing to man the pumps and save the ship of the milk industry from going to smash on the rocks of capitalism."

* * *

Metaphor, rightly used, enlivens literature; carelessly used, it adds to the gaiety of nations. The Victoria newspaper man did not use his imagination as he wrote; he simply employed a few stock phrases, without considering how incongruous they were and that their use together would make what he wrote ridiculous. Apart from putting the "embattled farmers" on shipboard — which is perhaps allowable — the *Boston Transcript* writer did not get his metaphor mixed, but his reference to manning the pumps, in connection with the milk business, inevitably suggests a thought that leads the joke-nourished reader away from his stirring marine picture. He, too, failed to use his imagination sufficiently. As Professor Genung well says: "The fault is to be avoided by surrendering one's thoughts to the picture suggested until it becomes real and works itself out consistently."

* * *

The development of a new industry, that of furnishing photographs for magazine and book illustration, is recognized by the *Household-Ledger* (New York), which offers a prize of twenty dollars for the photograph that best illustrates a story published in synopsis in the November number. A similar offer will probably be made each month hereafter. Any one may enter this contest. The prints, mounted, should be indorsed with the name and address of the sender and the name of the camera used, and the portion of the story that is illus-

trated should be attached. All photographs submitted are to become the property of the paper — the only unjust condition of the contest. The publishers should pay for photographs, not prize winners, that they retain for use. The *Household Ledger* hopes by this method to secure a regular staff of photographers to do story illustrating.

* * *

Under modern conditions photography and authorship are closely connected, and for the general writer the camera is almost as necessary as the typewriter. Good illustrations help the sale of a manuscript amazingly, and the writer who has a camera and knows how to use it will sell twice as many manuscripts in a year, other things being equal, as the one without. There is a great demand, especially among newspapers, for illustrated special articles, and even pictures alone, without accompanying letter-press, may frequently be sold. THE WRITER almost every month announces prize offers for photographs. Every up-to-date writer will find the purchase of a camera a highly profitable investment.

* * *

We are told that in writing his biography of Gladstone John Morley and his secretaries examined about four hundred thousand documents. Considering also the fact that Mr. Morley devoted three years to his task, and was obliged meanwhile to withdraw from parliament and for the time being to sacrifice whatever honors he might have achieved in public life, it is evident that the $50,000 that he was paid for the work was not excessive. The *Boston Herald* notes that although Mr. Morley's fee is the largest sum ever paid for a copyright biography in England, it has been more than matched in this country. John Hay and Mr. Nicolay received that sum for their life of Lincoln, and the Grant family received about $300,000 for his memoirs. It is in the field of fiction that the largest pecuniary profits have been realized by authors, however. Five fiction successes of the season of 1900-1901 were said to have brought their authors $75,000, $45,000, $39,000, $34,000 and $30,000, respectively. Unfortunately, published statements of authors' profits have seldom been authentic. W. H. H.

## "NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

| | |
|---|---|
| In fact, every civilized and many uncivilized points the world over.—*Circular of Society of American Authors.* | In fact, every civilized point and many uncivilized points the world over. |
| Less arrests Saturday night.—*Boston Globe.* | Fewer arrests Saturday night. |
| The President has drank to the health of Sir Thomas Lipton.—*Portsmouth Times.* | The President has drunk to the health of Sir Thomas Lipton. |
| It is incredible to believe that the people of New York. — *New York Evening Post.* | It is impossible o believe that the people of New York. |

## THE SCRAP BASKET.

In her very able and instructive article on the various forms of lyric verse, published in the August WRITER, Miss Myrtle Reed, describing the sonnet, says that its second quatrain ends in a full point. My textbook on Rhetoric, Dr. John S. Hart's, teaches just the contrary by saying that "to prevent the two (octave and sextet) from swaying apart, care is usually taken that there shall be no grammatical break in passing from one to the other, and thus the whole structure is made one." Remembering this, I became anxious to see how far either of these rules had been observed by three of the great masters of English verse. I find that Milton and Wordsworth observed neither, sometimes ending the octave with a grammatical stop and sometimes making no pause at all. Shakespere, I believe, always makes a pause, but sometimes it is only a comma or a semicolon. H. A. S.

ALLENTOWN, Penn.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mercy E. Baker, who had a poem, "The Old Decoy Duck," in the October *Atlantic Monthly*, and another, "The Hunt," in the October *Critic*, is a resident of Westport Point, Mass. She has cared for art first and most, and has done less writing than illustrating,

outdoor work, and miniatures, but, besides the two poems already mentioned, she has had poems printed in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's* and in the *Brown Book*.

---

Alma Martin Estabrook, whose story, "The Requital," was printed in *Harper's Magazine* for September, is a short-story writer whose work has appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*, the *Cosmopolitan*, *Current Literature*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Vogue*, the *Overland Monthly*, *Short Stories*, and the *Woman's Home Companion*. *Lippincott's* will soon publish her novelette, "My Cousin Patrura," a story of modern cosmopolitan life, and her first long novel is in the hands of the Lippincott Company. Mrs. Estabrook was born in Greenfield, Indiana, but is now living in California, having previously spent several years in Colorado.

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Susan Keating Glaspell, whose political story, "In the Face of His Constituents," was printed in *Harper's Magazine* for October, is a graduate of Drake University, Des Moines, and was employed in newspaper work in that city for several years. This work was largely of a political nature, as she had the state house assignment, and her experiences and the things that came to her notice then have furnished the basis of the political stories that she has written in the past year. Miss Glaspell has had stories in the *Youth's Companion*, the *Metropolitan*, the *National Magazine*, and the *Brown Book*, and she has a prize story soon to come out in the *Black Cat*, having won the prize trip to Cuba in the contest that closed last year. She has also done some work in Chicago publishing houses.

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Florence A. Jones, whose poem, "Way Down in Maine," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for October, is the wife of a jeweler in an Illinois town, who still uses her maiden name in literary work because it is the one under which she became known to editors. She was born near Madison, Wisconsin, in 1861, and has written more or less for a number of years. For some time she was engaged in teaching, which occupied most of her time, but since her marriage she has found more time for literary work. She has had poems printed in *Lippincott's*, the *Criterion*, the *Smart Set*, *Current Literature*, *Four O'clock*, the *Clever Magazine*, *What To Eat*, *Good Housekeeping*, and many other magazines and newspapers.

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"Bruno Lessing," author of the story, "The End of the Task," in *McClure's Magazine* for October, is in reality Rudolph Block, the literary editor of the *New York American*, and also the editor of the Comic Supplement of the *New York American and Journal*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *Chicago American*. Mr. Block has just written a book of short stories, entitled "Children of Men," among which "The End of the Task" is included. All these stories were written under his pen name.

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Colin McKay, whose story, "The Mate from Maine," appeared in the October number of *McClure's Magazine*, was born in Nova Scotia, where Donald McKay, who built the longest and swiftest of the famous American clipper ships of fifty years ago, and Lockwood McKay, who sailed the famous "Sovereign of the Seas," were born. He belongs to a branch of the same family. Like his ancestors, Mr. McKay has followed the sea for a large part of his life. When on shore he has worked more or less for the Montreal newspapers, and he has had stories accepted by *Ainslee's* and *McClure's*. *McClure's* has several of his stories now on hand. Mr. McKay says that he has been to sea in almost every capacity, even once serving as a stoker on a "puffing billy," when they lost most of their crew in Santos and had to work the vessel short-handed to Rio, and that the adventures which he relates in his stories are, or have been, actual occurrences.

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Gouverneur Morris, whose story, "The Strawberry Preserves," was printed in the *Metropolitan* for September, and who also had a poem, "The Drummer," in the *Century* for the same month, is a young New Yorker who is at present staying in California. He finds California so delightful that he says when it is discovered everybody will go there to live and then it will be spoiled. Mr. Morris is at pres-

ent engaged on three books, five short stories, seven descriptive articles, and perhaps fifty pieces of verse, but as he declares that he admires the world very much and is unusually glad to be alive, and, moreover, says that he would rather be good friends with everybody than be Shakespeare, it is doubtful when any of these will be finished.

H. G. Rhodes, whose story, "An Occupation for the Unemployed," appeared in the October number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, was born in Cleveland, and is a Harvard graduate. For four years he was with H. S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, and did editorial work and writing on the *Chap-Book* during almost its whole career. The past four years, he has lived abroad, spending most of his time in London. He has had stories and miscellaneous articles in *McClure's Magazine*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's Weekly*, and the *Windsor Magazine*, in England. Mr. Rhodes is also a playwright, having collaborated with Anthony Hope in the play, "Captain Dieppe," in which John Drew is now appearing.

Florence E. Stryker, author of the story, "A Lapse in Doctrine," in the October number of *Short Stories*, is a Vassar college woman, and a graduate of the University of Michigan. For some years she has been teaching history in a large private school near Washington, D. C. She has had stories published in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Churchman*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *Short Stories*, and other periodicals. In 1901 she won the prize in the *Short Stories* competition by a story, "The Pilgrimage of Madolena."

Fanny Rogers White, whose story, "Living Pictures," was printed in the *National Magazine* for August, began her work by making photographic illustrations for the writings of others. At one time she had been making pictures of her own home, which was rather unusual and artistic in its construction, and which had been designed by her husband and herself. A Southern writer suggested writing a story of the building of the house, using pictures by Mrs. White to illustrate it. The outcome was the serial, "The House that Jack and Jill Built," which ran in the *Delineator*. This was so successful that other similar work followed, until Mrs. White says she was surprised to find herself writing verses and stories of her own and making pictures for them. Her work has been accepted by *St. Nicholas*, *Country Life in America*, the *New England Magazine*, the *Brown Book*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Churchman*, the *Youth's Companion*, the *Ladies' World*, and the *New Idea*, besides the *National Magazine* and the *Delineator*. The story of "Living Pictures" was suggested by the Dutch painting called "Cat's Eyes," and Mrs. White's own little daughter and a pet cat were the models for the illustrations. Mrs. White says that she is constantly seeing stories in pictures, and is always trying to frame these stories in verse and prose. This habit of finding suggestions in pictures has made most of her writings imaginative, and as the little people are the imaginative ones, her verses and stories have been mostly juvenile.

John Fleming Wilson, whose story, "Peering Jimmy," appeared in the *Metropolitan* for October, is a graduate of Princeton, and divides his time between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. His first story was published in *Munsey's Magazine* in 1900, and he has since had about twenty-five stories in Pacific coast magazines, such as the *Overland Monthly*, the *San Francisco News-Letter*, and the *Argonaut*. He has been an editorial writer and special story writer on the *Oregonian* and the *Telegram*, both published in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Wilson has lived on a ranch, and worked at salmon canning, and has traveled much, having visited the Japanese and Siberian coasts, as well as Central America. He says that he hopes some day to write a story of the Pacific coast life that will convey a little of the manfulness, the strength, and the crude, elemental passionateness of those who get their living coastwise.

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**American English Criticised.**—"To read American," said the Melancholy Author, "is a disheartening experience."

The Timorous Reporter suggested, as deli-

cately as possible, that the English language as spoken here had been called "American" before — that his distinguished interlocutor was not a pioneer in that region of humor.

"For example," continued the Melancholy Author, "I have the unhappiness to read here in this newspaper that a certain man 'got married.' That's what they always say — a man does not marry; he 'gets married,' and, I suppose, 'gets lived happily' ever after. It is most dejecting."

"In justice to the newspapers," said the Timorous Reporter, "I should like to point out that they use the word 'marry' as seldom as possible. They say 'wed.'"

The Melancholy Author fixed upon the Finder of Excuses a terrible regard! "The man who in cold prose, and himself cold sober, will write the word 'wed,' in any of its moods and tenses, is an immortal ass."

That is what the Melancholy Author said. The Timorous Reporter asked if there were other imperfections in the "American" tongue.

"They say 'the most unique,'" he answered. "A thing is altogether unique or it is not unique at all; there can be no degrees of — of — uniquity. That is unique which is unlike all other things; if it have a fellow, it is not unique."

"Then why do they say 'dirt' for 'earth'? — 'the dirt was removed from the excavation.' 'Dirt' has been defined as 'matter out of place,' though all matter out of place is not dirt. When you say 'dirt' you ought to mean something disagreeable; there is nothing disagreeable in fresh earth.

"Why do they say 'tear' down a building, instead of 'pull' down? A building is not a textile fabric. A tent is, but that is not said to be 'torn' down; it is 'taken' down.

"The writers of our beloved country (the land of the free and the home of the European peasant) treat other foreign languages almost as badly as they do the English. A little while ago they were all writing about 'Señor Emilio Aguinaldo.' Some of them, however, preferred to call him 'Don Aguinaldo.' All were wrong. We should say 'Don Emilio' and 'Señor Aguinaldo.' This is a stupidity of the same character as that of the French journalists, by whom that illustrious Englishman, Sir Shadrach Byles, is mentioned as 'Sir Byles.' In this country, by the way, Sir Shadrach would be described as 'a scion of nobility.' The other day I saw the son of Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary, headlined by a Wheeling paper as a 'peer.' But when an English paper mentions Minnesota as the capital of Connecticut we think it becoming in us to smile."

The Timorous Reporter ventured to intimate that the discussion was diverging from the original topic, and that the reciprocal ignorances of nations concerning one another was a rather wide field. Absorbed in the contemplation of human unworth, the Oracle heeded not, but gave one hundred more horrible examples, too long to quote and too interesting to abridge, and proceeded thus: —

"Our newspapers are talking (most respectfully, I admit) of the new King of Servia as 'Peter the First.' They"——

The Reporter interrupted to explain that that was the official title that His Majesty had formally adopted.

"Well," said the great man, "I don't want to be hard on sons of swineherds, but the fellow seems to be as prescient as the man who minted the valuable ancient coin that bore the date '347 B. C.' How the devil does he know that there is to be a Peter the Second?—*Ambrose Bierce, in the New York American.*

**The Necessity of Being Brief.**— "If you have a good incident about which to group a story," said one of the literary agents who undertake the job of selling the young writer's copy, "that incident is worth a certain amount of narrative. It may be equal to 1,500 words or it may be strong and intense enough to make 3,000 possible.

"Young writers over-elaborate. One came yesterday with a story more than 6,000 words long. I told the author that the central idea was good and the story readily marketable if he reduced it to 1,500 words. Of course, he was furious and will send around the story to magazines. After it has been refused by all of them he will condense it to 1,500 words and bring it back to me.

"And how he will criticise the tastes of the

magazine Readers which compel him to condense his story. He will say that he is not allowed to put in character, observation, wit, or anything but the skeleton of his plot.

"That is unfortunately true, so far as the beginner is concerned. In his case the editors want a story quickly told. After he has acquired a reputation it may be possible for him to digress from the facts of his plot."—*New York Sun.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DRAMA. By Brander Matthews. 351 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

For the first time in a single volume, Professor Matthews tells in "The Development of the Drama" the story of the slow evolution of the drama from its rude beginnings down through the ages to the pictorial complexity of the present day. His desire has been to bring out the essential unity of the history of the drama, and to make plain the principles underlying the art of the stage. "These dramaturgic principles," he says, "are not mere rules laid down by theoretical critics, who have rarely any acquaintance with the actual theater; they are laws, inherent in the nature of the art itself, standing eternal, as immitigable to-day as when Sophocles was alive, or Shakspere, or Molière. . . . To M. Ferdinand Brunetière — who profited, perhaps, by a hint of Hegel's — we owe the clearest statement of one important law only dimly perceived by earlier critics. He declares that the drama differs from the other forms of literature in that it must always deal with some exertion of the human will. If a play is really to interest us, it must present a struggle; its chief character must desire something, striving for it with all the forces of his being. . . . He may be thwarted by some overpowering antagonist, or may be betrayed by some internal weakness of his own soul; but the strength of the play and its interest to the spectator will lie in the balance of the contending forces. . . . And here we may perceive a reason why the modern novel of character-analysis can very seldom be dramatized successfully." Professor Matthews also lays stress on the contention of the late Francisque Sarcey, who "maintained that every subject for a play, every theme, every plot, contained certain possible scenes which the playwright was bound to present on the stage. These he called the *scènes à faire*, the scenes which had to be done, which could not be shirked, but must be shown in action." "M. Brunetière's law," says Professor Matthews, "helps us to perceive the necessary subject-matter of the drama; and M. Sarcey's suggestion calls our attention to the necessary presentation of the acutest moments of the struggle before our eyes. The drama has other laws also, due to the fact that it is an art; it has its conventions, by which alone it is allowed to differ from nature." Some of these conventions are essential, and therefore eternal. "It is a condition precedent to any enjoyment of a play that the fourth wall of every room shall be removed, so that we can see what is going on, also that the actors shall keep their faces turned toward us, and that they shall raise their voices so that we can hear what they have to say." The dramatist must present his theme void of all the accessories that would encumber it in real life, showing us only the vital episode, and ordering his plot so that everything is clear before our eyes, and he must be brief: the speech of every character must be stripped of the tautology, of the digressions, of the irrelevancies which dilute every-day conversation. These things are essential and we find them alike in the ancient drama and in the modern.

The dramatist, as he composes, must always bear in mind the players, the playhouse, and the play-goers. He must also conform always to the taste of those to whom he is appealing. He may seek to improve that taste, to elevate it and purify it, but he cannot ignore it. If he fails to consider it, his play will fail also. And he must not expect too much of his audience. An old London stage-manager once said: "If you want the British public to understand anything, you must tell them you are going to do it, next you must tell them you are doing it, and at last you must tell them you have done it — and then, confound 'em, perhaps they'll understand you!"

Having discussed briefly the art of the dramatist, Professor Matthews considers the development of the drama. "If only we could behold all the links," he says, "we should be able to trace an unbroken chain from the crudest mythological pantomime of primitive man down to the severest problem-play of the stern Scandinavian whose example has been so stimulating to the modern stage." First taking up Greek tragedy, he notes that it is from religious exercises, set off always with music and often with dancing, that the drama has evolved itself in almost every literature — in Chinese, for example, and again in Sanskrit. Then he shows how Greek tragedy began in the Dionysiac commemorations with the dithyramb, "a swinging hymn to Dionysus, sung by a chorus of youths, sometimes somewhat under the influence of new wine." He traces its development by Æschylus, Sophocles, and

Euripides, the first of whom introduced the second actor, and the second, the third actor. Next he takes up the subject of Greek and Roman comedy — which "seems to have sprung into being at the vintage festival of the Greek villagers, when all was jovial gaiety and jesting license in honor of Dionysus" — and shows how it was developed by Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, and Terence. Then came the Middle Ages, and "for a thousand years and more the history of the drama is all darkness and vacancy; and we have not a single name recorded of any author writing plays to be performed by actors, in a theater, before an audience. . . . The art of acting was a lost art, and the theaters themselves fell into ruin." When at last the new drama came into life, the germ of it was religious, and it was slowly elaborated from what was at first only a casual accompaniment of public worship. . . . Latin was the language of the church and of its liturgy; and it is out of the Latin liturgy of the Christian church that the drama of the modern European languages has been slowly developed. . . . There was a steady growth, beginning with a single brief scene acted within the church, by the priests, in Latin, and almost as part of the liturgy, and developing, in the course of time, into a sequence of scenes, acted by laymen outside the church, in the vernacular, and wholly disconnected from the service." Thus the commemoration in the church of the chief events in the life of Jesus became in time the passion-play, which after it had become a mystery, "was found to be too unwieldy for presentation in the church itself and too burdensome for the clergy to perform. . . . At first the church was the only body having at once the desire and the resources to execute so onerous a task. But when the gilds arose in time, and when burghers banded together and craftsmen combined, it became possible for the church to relinquish the control of the mysteries to lay organizations." Then was added "the element of humor, of joyous gaiety, of vivacious realism, and often indeed of reckless vulgarity."

"Closely allied to the mystery was the miracle-play, which may have come into being even before the Easter cycle had elaborated itself into a passion-play. A sequence of episodes taken from Holy Writ we now call a mystery; what we now call a miracle-play is a sequence taken from the life of some wonder-working saint." The medieval drama had all the elements of a vital drama, but in all medieval literature there is no born playwright; and there is no born poet who wrought in dialogue and action.

In time the medieval drama was able to take as the central figure of its struggling episodes a hero of secular legend, or of romantic narrative, or even of actual fact. So the chronicle-play came into being, "prepared to be performed by professional actors at regular intervals, in a building set apart for the purpose, before an audience that had paid its way in."

Having thus shown the development of the drama to something like its present condition, Professor Matthews in successive chapters treats of the drama in Spain, in England, and in France, and then in the 18th and the 19th centuries. A brief chapter on "The Future of the Drama" closes the book, which deserves a careful reading by every one who is interested in play writing or in the story of the stage.

W. H. H.

THE CRIMINAL CLASSES; CAUSES AND CURES. By D. R. Miller, D D. Illustrated. 227 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. Dayton, Ohio: United Brethren Publishing House. 1903.

Dr. Miller has had official dealings with criminals in Ohio for more than twenty years, and in this book he gives the result of his observations and experience. Inside opportunities have enabled him to gather many facts and note many incidents which furnish material for interesting and instructive narratives, and to form opinions regarding crime and its prevention obtainable in no other way. Everything like sensationalism has been avoided in the book, which is of special value to students of sociology, psychology, and criminology.

JUDGMENT. By Alice Brown. Illustrated. 195 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

Alice Brown is making for herself a place among the very best American writers, but "Judgment" will not add much to her reputation. It shows less maturity than her other recent books, and it reads as if it were an early manuscript, the product of apprentice days, brought out now to meet the demand that her fine work has created. "Judgment" is not an uninteresting story, but it is not convincing, and the characters do not compel you to belief in their reality. The plot turns upon the effort to keep from a young girl knowledge of wrong-doing by her betrothed before he met her, and the behavior of the characters is not inspired by that sound common sense that must be the basis of all sane fiction. It is hard to believe that "Judgment" has been written since "Margaret Warrener." To one, at least, of Miss Brown's ardent admirers the story is a distinct disappointment.

W. H. H.

THE FORTUNES OF FIFI. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. 239 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1903.

The publishers have given to "The Fortunes of Fifi" a most attractive dress. The fancy

cover, with its dainty flower design and its embossed silver lettering, the colored illustrations by T. de Thulstrup, and the handsome letter-press all delight the eye, and make the book seductive. Mlle. Fifi herself, the little leading actress of an obscure theatre in Paris in the time of Napoleon, is a lively, inconsequential creature, whose personality possesses a certain charm, even though her adventures may not appeal to the reason of the reader. Her airy absurdities are set against the background of a sturdy soldier, favored by Napoleon, who loves Fifi devotedly, and whose unselfish devotion wins for him the affection of the reader.

LETTERS HOME. By William Dean Howells. 299 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

Perhaps Mr. Howells wanted to disprove the modern theory that stories told in the form of letters cannot be successful. At all events, in "Letters Home" he has proved the opposite, and has given the epistolary novel standing among modern literary forms. The book is made of letters written from New York by people from various places who are thrown together there, and in this correspondence an interesting love story is worked out. The letters are written with all the delicate skill that has made the author famous, and their variety and the consistency of those written by the contrasted characters show the power of the master workman. The book abounds in those delightful touches of human nature that readers of Howells always enjoy so much, and every now and then you come upon an epigram or a phrase so felicitous that you involuntarily store it away in memory to enrich your future conversation. The plot of the story is not so satisfying as the manner of the telling of it, but we have learned not to expect too much in the way of plots from Mr. Howells. It is enough that the book is a delightful one, with a charm that will fascinate all the author's old admirers and win for him innumerable new ones. W. H. H.

THE BOSS. By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. 409 pp. Cloth, $1 50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. 1903.

To read "The Boss" is to get a liberal education in the tricks of New York politics. It is a strong and interesting story of the life-history of a typical Tammany chief, showing how he rose step by step to power, and incidentally showing how New York is controlled by Tammany, and how the Tammany "machine" is "oiled" and run. The book does not catch the reader's interest at the beginning, because the author's style, in an attempt to present the individuality of the uneducated boss telling his story with the aid of a newspaper writer, is harsh and unnatural, but when the action begins this trouble ends, and from that time on the story wholly absorbs the reader. No one who struggles through the first dozen pages of the book will like afterward to lay it down unfinished. W. H. H.

A MASTER HAND. By Richard Dallas. 257 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

"A Master Hand" is a detective story, telling of the murder of a young bachelor in his New York apartment, and pursuing the investigation of the crime to a solution of the mystery. The author's style is careless, and not infrequently ungrammatical, — as, for instance, in the clause "at the poor boy whom I knew lay on the divan," — but his story is better than his style, and the reader is held in proper suspense until the end is near. The book serves a useful purpose in showing the danger of depending on what seems conclusive circumstantial evidence or forming judgments based on data that are incomplete. It will please those who like a lively story.

CRUISING AMONG THE CARIBBEES. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. Illustrated. Revised and enlarged edition 246 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The first edition of Mr. Stoddard's "Cruising Among the Caribbees," published in 1895, won immediate success, because of its graceful, entertaining descriptions of life in the West Indies. Mr. Stoddard is not only a skilful writer, but he is an experienced traveller and a trained observer, and he always puts before the reader just the things the reader wants to see. This new edition brings his facts up to date, and chapters have been added on the destruction of St. Pierre, the Island of Jamaica, and our new possession, Porto Rico. The book is full of valuable information, and its authority is unquestioned. There are also many interesting illustrations.

HIS LITTLE WORLD: THE STORY OF HUNCH BADEAU. By Samuel Merwin. Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball. 201 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

There is no apology for the rudeness of scene. speech, or manner, the existing conditions, or the results, in the telling of the story of Hunch Badeau. The tale is all action and conversation from beginning to end, the episodes requiring no description or explanation of the character of this crude nature's nobleman. John Badeau utterly lacks polish and accomplishment, but is of staunch honor and has a will of iron. His diffidence and self-effacement in his love affair are a fine foil for his courage and determination on the water. He comes of the old type of skipper who rules an unquestioned master on board his ship, and does not hesitate to thrash his subordinate soundly with one hand, for cowardice and in-

temperance, while with the other he feeds the needy family and pays its debts. The tale is soon told in type clear and bold, and the telling is helped not a little by the illustrations, which though few in number, are an attractive feature. C. M. H.

THE HERMIT. By Charles Clark Munn. Illustrated. 406 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1903.

Readers who enjoy the types of character pictured in "Pocket Island" and "Uncle Terry" will welcome "The Hermit" by the same author. Mr. Munn's new book has to deal with life in the vast wilderness of the Maine forest, alternating with the incidents of a gossipy town. It runs along without great adventure, smoothly and pleasantly, with touches of the pathos and humor common to characters of simple, domestic village life. The plot is of less consequence than the rich enthusiasm and good descriptions of out-door life, untrammeled and free. There is a genuineness in the love of hunting and fishing as here pictured, and of the wildness of camp-life, where one is soothed by the resinous fragrance of the evergreen, and the vigor of mountain air. The trend of the story is simple and wholesome, and the book is rightly dedicated to devotees of camp life. C. M. H.

A CALENDAR OF JOHN PAUL JONES MANUSCRIPTS IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. Compiled under the direction of Charles Henry Lincoln, Ph. D. 316 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1903.

A LIST OF LINCOLNIANA IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. By George Thomas Ritchie. 75 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1903.

A LIST OF BOOKS ON MERCANTILE MARINE SUBSIDIES. Compiled under the direction of A. P. C. Griffin. Second edition, with additions. 100 pp. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1903.

To the valuable series of bibliographies being issued by the Library of Congress three important additions have been made. The calendar of John Paul Jones manuscripts summarizes the manuscripts that are catalogued, and will be invaluable to historians and to others interested in the admiral's career. The list of Lincolniana catalogues the Lincoln manuscripts in two parts, one devoted to Lincoln's own writings and the other to writings regarding him. The list of books on Mercantile Marine Subsidies includes also references to periodicals, and this second edition contains much new material.

NEW FORTUNES. By Mabel Earle. Illustrated. 268 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company. 1903.

That taking good care of a brother is worth the effort is well shown in Mabel Earle's spirited story, "New Fortunes: How Molly and Her Brothers Came to Boulder Gulch." The love features of the plot are the beautiful affection of two brothers for their younger sister, and her equal devotion to both the steadfast and the wayward one. Molly is a clear-minded cheery girl, a natural housekeeper, and the brave courage of the sister whose faith in her wayward brother never wavers is a beautiful illustration of the possibilities of the good which may be accomplished quietly in the home, even though it be but a rude cabin in the mining district of the far, far West.

C. M. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

RECOLLECTIONS, PERSONAL AND LITERARY. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. Illustrated. 333 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

A CANDLE OF UNDERSTANDING. By Elizabeth Bisland. 306 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

THE STAR DREAMER. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 375 pp Cloth, $1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1903.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MAUMEE VALLEY. By John E. Gunckel. Illustrated. 101 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Toledo: J. E. Gunckel. 1902.

HALF-A-DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. 162 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. 1903.

TENNESSEE TODD. By G. W. Ogden. 344 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

THE CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE. By Baldwin Sears. 396 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

WITHIN THE PALE. By Michael Davitt. 300 pp. Cloth, $1.20, net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By Edward Everett Hale. Printed in the easy reporting style of Benn Pitman phonography. 29 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1903.

DOGS OF ALL NATIONS. By Conrad J. Miller. Illustrated. 243 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1903.

ONE FOR MANY. Confessions of a Young Girl. By "Vera." 191 pp. Cloth, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1903.

BREAKERS AHEAD, OR WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING? By James R. Griffing. 116 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1903.

THE SOCIABLE GHOST. By Olive Harper. Illustrated. 235 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1903.

MR. CLAGHORN'S DAUGHTER. By Hilary Trent. 277 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1903.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY. Illustrated. *Century* (38 c.) for November.

AMERICAN EPIGRAMS. Brander Matthews. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for November.

"JUVENILE LITERATURE (SO-CALLED)." John Preston True. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

WALT WHITMAN AS AN EDITOR. Charles M. Skinner. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN. William Garrott Brown. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

JOURNALISM. Sir Leslie Stephen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

AVOWALS. Being the Third of a New Series of "Confessions of a Young Man." George Moore. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

A POSTSCRIPT ON RUSKIN., Vernon Lee. *North American Review* (53 c.) for November.

THE VICE OF READING. Edith Wharton. *North American Review* (53 c.) for October.

THE NATION'S PRINT SHOP AND ITS METHODS. Illustrated. J. D. Whelpley. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE. The famous literary landmark of Boston, and the men who met there. Illustrated. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for November.

OF THE GENUINE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE. Judge Webb. *National Review* (78 c.) for October.

LITERATURE: THE MAKING AND RE-MAKING OF NATIONS. Herbert W. Horwill. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

TWO ESTIMATES OF BROWNING. (Robert Browning, by G. K. Chesterton; The Poetry of Robert Browning, by Stopford A. Brooke.) W. P. Trent. *Forum* (53 c.) for October-December.

SOME REMARKS ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH VERSE. Henry van Dyke. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.—II. Sir Leslie Stephen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. Lyman Abbott. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

THE AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS. Horace E. Scudder. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

DUAL PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE. Albert Elmer Hancock. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LETTERS. George Edward Woodberry. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for October.

LITERARY PORTRAITS FROM THE SIXTIES. Justin McCarthy. *Harper's Monthly* (38 c.) for October.

"LABBY" (Henry Labouchère). Illustrated. T. P. O'Connor. *Everybody's Magazine* (13 c.) for October.

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF WILD ANIMAL LIFE (Arthur Fleming). With portrait. *Metropolitan* (18 c.) for October.

AVOWALS. Being the Second of a New Series of "Confessions of a Young Man." George Moore. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for October.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS. Walter Frewen Lord. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century and After* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

THE GONCOURT ACADEMY. J. H. Rosny. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for October.

PERSONAL ADVERTISING IN LITERATURE. Michael White. *Reader* (28 c.) for October.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INTERVIEWER.—VI. *Reader* (28 c.) for October.

MEN OF LETTERS AT COLUMBIA. With portraits of George E. Woodberry, W. P. Trent, Brander Matthews, Curtis Hidden Page, Harry Thurston Peck, and Frank Dempster Sherman. George S. Hellman. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY: SOME MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS. Sidney Low. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 17.

IN THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY. Winifred Black. *Reader* (28 c.) for October.

BALZAC'S SHORT STORIES. Ferdinand Brunetière. *Critic* (28 c.) for October.

EMERSON THE MAN. R. Heber Newton, D. D. *Arena* (28 c.) for October.

TOLSTOY'S MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE. Illustrated. Edward A. Steiner. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 3.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON MODERN TRAGEDY. Jane H. Findlater. Reprinted from the *National Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 17.

WALTER PATER. Edward Hutton. Reprinted from the *Monthly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for October 24.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

An authorized life of John Fiske has been prepared from his remaining papers, letters, and documents, and will be brought out anonymously in two volumes by the Macmillan Company.

A biography of Zola, the work of Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, translator of his novels, is to be published this month by John Lane. It will be fully illustrated, with facsimiles of letters, etc., and will contain bibliography and index.

The authorized biography of the late Dean Farrar is in preparation by his son, Dr. R. A. Farrar, and will be completed and published in the early spring. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are the American publishers.

Mrs. Perugini is writing a life of her father, Charles Dickens, with the assistance of her brother, Henry Fielding Dickens. The Dickens family were by no means satisfied with Forster's monumental work, by which its author gained £12,000.

The correct way to pronounce the name of Maeterlinck, the Belgian author and dramatist, is as if it were spelled Mahterlink, not Mayterlink, or Meterlink, as it is variously called. The French pronounce it Mayterlink because the sound of *ae* in French is *a*, but in Belgian French the *ae* is pronounced *ah*.

The engagement is announced of Israel Zangwill and Edith, daughter of Professor W. E. Ayrton. Miss Ayrton is the author of a number of short stories.

Schedules in the assignment of the New Amsterdam Book Company, New York, show liabilities $17,117 and actual assets $16,941.

Emerson Hough of Chicago, known for nearly twenty years over the signature of "E. Hough" as a writer on sporting topics, and the author of "The Mississippi Bubble" and other books, has taken an interest in *Field and Stream* (New York), and will assume editorial charge January 1.

The *Popular Magazine* (New York), a monthly "for boys and old boys," makes its first appearance with the November number. It is published by Street & Smith.

The *Twentieth Century Home* (New York) is a new magazine published by John Brisben Walker, editor and publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*, and begun with the November number.

*American Motherhood* is a new magazine to appear in Boston this month. Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill is the editor, and Mary Wood Allen, M. D., is associate editor.

*Motor* is the name of a new monthly published in New York by William R. Hearst, and devoted to automobiling and kindred subjects.

*Force* is the name of a new St. Louis magazine, which is devoted to the maintenance of health, physical perfection, recreation, and gentlemanly sport. John C. Myers is the editor.

*National Progress*, the new Chicago magazine, is owned by W. R. Hearst.

*Wayside Tales* will hereafter be published by the Sampson-Hodges Company, of Chicago.

*Conkey's Home Journal* has been combined with the *Woman's Magazine*, of St. Louis.

*Christendom* and the *World To-day* (Chicago) have been consolidated under the title, the *World To-day in Christendom*. Professor Shailer Mathews is the editor.

The *Fronde*, the Paris woman's daily, written and published altogether by women, after seven years' existence fighting for the rights of "feminisme" has ceased publication.

*Munsey's Magazine* offers $100 in prizes for the three best topical poems, treating some subject of current interest in a humorous or satirical way. For the best poem $50 will be paid, for the second best, $30, and for the third best, $20. The contest will close December 15. Any poems, not prize winners, worthy of publication, will be purchased.

The publishers of the *Booklovers Magazine* (Philadelphia) want good short stories, of from 8,000 to 10,000 words. They will print one story each month, and will pay from $200 to $500 for accepted manuscripts.

The *National Magazine* (Boston) wants photographs suitable for cover designs and frontispieces; out-of-door scenes will receive preference.

The *Patriotic Review* (Boston) offers a ten dollar gold piece for the best 500-word article on "The Army Canteen," for or against the canteen. The contest will close January 1.

The *Pittsburg Gazette* offers two prizes of $25 each for the best articles on household management.

Recent Old South Leaflets consist of reprints of the Massachusetts senate document relating to Samuel Hoar's expulsion from Charleston in 1844, and of an extract from President Dwight's travels in New England, entitled, "Boston at the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century."

Edith Elmer Wood's story, "The Object Lesson," in the October *Century*, is a sequel to her longer story, "Martha Ellen at the Chicago Exposition," which appeared in the same magazine about two and a half years ago.

The subjects of poetry and epigrams are discussed at length in the Editor's Easy Chair and the Editor's Study of the November *Harper's*.

William Westall died in London September 9, aged sixty-nine.

Henry Demarest Lloyd died at Winnetka, Ill., September 28, aged fifty-six.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson died at Rock Castle, Virginia, October 5, aged seventy-four.

Rev. Edward A. Rand died at Watertown, Mass., October 5, aged sixty-six.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage died in New York October 11, aged fifty-seven.

Dr. Marcus M. Jastrow died in Philadelphia October 13, aged seventy-four.

Rt. Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky died in Dublin October 23, aged sixty-five.

Albert Dresden Vandam died in London October 26, aged sixty.

# THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XVI. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1903. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF THE SHORT-STORY ARTIST.

Unless a person who is destined to become famous as a literary artist is one of the true heaven-born, he begins his career, perhaps at an early age, by narrating interminable series of events. Perhaps he wonders why it is that, in his childish attempts, there never seems to be an end to his story. He has not yet grasped the idea of the "short story." It may be that he will not get the true philosophy of that until he is taught the principles of narration in college, and is required to write "stories of from five hundred to a thousand words" perfunctorily.

But sometime earlier than that, if he possesses the real germ, there will have dawned upon him a sense of what is good — from a literary and artistic point of view — in fiction, and what is bad. A boy of thirteen, who had been reading, surreptitiously, a rather wild story in a sensational magazine, recently confessed: "Mamma, I suppose I should have finished it, if it had n't been so *wretchedly* written." A little later he remarked: "Mamma, is n't it queer that some things are written so well, and other things are written so badly? Why, you can *feel* when you read them whether they are done right or not!"

That discovery, though trite enough when reduced to actual expression, marked an epoch in his literary career, whatever it may be. He was a critic. Just at present he is in the stage, mentioned before, in which he records long sequences of imaginary events, in a "total recall" fashion: but I like to think that I see developing a tendency toward the selection of small units of related matter, and toward the keeping of important and unimportant details in their proper relation. His style, also, I trust, will undergo a process of evolution. Already he has a fair mastery of sentence structure; his paragraphs, though not developed along lines marked out by the most approved "theory of the paragraph," are passable; he instinctively chooses good words; and his productions are not conspicuously deficient in spelling or punctuation. Nevertheless, his style, as a whole, is like his vertical writing — stiff and precise. He has much hard word to do before he will be an artist.

It may be that this severe and extremely accurate style is a necessary and normal stage in the growth of a writer. At any rate, the habit of care in construction and expression is a good foundation for the freer and easier style that should come with more mature thought. If one could find the time for such an exercise, how entertaining it would be to reconstruct one's early "themes," remodelling sentences

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and paragraphs, condensing entire compositions to one-third their original lengths, and giving to the doubtless bright ideas their truly artistic setting!

There are many phases of literary training that bear out the analogy to that of the student of art. There is the practice in "composition" — in the artist's sense. From the fabric of interrelated events and characters, some design must be chosen and separated, and smoothly finished with all threads carefully fastened; and in the working out of this pattern there must be movement and balance. The student must find these stories everywhere. Everywhere, as William Morris said, he will "see things going on in these places"; and in every man he will see a motive.

Moreover, the author as truly may go a-sketching with his pencil and note-book as any other artist. In his drawing, he has a choice of the impressionist or the naturalistic style. If the former, the effect and "atmosphere" must be produced by telling strokes: situations shown by few details; characters suggested rather than elaborately drawn. This needs practice, study of masterpieces, and more practice. If he select the naturalistic method, he needs unceasing practice in detailed description: he has before him a lifelong course in drawing from life — from man and nature. It is recorded that, on a certain occasion, Flaubert said to his pupil, Guy de Maupassant: "You see that cab horse across the street; there is just one word in the French language to describe his attitude. Find it."

Finally, behind every form of art there is the Idea. It is the writer's own personal inspiration: and it is his problem to keep his setting, his characters, and his technique in harmony with the ultimate perfect representation of that Idea.

An enthusiastic Japanese artist who lived a century ago once wrote of himself: "From my sixth year I had a perfect mania for drawing everything I saw. When I had reached my fiftieth year I had published a vast quantity of drawings, but I was dissatisfied with all that I produced before my seventieth year. At seventy-three I had some understanding of the power and real nature of birds, fish, and plants. At eighty I hope to have made farther progress, and at ninety to have discovered the ultimate foundation of things. In my one-hundredth year I shall rise to yet higher spheres unknown, and in my one-hundred-and-tenth, every stroke, every point, and in fact everything that comes from my hand will be alive. Written at the age of seventy-five, by me, Hokusai, the old man mad with drawing."

So, too, for the artist in fiction, the way is long: but, as our teacher, Stevenson, has told us, the greatest satisfaction lies not in the arriving, but in the journeying.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *A. E. Clark.*

## PAINSTAKING WRITERS.

The beginner in the craft hardly realizes that the masterpieces of literature have been wrought laboriously. Many contributors are mortally offended when a manuscript is returned; and if they are questioned, one learns that it was something "just dashed off," — and of course it ought to be printed.

The men who write both rapidly and well can be counted easily. On the other hand, some of the master artists have made many revisions. It is said that a young lady, while visiting in the household of Mr. Wordsworth, tripped down stairs joyfully one morning and handed the venerable poet a scrap of paper, remarking: "There, Mr. Wordsworth, I have spent three whole hours on those verses." The great man replied: "Young lady, I have spent three weeks on the same number of lines." Voltaire once garrulously said: "What do you think of my *Olympie?* I wrote it in

six days." His friend, who had read the published work, rejoined, with as much good sense as wit: "You should not have rested on the seventh." Tennyson re-wrote one of the songs in "Maud" fifty times; Tom Moore thought he had done a fine week's work if he had completed seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh"; Goldsmith is said to have stopped the press seven times during the imprinting of a single book; "Two Queens" was revised eight times.

"My books," said John Stuart Mill, "have all been written twice over." Hume wrote his history three times over. "If I wrote four words," said Boileau, "I should erase three." Balzac carried his revision far into his printer's proofs. Two or three altered sets of proofs were nothing to him; of "Pierette" no fewer than twenty-six were taken. Frequently whole chapters were so changed in proofs that they were practically written anew.

Stevenson says that he once worked two days on a single page and afterward felt that he should have worked three days on it. Some parts of Green's "Making of England" were written thrice, others five times. It was said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in five weeks, but that the poet spent six months in correcting it and cutting it down. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully but frequently rewrite the article upon the proof-sheets. La Rochefoucauld rewrote many of his maxims more than thirty times.

Examples are numerous; in fact, hard work alone generally guarantees an author immortality. No writer should be content with producing something merely fit to print; but his endeavor should be to finish work worthy of reprint. It is possible, moreover, for one to become his best critic, if his taste is only cultivated rightly.

*H. Adelbert White.*

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

## EDITORIAL TALKS WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

XXVIII.—BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Holiday Magazine.*

It is the intention of the *Holiday Magazine* to provide healthy literature that will stimulate the mind of the child to thought; to encourage the love of country, order, charity and bravery; to suggest the good in everything; and to cultivate in every child the desire for good literature. We aim at the child from eight to ten years old, but interest children from five to fourteen.

We are particularly in search of very short articles of an entertaining nature, with a geographical or historical interest; bits of natural science; "how to make" *new* or popular toys, devices or useful appliances; short true stories of animals or children. These should be from two to eight hundred words in length.

Historical and true stories of to-day must be uplifting but not "religious," and should contain fewer than 2,000 words, preferably 1,200. Fairy stories are considered.

All material submitted should be carefully polished, and writers are asked to bear in mind the fact that a juvenile story requires more care than any other, that it must be as true to fact as possible, and that it must be well "polished."

Short, serious poems are desired, especially if suited to recitation.

As the price of the *Holiday Magazine* is only fifty cents a year, we have a wide public to appeal to, and hence we do not aim for the interest of the "very rich" or the "very poor," but rather for the support of the great middle class — a connecting link between the school and the home. *Katharine N. Birdsall.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

# THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 146 Franklin street, Room 32, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising in THE WRITER costs fifteen cents a line, or $2.10 an inch; seven dollars a quarter page; twelve dollars a half page; or twenty dollars a page, for one insertion, remittance with the order. Discounts are five, ten, and fifteen per cent. for three, six, and twelve months. For continued advertising payments must be made quarterly in advance.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
146 Franklin street, Room 32,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XVI. DECEMBER, 1903. NO. 12.


Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

To the choice examples of mixed metaphor is now added this interesting quotation from a wedding notice in a Kansas paper: "May their automobile glide smoothly over the sea of life, and no stumbling blocks interrupt their bark." Another example is found in the introductory paragraph of a letter written after the death of a prominent clergyman in Boston:—

> Again the axe has been laid to the root of the tree, not of a noisome shrub or of one that cumbereth the ground, but a tall, choice cedar of Lebanon has fallen, which we fondly hoped would have been spared for many years to come. But an all-wise Providence, to whose inscrutable ways we must all bow, has now transplanted it to the everlasting hills.

Imagine an all-wise Providence laying an axe to the root of a tall cedar of Lebanon to transplant it to the everlasting hills!

* * *

Although good spelling is no longer fashionable, and success in business life may be attained without it, as many of our millionaires have shown, writers cannot afford to neglect what to them is a most important matter. Errors in spelling in a manuscript inevitably prejudice readers and editors against it, since they give to it an appearance of illiteracy which must be much to the disadvantage of the author. The ability to spell correctly is not a gift, as many bad spellers are only too willing to believe. Bad spelling is the result of careless and inaccurate observation, and editors and publishers have learned that no one who is a careless and inaccurate observer can be a successful writer. Slovenly manuscript, generally speaking, is almost never good manuscript, and it is the common experience of editors that the manuscript of good writers is generally well prepared, with much attention to detail, and that they may usually pass by carelessly-written manuscripts without fear of losing much.

* * *

Modern elementary education is unsatisfactory in many ways, but in no respect more so than in the matter of orthography. It is widely known that a painfully large percentage of grammar and high school graduates cannot spell correctly even common words, and the teachers of English in the colleges complain constantly because the students whom they have to teach show such ignorance in this regard. In the old days, when Webster's spelling-book was one of the well-thumbed textbooks in the common schools, when spelling matches stirred up boys and girls to healthful rivalry, when good spelling was honorable and bad spelling a disgrace, there was little pre-

tence that good spelling is a gift. Pupils then were taught to study the forms of words, to look at them carefully as they read, to impress on their minds an image of each word which they could reproduce mentally at will, and in consequence bad spelling was the exception rather than the rule. Nowadays there are so many fads in the schools, a little attention is given so many different things, that there is no time to ground the boys and girls thoroughly in the essentials, and in consequence we have an annual crop of half-educated graduates. The children hurry over what they read without giving to each letter of each word its proper value, and when they come to write they find that they have no accurate mental image of even common words.

* * *

Writers who are deficient in this respect, in consequence of insufficient drill and training in the schools, can correct their faults by careful observation as they read, and it will pay them well to give themselves this discipline. Accurate observation is the first essential for good writing, and editors are justified in the conclusion that if a writer is not a sufficiently accurate observer to be able to spell correctly, his observations of nature, of life, of human character are likewise careless and inaccurate. The exceptions to the rule are so few that a manuscript marred by misspellings may in nine cases out of ten be safely rejected without reading more than the first page.

* * *

Careless preparation of manuscripts generally is greatly to the disadvantage of the author, for a very practical reason that no writer should be blind enough to overlook. Before any manuscript can be given to the printer it must be made "perfect copy," clear and distinct, with all the punctuation marks in proper place, with misspellings corrected, with the paragraphs indicated properly, so that the compositor can put it in type without unnecessary loss of time. Some writers have the foolish idea that in making manuscript such things are of no importance. "The proof-reader will fix it," they say to themselves. "It will come out all right in print." They ought to know that the manuscript has to be made perfect long before the proof-reader sees it, and that if the busy editor does not see fit to do the perfecting work that the writer should do for himself, the manuscript will never come out in print at all. This is particularly true in these days of linotypes and monotypes, when composition in the printing-office is largely done on high-priced machines, bought to save precious time and absolutely demanding perfect copy. Master printers cannot afford to have the operators of these costly time-saving machines stop to puzzle out poor copy, correct misspellings, or decide the place of punctuation marks. The copy must be right in all respects before it goes to the compositor, or all the time-saving advantage of the machines is lost. If the writer does not make his copy right, the editor must do so, and a writer does not need much perspicacity to see that a busy editor is hardly likely to buy a manuscript on which he will have to do much independent work when he has before him other manuscripts of equal literary merit and technically right.

* * *

The conclusion is that the writer who does not think it worth while to learn how to spell or to prepare his manuscripts properly will never win success. Attention to detail is important in all business life. Nowhere is it more important than in the business of writing for the press. W. H. H.

## QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What was the list of ten "indispensable books" once made by Charles A. Dana? S. P.

[Mr. Dana's list comprised the Bible, Shakspere, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Bancroft's "History of the United States," Irving's "Life of Washington," Franklin's Autobiography, Channing's "Essay on Napoleon

Bonaparte," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln." — W. H. H.]

## WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Winifred Arnold's monologue, "Mrs. Bassett's Squash Pie," which was printed in *Everybody's Magazine* for October, is based on an actual occurrence, and Miss Arnold is at work on a series of Mrs. Bassett sketches, in response to requests from several editors and publishers. She is now a teacher in St. Mary's School, Garden City, N. Y., but she has lived most of her life in New England, and is a graduate of the B. M. C. Durfee high school of Fall River, where for two years she was the editor of the high school magazine, the *Premier*. She graduated from this school as valedictorian and winner of the Davis medal for the best work during the senior year, and then went to Vassar, where she graduated as an honor pupil and commencement speaker, with graduate fellowship in modern languages and membership in the Phi Beta Kappa. While in college, she wrote for the *Vassar Miscellany* and the *Vassarian*, and a book of poems, "Vassar Verse," and acted as correspondent for the *New York Mail and Express*. Since her graduation she has been teaching, and has written only occasionally — generally without signature — most of her work being humorous sketches and articles.

Rex Ellingwood Beach, whose story, "The Ice Driver and the Garrulous Mute," was printed in *McClure's Magazine* for November, and who has a story, "Reverend Pericles Peters, Pirate," in the December number of the *Red Book*, is a new-comer in the story-writing field, having been writing for less than a year. Although he was born in Michigan, he was brought up and educated in Florida, leaving college to enter a law course at the Chicago College of Law and Kent College of Law, Chicago. While in college he was active in athletics, foot ball, aquatics, and track athletics. In 1897 he went west and joined the early rush for the Klondike, spending five years mining and prospecting in Alaska. In the winter of 1899–1900 he made one of the first mid-winter trips with a dog-team from Seattle to Nome, and explored a considerable portion of the Behring Sea coast from the Aleutian Islands north to the Arctic Ocean. The stories running in *McClure's Magazine* will be published in book form when the series is finished. In addition Mr. Beach has had stories in *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Red Book*, and other publications. His home is in Chicago, where he is actively engaged in business, which leaves him little time for writing.

Egbert Willard Fowler, whose story, "A Strenuous Courtship," appeared in the November issue of *McClure's Magazine*, was born May 5, 1869, in Blandinsville, Ill., and died of consumption December 21, 1901, in Colorado Springs. He had for a number of years followed the dramatic profession, playing in Shakespearean and other rôles, but in 1897 he came to New York, and from that time until his death he devoted himself to writing. During those four years his stories appeared in the *National Magazine* and the *Puritan*, and some longer stories are now being prepared for publication. His verse was distinguished both for originality of thought and freedom of form, and some critics considered it unique among American verse of to-day. The *New York Home Journal*, now *Town and Country*, and the *Conservator*, of Philadelphia, published specimens of his verse which attracted the attention of connoisseurs. One of his western poems, "The Storm," appeared in the form of a booklet, under the imprint of the Blue Sky Press, of Chicago, and another, "Dream-Rest," was brought out in similar form by the now defunct Alwil Shop, of Ridgewood, N. J. This latter poem was very favorably commented upon by the veteran poet-critic, Edmund Clarence Stedman. A volume of Mr. Fowler's western poems and another of a singularly satirical character will soon be brought out.

"Jean D. Hallowell," whose audacious story, "The Girl with the Banjo," appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, is the pen-name of the daughter of a prominent clergyman, whose family have been known in literature for

many years, her grandfather having been a famous author, and her uncle now being a noted clergyman, writer, and editor. It may be interesting to add that the name "Jean D. Hallowell" will not be used again, as a woman in Philadelphia having the same name wrote to the author through her lawyer, complaining that the use of that pseudonym was injuring her chances as a writer. Miss Hallowell's work, therefore, will be signed hereafter "Eleanor Hallowell." Contributions from her, published both under her own name and under pseudonyms, have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century*, the *Outlook*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Smart Set*, *Life*, and *Town Topics*—a list of periodicals that illustrates her versatility. She herself is a teacher in a large normal school, and it might be added that neither her family nor her fellow teachers have much knowledge of her writing.

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"Blanche Trennor Heath," the name signed to the poem, "Opportunity," in the November *Lippincott's*, is the pen-name of Florence Warner Dinsmore, and is derived from names in her family. Miss Dinsmore was born in New York in 1874, and removed to Chicago in early childhood. She has since resided in several other cities. Upon the completion of her studies she devoted a year or two to the pursuit of music, for which she had a strong natural bent, but by the advice of friends, who had rea some of her printed articles, written in occasional leisure moments, she was induced to choose literature for a profession. Since then she has done syndicate work, and has contributed a great variety of stories and poems in different veins to numerous leading magazines. Much accepted matter is now in the hands of various editors of high-grade magazines, awaiting publication.

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Ashton Hilliers, author of the story, "Ovingdean's Little House," in *McClure's Magazine* for September, is an Englishman, and his earliest recollections, he says, "are of the rattling casements of an old, old house in a second-rate street in a small East-country port. The ships were a childish passion, the smell of them, their hairy hawsers, their network of rigging against the moving clouds, the dusty caverns of their holds." After four years at a private school, the boy entered one of the lesser public schools, where the Literary Society did something for his development. Then came some years of business, with evenings spent in a great library. Not until middle age was there any thought of publishing. Said an elderly woman of the world: "Why don't you print that? It is good enough." And it seems that she was right.

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Herbert Lawrence Stone, whose story, "The Reckoning," appeared in *Short Stories* for November, is a railroad man, being in the financial department of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad. He is now preparing an article on the recent developments in modern railroad operation. Mr. Stone is fond of the sea, and has made several long sea voyages, both in steamships and in sailing vessels. On one of these voyages, from pure love of the sea, he served before the mast. Most of his writing has been confined to short stories, chiefly of the sea. Several of these stories have appeared in the *Argosy* and in *Short Stories*, and both these magazines will bring out other stories of his in the near future.

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Anne Warner, author of the story, "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," in the *Century* for November, says in response to a request for information regarding her literary work, that she might apply Susan Clegg's speech to herself and say that she decided to be an author, so she "set right about it." "Susan" was wholly imaginary. She sprang into being from the joking words of a friend—the words quoted above. That night Mrs. Warner woke up and began to work out the possibilities of the story. They seemed so funny that she got up and jotted down a dozen headings for ideas. In the morning she made a draft of four thousand words, which she afterward copied out to six thousand, and mailed to the *Century*. That was in May, and the *Century* accepted the story in June and printed it in November. Mrs. Warner adds that since then people expect her to develop "Susan" into a book, but that she really can't think of anything more for

her to say. The Christmas *Town Topics* will have a story of hers, "The Three Sons," which was accepted by *Town Topics* after having been refused four times — "I imagine," says Mrs. Warner, "because all the other editors had relatives who were doctors, or soldiers, or interested in the South." Mrs. Warner has been writing for three years. The first year she wrote only a little poem and one short story, both of which were accepted. Then she went to Europe and did not attempt anything else until she felt called upon to voice her views of Europe. The book was printed, but her views have changed so much since then that the edition has been suppressed. Since her return from Europe a year ago, she has written seventy-eight short stories and two books. Thirty-two of the stories have been printed, and about twelve more accepted. The rest, she says, are returning to her every three or four weeks. This does not at all discourage her. Whenever the manuscripts seem susceptible of further improvement that she can give them, she writes them over again. After the seventh or eighth journey, she files them away for a while and then passes judgment on them herself. She has sold several stories that had been refused six times. Mrs. Warner studies continually, reads no English, so as to keep free from the mannerisms of other writers, and gets her daily news from a German paper. She is soon to have a book brought out by a Boston publishing firm.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

**Clemens.** — Mark Twain's story in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* lay in his mind twenty years before he wrote it, and when he finally set it down on paper the words came without a break, nor did he change a syllable of it after it was written. With one exception, he says, this is the only story he was ever able to write in this way. Usually he has to work hard over his short stories, writing and rewriting them.

**Crawford.** — A young woman was introduced to Marion Crawford recently. Hearing that he was a novelist, she said: —

"And have you written anything that will live after you are gone?"

"I don't know," replied the novelist. "You see, what I am after is something that will enable me to live while I am here." — *Boston Post.*

**Doyle.** — Sir Conan Doyle, in the general preface he has written for the new collected edition of his novels, includes some remarks on his own conception of the art of fiction. The touchstone with which he approaches a novel is a simple one — "Does it interest?" If it does, he holds that the book has served its purpose. Of this power to interest he goes on to say: "It is the power of sympathy, the sense of the dramatic. There is no more capricious and indefinable quality. The professor in his study may have no trace of it, while the Irish nurse in the attic can draw out the very souls of his children with her words. It is imagination — and it is the power of conveying the imagination."

**Fowler.** — Strange are the beginnings of some authors! According to an interviewer with whom Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Felkin) has lately been talking, the last thing for which she believed she was intended was a novelist. But one day a firm of publishers "conceived the idea that a novel dealing with Methodism and Society would be a success," and, on looking for writers acquainted at first hand with both subjects, their first choice fell on Miss Fowler. When their representative called and explained what he wanted she said: "I can't write a novel, and, what is more, I've never tried to." She was adjured to try, and four months later she had written "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." — *Kennebec Journal.*

**Merriman.** — "Henry Seton Merriman" (Hugh S. Scott) played well the part of the public entertainer. He always gave his readers a good plot, skilfully outlined against a background in which "local color" was deftly applied, and characters that were sure to be interesting, however quickly remembrance of them might fade from the mind. He had as a writer one besetting sin, a tendency to pad his books with machine-made epigrams disclosing far more complacency than wit. He had also one great virtue — he never allowed himself to be interviewed and never published his photo-

graph, resolutely keeping his personality from the public gaze. Known simply as Mr. Scott in private life, it is recorded of him that he once sat through a long dinner without giving the lady at his side the faintest clew to his professional interests. — *New York Tribune.*

## CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

**The Art of Interviewing.** — De Blowitz was unquestionably a great journalist, or at least a great interviewer and reporter. His practical suggestions to interviewers are interesting and often acute. The successful interviewer, he points out, will not take notes — a practice which keeps the person interviewed on his guard — but will trust to a trained memory. The interviewer who has elicited an indiscreet revelation must not depart abruptly, for if he does "a flash of caution will burst upon his informant," and the journalist will be notified not to report what has been said. The person interviewed should know that his remarks are to be reported; but to this rule there are exceptions. If the journalist is sure that his informant will, on reflection, approve the publication of the interview, it is not always necessary that he should be forewarned. When the person interviewed is forewarned, and yet makes indiscreet revelations, these may legitimately be printed; but it is sometimes wise to forego this immediate advantage in order to secure gratitude and confidence. De Blowitz's professional ethics are interesting: they are so frankly utilitarian. — *The Nation.*

**Every Man His Own Book Doctor.** — The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has said that there should be a room set aside for a book hospital in every complete house. And every book lover will agree with Dr. Holmes when he learns how easy it is to put his books into substantial repair. The materials are: A glue pot, a small pot of paste, one or two brushes which painters call sash tools, a bit of small, cheap sponge, and a large pair of scissors. First let me speak of the cheap reprints of many standard works issued with only paper covers. If a piece of smooth brown paper is pasted near the edge to cover each side, and a piece of white buckram glued down the back, overlapping some half inch on each side, the buyer will have a serviceable book. If he respects the volume, he may cover the brown paper sides with good marble paper, and letter the back with a broad pen.

Let us suppose that we have a cloth-covered book slipped out of its covers. Now, if we have a bookbinder's press, or one of those old-fashioned tablecloth presses, we shall screw the naked book into the press, i. e., pressing the sides together and leaving the back exposed. Failing any kind of press, let us tie a piece of stout string around the book from top to bottom, close up the back, so us to keep the wet out of it, and proceed with a small, cheap sponge and a basin of hot water to sponge off the muslin and glue from the back, not having the sponge too wet.

We now leave the book to dry a little, and look at the cover. If it has a printed title, we will leave this, by all means, as titling a book is one of the amateur's greatest difficulties. If the back is limp, we shall improve it by glueing a piece of cartridge paper inside the back, a full width from top to bottom. If the back is torn or worn away from the lids, let us first repair it by getting a lady to give us a bit of old lining or other thin material of a color which will tolerably match the cloth cover. This we glue inside the cover before we glue the strengthening paper.

Let us now return to our volume drying in the press. We will cut a piece of strong muslin to cover the back, and leave about an inch free on each side. We carefully glue the back of the book, put on our muslin, leaving a loose margin on each side, and rubbing down the muslin to the back with an old paper-knife. The muslin is then covered with a piece of strong paper.

I have discovered the best kind of muslin for the back is a material kept by large drapers called "cheese straining," a kind of a cross between canvas and muslin, and the same draper probably keeps "white buckram," a most useful material to the amateur, because it is tough and smooth, and one can write on it.

Having returned to our book in press after two or three hours, we shall find the back dry

and the muslin firmly adhering to the back. We look to see that it is firmly attached both to the back of the first sheets and the last We now fit it to its old cover, and paste down the projecting inch of muslin on each side to the inside of the lids, putting over it a strip of paper to prevent it sticking to the book, and replace it in its covers in the press, or put it sideways on a shelf with some weight on it to dry. Before passing the book into covers, we shall take our scissors and trim the top and bottom of the muslin close to the book, so as not to be an eyesore; we also cut the ends of the projecting muslin a little askew, with the same object. We shall find, after drying, that we have a firm, useful book, instead of a slatternly book which gets worse every day.— *The Book Lover.*

## HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

**Sending Coins in Letters.** — In sending small coins through the mail, I have found is convenient to cut the corner from an envelope, slip the coin into it, and then pin or otherwise fasten this improvised coin envelope to the upper corner of my sheet of letter paper. Coins sent in this way cannot shake around in the envelope, with a chance of being lost. G. M.

CHICAGO, ILL.

**For Writers who Dictate.**— When you are dictating to a typewriter or to any copyist, if you want to have a word written with a capital letter, say, for instance: "State, capped." If you want to have the whole word printed in capitals, say: "State, in capitals." If you want to have a short phrase put in quotation marks, say, for instance: "These (pause) boodlers and grafters quoted (pause) of whom I have spoken." If you wish to have a long extract put in quotation marks, say at the beginning: "Begin quote," and at the end: "End quote." Always indicate a new paragraph to the copyist by saying, "Paragraph."

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. B. L. C.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

A CANDLE OF UNDERSTANDING. By Elizabeth Bisland. 306 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

One rarely comes across a sweeter, more candid and straightforward story than "A Candle of Understanding" by Elizabeth Bisland. It is a tale of the development of a fine character from childhood to mature womanhood, and it never fails to amuse in the telling of even trivial incidents of domestic routine, while it furnishes a true and touching picture of life in Louisiana after the war and about the time of the invasion of the carpet-baggers. In the midst of pathos it sparkles with vivacious accounts of the post-bellum condition of the ex-master and the freedmen and women. Although the story is told in the first person, there is no egotism in it, and the personality of the narrator is quaintly original and delightfully honest. C. M. H.

HALF A DOZEN HOUSEKEEPERS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. 162 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. 1903.

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers" is a pleasing story of girls, written for girls by a popular writer of girls' stories. While it does not have the spontaneity of Miss Alcott's books, which never gave the impression of being written for an admiring audience, it has many natural incidents, and the book is one with which a girl in her teens will be glad to curl up in some cosy corner for entertaining reading. The story tells of the experiences of six New England girls, who, when the school to which they had been sent was closed, on account of the burning of the recitation hall, obtained permission to spend the time at the home of one of their members whose parents were traveling. How they managed the housekeeping, what they did for entertainment, and what mishaps befell them is told in a bright and lively manner, and many a girl would have been glad to join them in their two weeks' frolic. M. G.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

Vocal — "Oh, Child of Mary, Softly Sleep," D. S. Babcock; "O Holy Night" (Christmas Song) Samuel Carr; "A Rose-Jar," Grace Hibbard and F. Flaxington Harker; "Run, Mister Nigger," Frank J. Kent and Henry E. Lower; "Rejoice, O Daughter of Jerusalem," M. C. Milliken Piano —

"Angelic Vision," Herman P. Chelius; "Arabian Dance, Harriet Russell Collver. Boston: C. W. Thompson & Co.

## LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publishers of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical, *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE PROFESSION OF PUBLICIST. Arthur Reed Kimball. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ. Francis Grierson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

EDITING. (The fourth of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers.) Sir Leslie Stephen. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

AVOWALS. Being the Fourth of a New Series of "Confessions of a Young Man." George Moore. *Lippincott's Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

PHILIP FRENEAU: AMERICA'S FIRST POET. Illustrated. Annie Russell Marble. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY.—II. Illustrated. *Century* (38 c.) for December.

THE PERSONALITY OF HAWTHORNE. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (53 c.) for December.

WALTER PATER. Albert S. Henry. *Book News* (8 c.) for December.

LITTLE STORIES OF JOURNALISM.—II. Julius Chambers. *Reader* (28 c.) for December.

POPULAR ILLUSTRATORS. I.—HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY. Illustrated. Earl Stetson Crawford. *Reader* (28 c.) for December.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. Sidney Low. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Eclectic* (28 c.) for December.

THE POETRY OF W. D. HOWELLS. With portrait. Richard Arthur. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

THE LAST MINSTREL. (Sir Walter Scott.) With frontispiece portrait. T. M. Parrot. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

LANGUAGE IN THE MAKING—A DEFENSE OF SLANG. Herman Spencer. *Booklovers Magazine* (28 c.) for December.

THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE. B. P. Drury. *Globe Review* (53 c.) for December.

HOW PARSIFAL WAS WRITTEN. Illustrated. W. J. Henderson. *Delineator* (18 c.) for January.

READING FOR A GRANDFATHER. William Dean Howells. *Harper's Bazar* (13 c.) for December.

SHORTHAND AND BRAINS. John Rothwell Slater. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for December.

THE ORIGIN OF THE REALISTIC NOVEL. Pauline Carrington Bouvé. *Gunton's Magazine* (13 c.) for December.

SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS — EDITING. Sir Leslie Stephen. *National Review* (75 c.) for December.

THE SYMBOLICAL DRAMA. Emile Faguet. *International Quarterly* ($1.28) for December-March.

THE PARSIFAL OF RICHARD WAGNER AND ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

HENRY FRANK: A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH. With frontispiece portrait. Thomas C. Dyas. *Mind* (23 c.) for December.

THE RELIGION OF WHITTIER. B. O. Flower. *Mind* (23 c. for December.

ELECTION NIGHT IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER OFFICE. Illustrated. Ewan Macpherson. *Household-Ledger* (13 c.) for December.

JUAN DE DIOS PESA. (The Mexican Longfellow.) With portrait. Patti Guthrie. *Modern Mexico* (13 c.) for December.

CONCERNING JOHN BUNYAN. Illustrated. J. W. Davies. *Pilgrim* (13 c.) for December.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS CHILDREN. Illustrated. Roger Galeshore. *Success* (13 c.) for December.

NOTABLE PEOPLE I HAVE INTERVIEWED. With portraits. Vance Thompson. *Success* (13 c.) for December.

LITTLE PILGRIMAGES AMONG THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. No. 6—JACK LONDON. E. F. Harkins. *Literary World* (13 c.) for December.

POETS OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE: RONSARD. Hilaire Belloc. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 7.

MR. KIPLING AS POET AND PROPHET. Stephen Gwynn. Reprinted from the *Pilot* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 14.

THE OLD CONTROVERSY ABOUT STORY-TELLING. H. B. Marriott Watson. Reprinted from the *Monthly Review* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 14.

WORDS THAT GO TO THE BAD. Reprinted from the *Academy* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 21.

W. E. H. LECKY. Reprinted from the *Athenaeum* in the *Living Age* (18 c.) for November 28.

THEODOR MOMMSEN. *Dial* (13 c.) for November 16.

SCIENCE IN THE ENCYCLOPEDIAS. T. D. A. Cockerell. *Dial* (13 c.) for November 16.

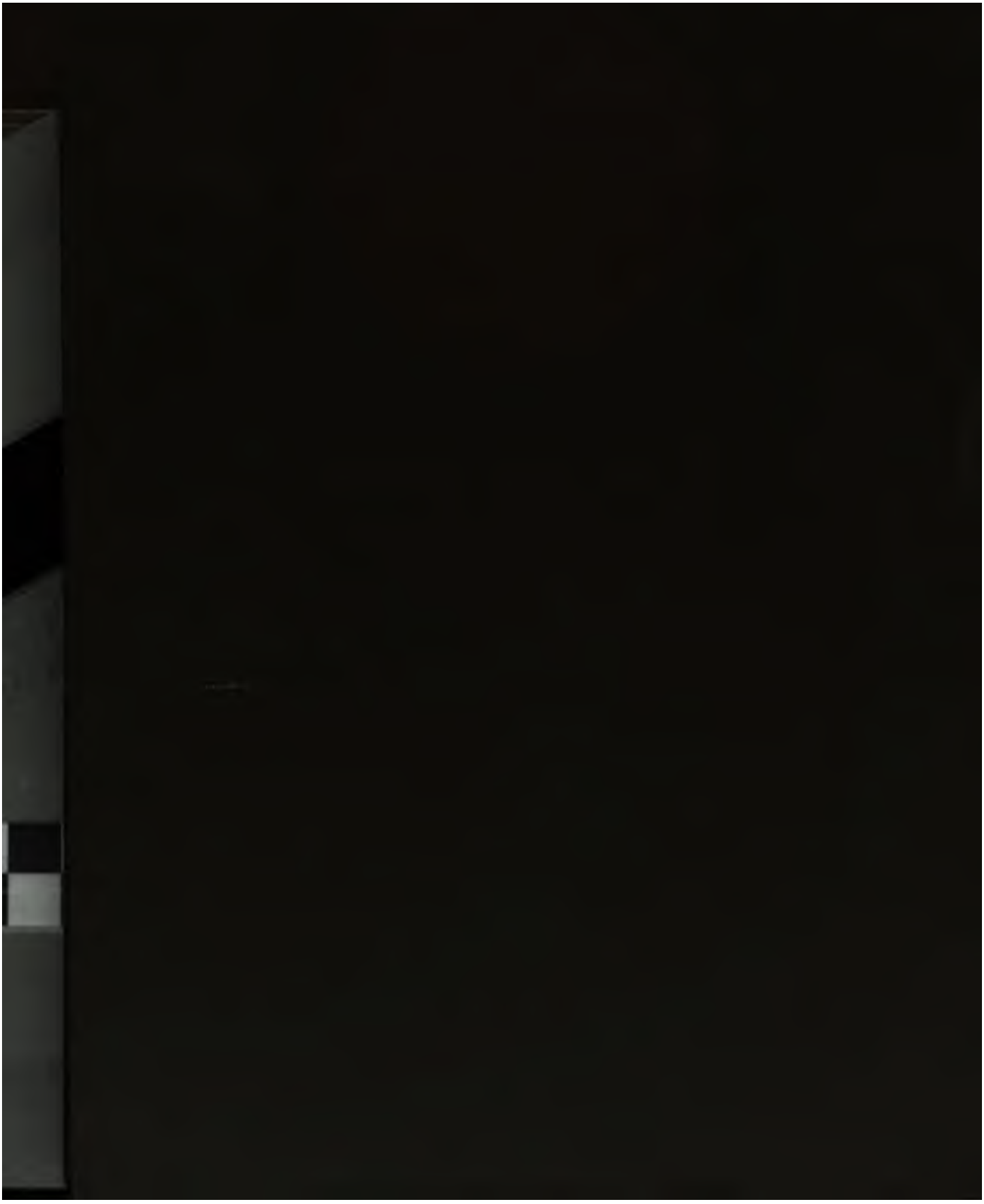
THE MAKING OF BIBLES. Findlay Muirhead. *Youth's Companion* (13 c.) for November 19.

HOW YOUR PICTURE GETS IN THE PAPER. H. J. Mahin. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 21.

DISSEMINATING LITERATURE. W. A. Fraser. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 28.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

Ernest Vizetelly has finished his biography of Zola, which is soon to be published. Mr. Vizetelly was intimate with the French novelist for many years, and in this book he deals with the latter's home life as well as with his literary career.

William Roscoe Thayer, of 8 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Mass., has undertaken, at the request of Mr. Fiske's family, to edit the letters, journals, and memorials of the late John Fiske.

The name Aquila Kempster, which appears on the titlepage of "The Mark," is not a pseudonym. The author is a newspaper man of New York.